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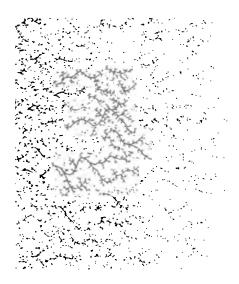
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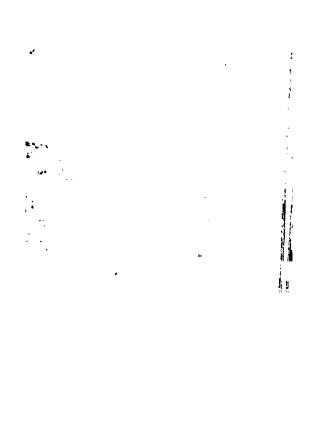


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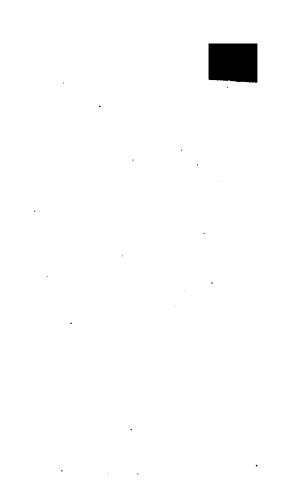
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Printed for T. BOYS, Ladgate Hill



LIVES

OF

SCOTTISH POETS;

WITH

Bortraits and Vignettes.

But he was of "the north countrie," A nation fam'd for song.

The Minstrel.

THREE VOLUMES.

von. I.

LONDON

PRINTED FOR THOMAS BOYS,
LUDGATE HILL.

1822.

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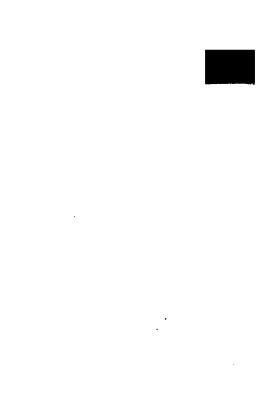
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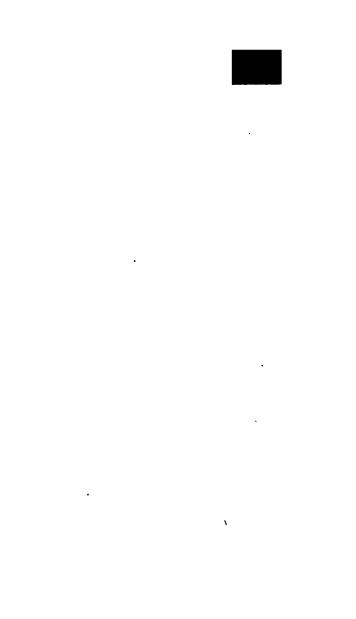
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PORTRALTS

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PART II.

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Vignette Lochlevin Cast le.





the "Society of Ancient Scots;" the prethe "Society of Ancient Scots;" the preth collection of "Lives of Scottish Poets,"

Editor has proceeded on the plan of
the plan of the plan of

dered as more or less connected with poetical history of their country.

With a few exceptions, the lives of more eminent poets are narrated at len and the merits of their productions c cally discussed. In a Supplement, who concludes the work, will be found brinotices of those of a minor rank, as als others, who, though distinguished for casional displays of poetic talent, have present it in subordination to some of excellence, by which they have been better known to the world.

The Editor cannot feel certain that na may not have been overlooked, which or in justice to have found a place in su collection: but he believes it will be for to contain as complete an enumeration of the Poets of Scotland, and as ample information respecting their history and works, as has been yet presented to the public.

London, March 25, 1822.



LIVES

OF

EMINENT SCOTSMEN.

Poets.

JAMES THE FIRST.

id the bards whom Scotia holds to fame, boasts, nor vainly boasts, her James's name; less, sweet bard! a crown thy glory shews, n the fair laurel that adorns thy brows.

G. DYER.

aracters in history present greater claims to on and sympathy, than James the First, King nd. With a right by birth to supreme rule, sed all the qualities by which it is most debut rarely, acquired. Far advanced beyond of the age in which he lived, in knowledge nent; of a creative genius and cultivated dents fitted equally to charm and to comorighten the sunshine of repose, and to whirlwind and the tempest; wise, generous, and beneficent, in all his views; at once, the most learned prince and the most accomplished cavalier of his day; no man was ever better entitled to take the lead of an infant people in the path to glory and prosperity. Yet with all these blossoms of a high and happy destiny, the story of James's life is but one chapter of misfortunes, so severe and so unmerited, that they might fill with tears the sternest eye that ever scanned the ways of heaven to man.

James the First was born in 1393. He was the second son of Robert the Third of Scotland, and the fourth monarch in descent from the renowned Robert Bruce, the restorer of the Scotlish monarchy.

James had an elder brother, David, who fell a victim in the dawn of life to the murderous ambition of his uncle, the Duke of Albany, who wished to secure the throne for himself and family. Some emissaries of the duke waylaid the young prince in the neighbourhood of St. Andrew's, and seizing forcibly on his person, conducted him to the Palace of Faikland, where he was shut up in a strong tower and starved to death.

The melancholy fate of his first born filled the Scottish monarch with dismay for the safety of his only remaining boy, James; and, in order to place him beyond the reach of a faithless kindred, until he should attain to the vigour of manhood, he resolved to send him, for the completion of his education, to the court of France, the most antient and devoted ally of the Kings of Scotland. The young prince, now in his eleventh year, was accordingly embarked, with all possible secrecy, on board of a vessel under the care of the Earl of Orkney; and as a truce sub-

at this time between England and Scotland, rented some weeks of its stipulated terminarey left the Scottish shore with the full assuf creesing the seas, secure from all dangers but f the winds and waves. When off Flambo-Head, however, they were intercepted by an a semadron, and, in violation of all the laws ages of nations, carried prisoners to England. tidings of this disaster are said, by Buchanas, e sunk his father, with sorrow to the grave. news," he says, "was brought to him while at , and did so overwhelm him with grief, that he most ready to give up the ghost unto the hands servants that attended him. But being carried bed-chamber, he abstained from all food, and e days died of hunger and grief at Rothsay." the death of Robert, James was proclaimed but, on account of his minority and absence, rency of the kingdom devolved on his encle. radious Albany, who, intoxicated by the sweets ver, instead of making any serious effort for the ption of his royal nephew, contributed all in wer, by evasive and heartless negociations, to ct the period of his exile. first two years of the young prince's captivity passed in the Tower of London. In 1407, he moved to Nottingham Castle. In 1413, he was ht back to the Tower, but, in the course of the year, was transferred to Windsor Castle. In the English king, Henry IV. took James along him in his second expedition to France, but, on turn, committed him anew to Windsor Castle,

be remained till his final liberation.

4 LIVES OF EMINENT SCOTSMEN.

In all these fortresses, his confinement was of the closest description; even at Windsor, though there was "a garden faire fast by the tower's wall," he appears only to have been allowed the scanty pleasure of gazing on its verdant luxuriance from his chamber window.

Although his body was, in the very spring of its growth, thus cruelly shut up from those grand fountains of life and strength, air and exercise, it is singular enough, that the attention paid to the cultivation of his mind was quite in an inverse degree. Hector Boece tells us, that Henry IV. and V. furnished him with the best of teachers in all the arts and sciences; and all historians are agreed in recording, as the fruit of their united efforts, that James became a perfect prodigy of talents and accomplishments. Boece says, "he was a proficient in every branch of polite literature, in grammar, oratory, Latin and English poetry, music, jurisprudence, and the philosophy of the times;" that "in all athletic exercises, particularly in the use of the sword and spear, he was eminently expert;" and that "his dexterity in tilts and tournaments, in wrestling, in archery, and in the sports of the field, was perfectly unrivalled." Bellenden adds, that he was moreover an "expert mediciner;" Pinkerton speaks of his skill in "miniature painting and horticulture;" and Drummond, more comprehensive than all the rest, says, that " there was nothing wherein the commendation of wit consisted, or any shadow of the liberal arts did appear, that he had not applied his mind to, seeming rather born to letters than instructed."

It is very probable, that this ample catalogue of

ms may admit of some abatement. A person ssesses unquestionably many excellencies, is sure to have some few added at a venture, less y amiable partiality for his fame, than from amon vice of biography, a weak desire of tellething new. The historians of Scotland, not with proving James to be the first of Scotswe been ambitious to make him out to be the men; and, in doing so, nothing is more likely at they should, in some degree, have overthe modesty of truth. It is certain, at least, James really possessed all the perfections re thus ascribed to him, a considerable proof them must have been the attainment of bsequent to his captivity. Expertness "in all exercises," "dexterity unrivalled in tilts and ents, in archery, and in the sports of the rere graces not to be acquired within the nars of a prison; and granting even that they re belonged to a later and happier period of it is allowing much for zeal in new pursuits ne, that such heyday accomplishments could ready acquisition of a prince who had been I in a prison from boyhood till nearly middle om sedentary and secluded habits must have i of much of the natural elasticity of youth, on his restoration to the world, had all the a distracted kingdom to occupy his attention. ever deduction a regard to probability may is to make from the reputed attainments of on account of his long captivity, it will only , nearer to a correct estimate of the obligation under to the English sovereigns, for the peculiar and somewhat inconsistent degree of attenti which they bestowed on his education. The terms which some writers have expressed themselves on tl point are abundantly extravagant. James, we a told, was, on the score of mental improvement, rath a gainer than a loser by his captivity; the Engli monarchs are even said to have accomplished, in the respect, what went nigh to a full atonement for the unjust and lawless detention of this unfortung prince. Vain apology! In his infant years, Jan had for his preceptor one of the brighest ornamer of the Scottish hierarchy of that period, Walter War law. Archbishop of St. Andrew's; and the you who might have continued to enjoy the tuition of Wardlaw, and such as Wardlaw, could have nothi to gain by being transferred to the care of all t doctors in England. At all events, no service on ear could atone for eighteen years of close and unrem ted captivity; years too of youth and of manhoo the whole spring and summer time of a man's br existence. A regard to appearances; the desire having, and the vanity of filling up, appointment may jointly or separately have led to that profusi of instruction with which James was provided: I it would be too much to suppose, that the heart whi cared nothing for the life of its victim, could ca about any thing else that concerned him.

It is pleasing to find, that those attainments whi were most likely to be pursued in the loneliness captivity are those, of James's excellence in which there is the least, or rather I should say, no dou whatever. Philosophy and poetry were the gran sources from which he drew the consolation he

much needed; and there is ample evidence extant to shew, that he had cultivated them with more than ordinary success. He was an assiduous student, and wrote much; but on these points, let us listen for a moment to the sweet bard himself.

Quhare as in ward full oft I wold bewaille
My dedely lyf, full of peyne and penance,
Saing ry' thus; quhat have I gilt, to faille*
My fredome in this warld and my pleasance?
Sen every wight has thereof suffisance
That I behold, and I a creature
Put from all this, hard is myne adventure!

The bird, the beste, the fisch eke in the sea,
They lyve in fredome everie in his kynd;
And I a man, and lakith libertie.
Quhat sail I seyne, quhat reason may I fynd
That fortune suld do so?

The long dayes and the nyghtis eke
I wold bewaille my fortune in this wise
For qwhich again distresse, comfort to seke
My custom was on mornis for to rise
Airly as day, O happy exercise!

The long nyt beholding, as I saide,
Myne eyne gan to smert for studying
My boke I schet, and at my head it laide
And down I lay:

King's Quair.

^{*} What have I done, to lose.

Again, speaking of his determination to write the "King's Quair," that chief memorial of his fame, he says:

And in my tyme more ink and paper spent
To lyte effect, I tuke conclusion
Sum new thing to write;

His favorite volume, while in prison, appears to have been Boethius' ethic piece, "de Consolatione Philosophiæ."

Or ever I stent, † my best was more to loke Upon the writing of this nobil man-

This work was, indeed, well calculated to tranquilize an elegant mind, suffering from early and long continued bereavements. It was the production of a man, who, from being "the warldis flowre," had himself drunk deep of the cup of adversity; and with whom "the Latin tongue and the last remains of Roman dignity" are said "to have sunk in the western world." The book consists of a supposed conference between the author, and a personification of philosophy, who endeavours to comfort him for the various ills of a life of persecution, poverty, and exile. Chaucer has translated this work into English, and Camden informs us, that Queen Elizabeth, after having read it, to assuage a fit of grief, also made an elegant translation of it.

James did not seek the consolations of philosophy in vain. Amid all his bewailings for the singular se-

[&]quot; "Quair," quire or book, from cahier, Fr.

[†] Stretched myself; lay down.

verity of his fate, it is affecting to observe, with how much sweetness and resignation they are mingled. Even when despair began, at last, to show its haggard front, nothing can be more plaintively tender than the strains in which he indulged.

Bewailling in my chamber thus allone,
Despeired of all joye and remedye;
Fortirit of my thought and wo begone,
And to the wyndow gan I walk in hye,
To see the warld and folk yt went forbye,
As for the tyme though I of mirthis fude
Myt have no more, to luke it did me gude.
Quair, canto ii.

Nearly eighteen years of joyless imprisonment had now passed over his head; and it would have required more than mortal fortitude not to have experienced some abandonment of soul at the dreary prospect of the all of life that remained to him. His uncle, the murderer of his brother, and the accessory to his own captivity, was, indeed, no more, but he had been succeeded in the regency and in all his faithless designs by his son, Murdo; neither the nobles nor the people of Scotland had shewn the least zeal to accomplish his liberation; and, being himself shut up from all upportunity of negociating, the chance of something being done to restore him to the world seemed almost as remote as ever. He was, as he says,

Ane wofull wrache yt to no wight myt spede, And zit of every lyvis* help had nede.

^{*} Persons.

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Happily, however, the day of liberty at length ar rived; and, to a prince of his sanguine and romantic cast of mind, it could not come with the less charm that it was ushered in by the magic wand of female beauty.

The window of his chamber in Windsor Tower looked forth into a small garden, which occupied the place that was once the moat of the keep. It was a sweet embowered spot;

So thick, the beais and the leves grene Reschadit all the allves yt were there, And myddis every herbere myt be sene The scharp grene suete junepere Grouing so fair wt branchis here and there, That as it semyt to a lyfor we out The bewes spred the herbere all about.

And on the small grene twistis † sat The litil suete nightingale, and song So loud and clere, the hymnis consecrate Of lovis use, now soft, now loud among That all the gardynis and the wallis rong.

Quair, canto ii

As he was listening on a May-morning to the "hymnis of love," he cast his eyes downwards, an saw, walking under the tower, "the fairest and t freschest young floure" that he had ever seen. heart, open and unoccupied, languishing after co munion with some kindred nature, was instantly of tivated. He caught up, with a rapid and insat

Person.

wery feature of grace and beauty about the fair was; and, in a few moments, all his feelings a on centacy of commotion.

inne I falling into lufis dance, t sodeyaly my wit, my countenance, hert, my will, my nature, and my mynd, s changit clone ryt in ane other kind.

tenderly adds:

id my woful heart I sow assure, t it was to me joye without measure.

departure of the lady from the garden put an this temporary enchantment.

ee hir purt and followe I na mytheught the day was turnyt into nyt.

instantly relapsed into that moodiness of derom which the fair vision had aroused him; his y seemed now a hundred times more cruel, more weaking, than ever; the whole of a long day, at in "sighing with himself allone;" and, when

Bad go farewele every lef and floure,"

ad himself still lingering at the window, and ack of myt and mynd" to stir from the spot, acred by the morning's adventure, he laid his a the cold stone. Falling asleep, he was transim imagination on a "cloude of crystall, clere re," to the sphere of "blissful Venus;" thence

to the Palace of Minerva, from which, after varigood advices, he was sent back to earth on a "jo ney in quest of Fortune," with whom he succeeds obtaining a very encouraging interview. After leing him to her wheel, and bidding him learn to cliu the fickle dame thus sadly alludes to the capt years of her unfortunate suppliant.

Now hald thy grippis, quoth sche, for thy tyme An hour and more it rynis ouer prime To count the whole, the half is near away; Spend wele therefore the remanant of the day.

The real history of the sequel of this interest adventure is lost in poetic allegory. More is 1 known, than that James was happy in his love. 7 sovereign of his heart proved to be the Lady J. Beaufort, the daughter of John Duke of Somen the grand daughter of John Duke of Gaunt, a consequently, of the blood royal of England. ? Duke of Bedford, then Regent of England, dur the minority of Henry V. conceiving that a conn tion between James and this lady might serve to tach him from the old alliance of his family w France, encouraged their mutual attachment, and timately concluded a treaty, which restored the Sc tish prince to that liberty of which he had been long deprived; and gave him for his wife a lady beauty and virtue, so rare, that could she not he been otherwise wooed and won, a lover of James

[·] Past prime of life.

temperament would probably have considered all his years of captivity well lost for such a prize.

In the year 1424, James returned, with his young bride, to Scotland. He was received by the people with a degree of affectionate enthusiasm, which could scarcely have been expected from their former indifference to his welfare, but which a brief glance at the state of the kingdom sufficiently explains. He found disorder and ruin every where; the royal estates alienated; the laws set at nought by an arrogant nobility; the people impoverished and oppressed; trade gone; industry in rags. The Dukes of Albany, father and son, solely anxious to retain their ill-gotten ascendency, had followed a system of government which existed on concessions alone; to make friends, for the moment, of a rapacious aristoracy, they had gone on, day after day, sacrificing very permanent interest both of the crown and the eople. James, though "all unused to rule," was either slow in discovering the source of the prevailg evils, nor feeble in applying the fittest remedies. : commenced by making a signal example of the ief surviving actors in the past interregnum of inity. The ex-regent Albany, his two sons, and his er-in-law, the Earl of Lennox, were all tried, ricted, executed, and their estates confiscated to crown. Those who have dwelt with fondness e cultivated mind and gentle virtues of James, startle at the record of such deeds of vengeance such a hand; but, ere we judge severely of ent, let it be remembered, how much there was conduct of the regent and his family to exaseven the mildest of natures; how much of 1 1.]

deep ensanguined crime—of grievous irreparabljury; how necessary it was, at the beginning reign, commenced so late in life and with so must rectify, to set an example which should carry in dread into the hearts of the many petty despot whom the country was enthralled, and the stabilithe throne endangered. Assuredly so much the could not have flowed on the scaffold without making of deep regret from a prince of James's sensity; and when we see a spirit like his sanctice punishments of such severity, we may be satithat the necessity which called for them must been extreme.

James went on, with an active and steady hand reforming abuses, in bringing the power of the barons within the controll of the laws, and in : vering the rights and property of the crown from hands of those who had usurped them. "Jan says Dr. Robertson, "was too wise a prince to ploy open force to correct such inveterate evils. ther men nor the times would have borne it. He plied the gentler and less offensive remedy of and statutes." The same historian afterwards a that " all his acquisitions, however fatal to the no were obtained by decisions of law." In fact, J was the first monarch who established any thing a general system of law in Scotland. Previous t time, the royal jurisdiction was almost entirely fined to the limits of the crown domains, beyond v the king's judges claimed, indeed, much author but possessed next to none. The right of judgin the first instance, belonged to the barons within respective territories; and, though an appeal lay

them to the king and his justices, it was easy to find means to defeat the effect of this regulation. The Scottish monarchs had long been sensible of these limitations to the due administration of justice, and bore them with impatience. But it was impossible to overturn in a moment what was so deeply rooted, or to strip the nobles, at once, of privileges which they had held so long, and which were wrought almost into the frame of the feudal constitution. James I. led the way here, as well as in other instances, towards a more regular and perfect police. made choice from among the estates of parliament, of a certain number of persons, whom he distinguished by the names of Lords of Session, and appointed them to hold courts three times a year, and forty days at a time, in whatever place he pleased to name, for the determination of all matters of a civil nature; an institution which presented the first approach to an universal jurisdiction in Scotland, and which subsists, with various improvements, unto this day.

Sensible how deficient his long imprisonment had made him in a knowledge of real life, James was most assiduous in his endeavours to make himself acquainted with the character, habits, and pursuits of all classes of his people; he went often in disguise amongst them: visited their fire-sides; mingled in their sports; and took note of all their wants. He was thus enabled to dictate many excellent laws for the security of the subject, the improvement of morals, and the encouragement of industry; and, by gaining to himself the affections of the people, seemed to have established his throne on a basis which no private hostility could shake.

The fate of James, however, like that of Henry IV. of France, and Gustavus of Sweden, is a striking proof that it is not when most loved, that a prince has least to fear. In proportion as the people, at large, had cause to be grateful to their king, there were a few turbulent barons, who saw in his conduct only cause for resentment and hate; nor is this to be wondered at, when it is considered that almost every thing which James gained for the people was something taken away from the nobility. In the thirteenth vear after his return to Scotland, a conspiracy was formed against his life, and, at the head of his deadliest foes, we have again the pain to find one of his own nearest kindred, a second uncle. Walter Earl of Athol. The chief confederates of the earl were his grandson and heir, Robert Stewart, who belonged to the king's household; and Sir Robert Grahame, of Strathern, who James had mortally offended, by reannexing to the crown some property of which he had unjustly obtained possession during the regency. The king was, at this time, without any army; he had not even retained a body guard; and was living in unsuspecting security at a Carthusian monastery, which he had founded near Perth. Grahame, who had been for sometime at the head of a gang of outlaws in the adjacent mountains, brought down a party of them, under the cloud of night, to the neighbourhood of the monastery, and, unobserved by all but those who were in the plot, quietly gained possession of the outer gates, and even the interior passages. The first intimation which James received of his danger was from his cup-bearer, Walter Straton, who, leaving the chamber in which the king and queen were at supper,

but finding, to her dismay, that the bar had destinely removed by some of the parties to n, she generously endeavoured to supply its the instant, by thrusting her arm into the Unavailing attempt! This slender barrier crushed to pieces by a numerous band of ruffians, who, bursting open the door, rushed hand on the king. Patrick Dunbar, brother rl of March, was killed in attempting to deife of his sovereign. The queen, also, threw tween her husband and the daggers of the , twice she was wounded by blows aimed at ; and it was not till she was forcibly torn t the deed of blood was completed, and the mes's woes filled up, by an end as tragic as led in modern story. He was in the fortyr of his age.

Sylvius, afterwards Pope Eugene IV. who stland, as legate, at the time of this catasgiving an account of it, said, that he "was bich most to applaud, the universal grief

cited him to conspire the king's death, after suffering three days' torture, crowned with a red-hot coronet of iron, with the inscription, 'King of traitors,' was beheaded, and his quarters sent to the chief cities of the kingdom."

On the character of this unfortunate prince, as a king and legislator, it is not necessary for me to enlarge. The sketch, brief as it is, which I have given of his reign, must be sufficient to shew, that in both these lights, it was with much reason his loss was so universally and deeply bewailed by the Scottish nation. It is as one of the first and greatest of Scottish poets, and, I may almost add, the father of Scottish music, that I more particularly desire to present him to your attention. James was a poet before he exercised the functions of a king; and, had he not been so long kept out of his regal birth-right, he might probably never have acquired "so faire an estate on Parnassus." He flourished about the same time as Chaucer, the father of English poetry; and is allowed, by some of the best critics, to have been nothing inferior to him in poetical merit. Pinkerton, a writer extremely penurious of encomium, says, that the King's Quair, of the beauties of which the extracts I have made may have given some idea, equals any thing Chaucer has written: and Mr. Ellis, that "it is not inferior in poetical merit to any similar production of Chaucer." I think one may be justified in venturing even farther. If those parts in the writings of the two poets, which are most analogous, are put in comparison, no person of taste will probably hesitate in awarding the superiority to the Scottish bard. Compare the heroines of the two poets, the Rosial of Chaucer with the Jane of

King James: the one is such a picture, as sensuality might gloat upon; the other, an image of angelic loveliness, which even saints might worship. compare the description of the Court of Love by Chaucer, with the Court of Venus in the King's Quair; although to the one we must assign the superiority in imagination and variety, yet to the other we must award the more important graces of truth and harmony. Of Chaucer it must moreover be added, that he has not one spark of that delicacy which distinguishes every line which is extant from the pen of the Scottish king. In this last respect, indeed, James is without a rival in the age in which he lived. For the sake of any thing that he has written, no critic need interpose a laboured apology for immodesty, or whimsical visionary contend that indecent rhyming "is the most important and valuable of all kind of writing."* Neither, while we regret the general obscurity in which the poetical remains of James are veiled, by the antiquity of the language in which they are written, need we tremble to put into the hands of a sister or daughter a glossary to every word they contain. Who can say as much for a Chaucer, for a Gower, or for a Dunbar? With many of their pieces, the obsoleteness of the language is more a matter of consolation than otherwise; nor are the feelings of that man to be envied, who could make it the boast of his erudition to throw light on what the eye of chastity can never look upon. I hope to be deemed neither Goth nor Puritan when I venture to say, that there is much in every one of these poets, as well as in their imme-

^{*} Pinkerton's Anc. Scot. Poems; vol. ii. p. 383.

diate followers, which, though of high poetic excellence, no man, who wishes well to the morals of society, could regret to see consigned to oblivion. I know, indeed, of no British poet, of that remote sura. the whole of whose works a good and an honourable man could desire to put into the hands of a virtuous female, unless it be those of the sweet poet whose merits I have been humbly endeavouring to lay before you. A writer more free from impurities of thought and expression, abounding more in fine and delicate feeling, even modern times cannot shew. To speak of this feature in the poetical character of James as merely remarkable, would shew an insensibility to its value. Considering the rude character of the age in which he wrote, and that Chaucer and Gower, with whose writings he was well acquainted. and whom, indeed, he acknowledges in one of his stanzas for his masters, were so distinguished for an opposite character: it is, in truth, one of the greatest phenomena in our poetical history.

The subject of the "King's Quair," as may have been gathered from the story of James's life, was the royal poet's love for his future queen, the fair Lady Jane, with whom he became enamoured while a prisoner in the castle of Windsor. It was for centuries lost to the world, and was, at last, restored to the light, through the curiosity and research of William Tytler, Lord Woodhouselee, who was the means of discovering, in the Bodleian library at Oxford, the only MS. copy of it which is now in existence. An authentic copy was procured, and first presented by his lordship to the public in 1783, accompanied by explanatory notes and a critical dissertation, of much acuteness and ability. Of its merits, Lord W. speaks with the modesty of a second parent; and yet the restorer of so admirable a poem well deserves to have his opinion of it remembered. He praises it for "the fancy and invention, the genuine simplicity of sentiment, and the glow of descriptive poetry, which run through it."

Of the other poetical remains of James, the most important is "Christ's Kirk on the Grene." Some writers have ascribed this poem to King James V. but, as Lord W. has shewn, on very erroneous grounds. It is a poem in the burlesque style, and deemed the most ancient of this class in the island. It exhibits, in the frolics of a country fair, a striking picture of the rural manners of the north-east part of Scotland in the 15th century; and displays a degree of acquaintance with their characteristic peculiarities, which could only have been acquired by the habit, in which James so often laudably indulged, of mingling in disguise with the most humble classes of his people. Although short, it is full of wit and drollery. The aim of the poet appears to have been, by the force of ridicule, to shame his subjects into a greater skill in archery, which had fallen much into disuse during his eighteen years of captivity; and of the superiority of the English in which, almost every battle on record, between the two nations, had furnished lamentable proofs. James had already enforced this important object by a solemn act in his first parliament: and, in thus summoning the Muses to his aid, gave a splendid proof of the value of poetry to the very highest purposes of government. A quarrel having taken place among the "wouars" assembled,

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one of them bends his bow at his opponent, and let fly an arrow,

Bot be ane myle it came nocht near him!

With that ayne freynd of his cryit Fy! An up an arrow drew,
He forgeit it so ferslye
The bow in flenders flew.
Sa was the will of God trow I;
For had the tre bene trew
Men said, that kend his archerie,
That he had slane anew
That day
At Christ's Kirk on the Grene.

After describing the feats of the other combatant in a style equally ludicrous, the poet thus concludes

Quhen all was done, Dic with an ax Came furth to fell ane futher.
Quoth he, "Quhair ar yon hangit smaiks 'Richt now that hurt my brother?"
His wyf bad him gang hame, gude glaiks; And sua did Meg his mother,
He turnit and gaif thame bayth thair paiks, For he durst stryk na uther,
Men said
At Christ's Kirk on the Grene.

"Christ's Kirk on the Grene" stands generall identified with Christ's Kirk, in the parish of Kennethmont and county of Aberdeen, where the ruit of a kirk, encircled by a large green, are still to b traced.

Two other poems of the same kind are ascribed to James, namely, "Peblis to the Play," and "Falkland on the Grene;" the former, descriptive of the manvers of the south of Scotland; and the latter, which is lost, supposed to have been equally illustrative of those of Fifeshire, or the middle of Scotland. From the assignment of these pieces to James, there are, indeed, several dissentients. The most plausible objection which I have met with, is the improbability that two pieces (for we can speak of but two) so sineilar in structure, style, and design, should have been the production of one individual, and the greater likelihood, that the one was an imitation, by a different hand, of the other. This is an objection of that sort which is best met, by stating a greater to which it gives rise. In the first stanza of "Christ's Kirk on the Grene," which belongs, by nearly universal consent, to James, we are told, that there

Was never in Scotland hard nor sene Sic dansing nor deray; Nother in Falkland on the Grene, No Peblis to the Play.

It is clear from the mention here made of these poems, that they must have existed prior to that of Christ's Kirk on the Grene; so that if there was any imitation in the case, James, who was not in the habit, because free from the necessity, of borrowing of any one, must have been the imitator; and the model, an original, of whom no trace whatever exists.

It yet remains for me to speak of James in one point of view, on which we have not the happiness of

meeting with the same uniformity of opinion as wit respect to his poetical merit; I allude to his claim t be regarded as the inventor of that exquisite style music, for which our native country is so justly cele brated and admired. The historical evidence on the subject is certainly not the most ample, nor of th most direct description. He is said by all our ancies chroniclers to have been eminently skilled in music Walter Bower, (Scoticron- lib. 16. § 528,) assure us, that "he excelled all mankind in the art. bot vocal and instrumental;" but the first writer wh speaks of him, as the father of our national musiis Tassoni, an Italian writer, who flourished above a century after the death of James. "We ma reckon," he says, " among us moderns, James. Kin of Scotland, who not only composed many sacre pieces of vocal music, but also of himself invente a new kind of music, plaintive and melancholy, differen from all others, in which he has been imitated b Carlo Gesualdo, Prince of Venosa, who, in our ag has improved music with new and admirable inver tions," (Pensieri Diversi, lib. 10.) From this stat ment it is plain, that at the time Tassoni wrote, Jame had the traditional reputation, at least, of being th inventor of "a new kind of music;" and it will albe allowed, that in describing that music as of a ch racter "plaintive and melancholy, different from a others," the Italian author has seized upon those fe tures which are most distinctly characteristic of 1 far the greater part of our Scottish airs. Where the lies the objection to the inference which these circur stances seem so well to authorize, that James was a tually entitled to the honor here ascribed to him

he learned Dr. Burney, who is the chief dissentient om the popular belief on this subject, thus states to grounds for his difference of opinion:

"This assertion (of Tassoni) greatly encreased our esize to examine works in which so many excellenes were concentred; particularly as we had long sen extremely desirous of tracing the peculiarities f the national melodies of Scotland from a higher surce than David Rizzio. But in a very attentive erusal of all the several parts of the whole six books the Prince of Venosa's madrigals, we were utterly table to discover the least similitude or imitation of aledonian airs in any one of them; which so far om Scots' melodies, seem to contain no melodies at ; nor, when scored, can we discover the least relarity of design, phraseology, rhythm, or, indeed, w thing remarkable in these madrigals, except unincipled modulation, and the perpetual embarrassents and inexperience of an amateur, in the arrangeent and filling up of the parts."

Now let us see to what all this reasoning amounts? mes was reputed to be the inventor of a new kind music, of the same character as the national music Scotland; the Prince of Venosa is said to have itated James; but on examining the productions of mosa, they have not the least similitude to Caledom airs; and therefore it must follow that James i not invent what Venosa has not been able to itate. Is it necessary to say any thing of the solity of such a deduction? The similitude of Venosa's drigals is but a link in a long chain; take it away, the century of traditional repute must still remain

as unimpaired as when Tassoni first spoiled it by his unfortunate illustration.

The question comes then to be one of traditional probability entirely—how far is it likely that James the First could have been, as he is popularly considered, the inventor of our national style of music? The tradition, it may be worth remarking, has not its origin in any speculative antiquarianism; nor in any feeling of national pride, angry at the idea of making unmerited compensation to the memory of an Italian fidler, cut off by a ruthless assassination; it is a tradition as old as the oldest songs extant in our country, and as spontaneous in its sources as any tradition that belongs to us.

It has been objected, that national characteristics do not usually spring from so narrow a basis as the influence of any single individual. It rather appears to me, that it is nearly the same in this respect with the polite attainments of a country, as with its vegetable treasures; and that, as a single seed, brought from afar, has been often known to spread a valuable plant over a whole kingdom, so any single individual, inspired by sentiments beyond what are common to his countrymen, may give such a new impulse and direction to their pursuits, as will give a leading feature to their character for ages. James, moreover, was a king, and of kings the adage is old:

Regis ad exemplum totus componitur orbis.

He was a king, too, who appears not from tradition merely, but from contemporary and unquestionable authorities, to have cultivated music with more than

usual ardour; and under circumstances of long confinement and solitude, singularly calculated to impart to his compositions that "plaintive and melancholy" air which Tassoni tells us was regarded as the characteristic of the kind of music which he invented, and which we know to be the characteristic of the national music of Scotland, as existing from the remotest periods. If we combine with these strong circumstances the fact, that James gave to his country a richer and a purer vein of poetry than it before possessed, and reflect how extremely natural it was. that a poet scientifically skilled in the rules of musical composition, should be fond of singing his own songs to tunes of his own composing, we can scarcely hesitate in coming to the conclusion, that no tradition was ever founded on stronger circumstances of probability, than that which ascribes to the same illustrious prince, who may be said to have given, or at least, restored to us the lyre, a knowledge of the choicest melody to which it might be strung.

J. T.

LIVES OF EMINENT SCOTSMEN.

THOMAS THE RHYMER.

THOMAS the Rhymer, or Thomas of Ercildoune, as the father of Scottish poets is commonly called, is supposed to have been born about the end of the twelfth century at Erceldoune, or, according to modern corruption, Earlstoun, a village in the county of Berwick. His history is involved in so much obscurity, that even his name is a subject of dispute among antiquaries. The uniform tradition of centuries had ascribed to him the family name of Learmont, and in all our biographical collections, he takes his place as THOMAS LEARMONT. Later writers, however, have been led, by a reference to ancient authorities, to doubt the correctness of the common fame on this point. In a charter, granted by the poet's son and heir to the convent of Soltre or Soultra, he callshin self "Filius et hæres Thomæ Rymour de Ereildor Robert de Brunne, Fordun, Barbour, and Winte the writers most nearly contemporary with him, st him simply, Thomas of Ercildoune; while B' Henry the Minstrel, and Boece, authors of a ! period, call him "Thomas Rymour." Mr. \$ says, that Henry the Minstrel styles him, "Th the Rhymer;" but this is a mistake; the very sages which he quotes from Henry shew the cor

"Thomas Rymour into the Feale was then,"

^{*} Now Sir Walter.

these authorities, embracing a period es, mention the name of Learmont, e more reasonable than the inference, that it has been improperly ascribed 3nt how is the subsequent variation in radition attempted to be explained? pposes, that Thomas or his predecessor in heiress of the family of Learmont, ioned the mistake, as if it ever were, common thing for husbands to assume their wives. Mr. Scott suggests, that have arisen from some family of that their descent from him by the female y so difficult to trace, that any other have served as well.

a common fault of antiquarianism to ttom for what is swimming on the surdit might be taken for pointing out explanation undoubtedly lies. In the quoted, the son of the poet,-not vill be observed, with that vernacular ch might admit of his calling his father ation by which he was popularly known, Rhymer;" but with all the solemn prey in a legal deed of conveyance, where family names was the last thing likely rded-calls himself the son and heir, ur de Ercildon." The word "Rymour" the Latin deed as a proper name, and e least pretence for supposing that it it to designate that the person spoken er by profession. Robert de Brunne authorities, next in weight to the son, call the poet "Thomas of Ercildoune," dropping, it would seem, the family name, and retaining only that of the family property, a practice common all over Europe from the remotest periods of feudalism. The first who deviate from this style are Henry the Minstrel and Boece, who call him by the family name of "Thomas Rymour," leaving out the property surname of Ercildon, for one good reason, if a reason is wanting, that the property had, by this time, passed away from the family. What reason then is there to doubt, that Rhymour, Rimour, or Rymer, was in reality the family name of the poet? It is a name which existed in the Merse and in Northumberland before the remotest period to which that of Learmont can be traced. In the list of those who did homage to Edward I. in 1296, about twelve year after the reputed period of Thomas the Rhymer' death, mention is made of "John Rymour, a free holder of Berwickshire;" while the earliest instance of the name of Learmont which we meet with is. least, a generation later in date. Among some antiwritings, preserved in the Register Office at Ed burgh, which belonged to a family now extinct, Learmonths of Balcomic, there is one in a hand the seventeenth century, entitled "the Genealog the honorable and ancient surname of Learmont. which we are told, that "the chief of the name the Laird of Ersilmont in the Merse, whose pred sor, Thomas Learmonth*, lived in the reign of Alexander III." Ersilmont is here evidently

^{*} The writer evidently speaks here of Thomas surname, under which he was known in later tim

or Eroildon, either of the names being suffiescriptive of an eminence at the western of the village of Earlston, on which there rly a tower or castle, the residence of " the the ruins of which are still shewn to the : traveller. As the style of " Laird of Erupplemed that of "Laird of Ercildon," so f Ersilmont" became, in process of time, into Laireilmont, Lairmont, or Learmonth; like manner, the name of "Thomas Rycame, from a natural collision of sense and averted, in the mouths of the valgar, into the Rhymer; while the true name of the either Thomas Lairmont nor Thomas the Rhy-MOMAS RYMOUR, of Ersilment or Ercilden. Rymour, as we may now venture to call ars to have lived during nearly the whole ricenth century. He could not well have than thirty years of age in 1232, about we find his romance of Sir Tristrem quoted ed of Strasburgh, as a production then well t the death of Alexander III. in 1286, he certainly alive; and, if Henry the Minbe credited, he even survived 1296, the a Wallace, in whose adventures Henry act a part, took arms for the deliverance ntry from the yoke of England. He must, have been dead before 1289, which is the e charter before mentioned, granted by his s et heres Thome Rymour.

for a long time, to Robert de Brunne alone red the preservation of Thomas Rymour's seet. In the "Prolog" to his Annals, written about 1338, he thus records his admiration of the romance of Sir Tristrem:

Sir Tristrem
Over Gestes* it has the 'steem'
Over all that is, or was.

The romance itself, however, was generally suppose to be lost, till a copy of it was recently discovered is a large and valuable collection of metrical romances belonging to the library of the Faculty of Advocates called from its donor the Auchinleck MSS. from which it was transcribed and given to the world, accompanied with a critical introduction and notes by Mi Walter Scott.

The recovery of this poem is of the more comes quence, that it presents us, in its original simplicity with a story of great celebrity, which was subse quently altered and perverted into a thousand degene rate forms by the discurs of Normandy. Sir Tristres was one of the antient heroes of Wales, or Britis Kingdom of Strathclwyd; and, if we may trust th Welch authorities, acted a distinguished part in the history of the renowned King Arthur, and the chivale of the Round Table. Thomas Rymour, from his me sidence at Ercildoune, which lay on the borders of the kingdom of Strathclwyd, became familiar with it legends, and chose the gallant Sir Tristrem as the hea to whose achievements his muse should give immor tality. Gottfried of Strasburgh, the German minates to whom we have before alluded, says, that many " his profession told the tale of Sir Tristrem imperfo

^{*} Romances.

[†] Esteem.

ly, but that he derived his authority as of Britannia, master of the art of had read the history in British books, lives of all the lords of the land, and sown to us." It is equally certain, that of Sir Tristrem, as composed by Thomas; was also known and referred to by the rels. as the most authentic mode of tell-

thas drawn from this circumstance, comhe originality of the romance, a concluich importance to the literary fame of that no excuse can be necessary for the act into which it leads me.

silow," says Mr. Scott, "that the first ish romance was written in part of what Scotland; and the attentive reader will son to believe that our language received sents of improvement in the very corner exists, in its most debased state.

nd it is now generally admitted, that nan conquest, while the Saxon language of to the lowest of the people, and while s only deigned to employ their native ixed language, now called English, only nd of lingua franca to conduct the neourse between the victors and the vanwas not till the reign of Henry III. that d assumed a shape fit for the purposes and even then "the indolence or taste

of the minstrels of that period induced them to pre translating the Anglo Norman and French roman which had stood the test of years, to the more paraious and laborious task of original composit. It is the united opinion of Wharton, Tyrwhitt, Ritson, that there exists no English romance prior the days of Chaucer, which is not a translation some earlier French one."

While the kings and nobles of England w amused by tales of chivalry, composed in the Fre language-by the lais of Marie, the romances of Cl tien de Foyes, or the fableaux of the trouveurs; legends chaunted in Scotland, which could b pily boast of having as yet owned no victor's sw were written in that Anglo-Saxo-Pictish mixt known by the name of Inglis or English. Altho the French was doubtless understood at the cour Scotland, it seems never to have been spoken by kings and nobles; the Inglis remaining the stand language of both high and low among the people was not till the year 1300, that the English began translate into their native language the French po of their conquerors; nor until near a century la that they attempted to compose original romances the English tongue. But ages before this, Thou of Ercildoune, and probably many other Scot poets, whose names and works have now perial had been famed over Europe for romances written their native language, and derived from the traditi

^{*}i. e. no romance in English written by an English man, for the English was at that time common to b England and Scotland.

of their own country, or of countries immediately adjacent.

"Whoever," says Mr. Scott, "will be tempted to pursue this curious subject, will find, that this system, if confirmed upon more minute investigation, may account for many anomalous peculiarities in the history of English romance and minstrelsy. In particular, it will shew why the Northumbrians cultivated a species of music not known to the net of England, and why the harpers and minstrels of the " North countree" are universally celebrated by our antient ballads as of unrivalled excellence. If Boglish, or a mixture of Saxon, Pictish, and Norman, became early the language of the Scottish court, to which great part of Northumberland was subjected, be minstrels, who crowded their camps, must have mel it in their songs. Thus, when the language went to gain ground in England, the northern minsels, by whom it had been already long cultivated, were the best rehearsers of the poems already written, ad the most apt and ready composers of new tales of songs, It is probably owing to this circumstance, at almost all the ancient English minstrel ballads a marks of a northern origin, and are, in general, umon to the Borderers of both kingdoms. By this em, we may also account for the superiority of early Scottish over the early English poets, exing the unrivalled Chaucer. And, finally, to this may ascribe the flow of romantic and poetic trawhich has distinguished the Borders of Scotdmost down to the present day,"

at a commentary does this contrast, between tient poetic history of the two countries, fur-

nish to an observation of Mr. Tyrwhitt, in his Life of Chaucer, that "Chaucer's reputation was as well established in Scotland as in England," and " that be was as much the father of poetry in that country a in this!" Admired he was, indeed, by the Scotch; who were prepared, by long familiarity with the English language in its purest state, to entertain a degree of admiration for so great a master of its bear ties, which even his own countrymen, just recovering from the corruptions of a foreign tongue, could scarcely be able to conceive; but for the father of their poetry, the Scotch are entitled to go back, a least an hundred and fifty years before the time when Chaucer flourished. It is, beyond all controversy from Thomas of Erceldoune that our poetic mantle the texture and colour of which are so much the ad miration of the world, has descended to the Ramsavi the Burns's, and Scotts, of more recent times.

Thomas, like the early poets of most countries had also the reputation of being a marvellous prophet and to his prophecies, either real or reputed, he hap pens to owe more of the fame which he has new ceased to enjoy in Scotland, than to his poets; Every one knows something, more or less, of the "Prophecies of Thomas the Rhymer;" while a Tristrem is as great a stranger amongst us, as either Sir Gawain, Sir Greidiol, Sir Gwgon, or any other knight of black-letter romance. In 1286, while he was yet alive, he is spoken of by the Scottish historians as known by common fame to be "ane prophet; and, during the reigns of James V., Queen Marjand James the Sixth, a collection of metrical prophetics, ascribed to Thomas of Erceldoune, appear ?

have become very current in Scotland. One copy in English, and another in Latin, were published by Andrew Hart, at Edinburgh, in 1615. The English version was reprinted in 1680, in 1742, and doubtless at subsequent periods, since copies of it are still common among the lower orders in Scotland.

Among the higher order of believers in Thomas's Prophecies, was the learned and pious Bishop Spottiswoode. "Where or how," says the bishop, very gravely, "he had this knowledge, can hardly be affirmed; but sure it is, that he did divine and answer truly of many things to come."

The most celebrated fact, in support of Spottiswoode's assertion, is a reputed prediction respecting the death of Alexander III., which is thus related by

Boece. as translated by Bellenden.

"It is said, the day afore the kingis deith, the Erle of Marche demandit ane prophet, namit Thomas Rymour, otherwayis namit Ersiltoun, quhat wedder railed be on the morow? To quhome answerit this Thomas, that on the morow afore noon, sall blow the gretist wynd that ever was hard afore in Scotland. On the morow, quhen it was neir noon, the lift appering loune, but ony din or tempest,* the erle send for this prophet, and reprovit him that he prognosticat sic wynd to be and nae appearance thairof. This Thomas maid litel answer, bot said, noon is not gane. And incontenent ane man cam to the yet (gate) schawing the king was slane. Than, said the prophet,

[•] The sky (lift) appearing cloudy, without any noise or tempest.

LART 1.]

LIVES OF EMINENT SCOTSMEN. ne is the wynd that sall blaw to the gret calamity

The criticism of Mr. Scott on this prophecy superedes the necessity of any other. "Translated," he seues the necessity of any other. I ranseated, the says, "from the monkish eloquence of Fordun, the says, roin the monaish coqueme of rorder, the story would run simply; that Thomas presaged to the Earl of March that the next day would be windy: the weather proved calm; but news arrived of the deals of Alexander III., which gave an allegorical turn to the prediction, and saved the credit of the prophet. One other example of Thomas's alleged prophs skill shall suffice. In a MS. of the time of Edwi I, No. 2253 of the Harleian Collection, preserved the British Museum, there is a scrap of gossip, w

La Countesse de Dunbar demande à Thomas de thus begins:

doune quant la guere d' Escoce prendreit fyn? Thomas replies, that the war will come to when, among other wondrous things, " a Sco no more hide himself like a hare in form, t English may not catch him;"—" when Scots fast, that for want of shipping they drow selves," &c.

"When shal this be?

Nouther in thyne tyme, ne in myne,"

Mr. Scott thinks this prophecy the perf some person in the English interest. The of the remark is amusing; of its justness be said. The prophecy, as it is called but a jingle of absurdities, strung to irony, and after the fashion of a very of speech, by which the impossibility rence is illustrated by the still more o another: Scotland shall be subjugated by when Scotchmen run for terror into the sea, a prediction, in fact, which has more of a st than an English; and is, after all, only of notice, in as far as it helps to shew by of nothings the fame of a prophet could, in time, be acquired.

th is, that beyond mere traditional reputae is no evidence whatever to justify the of any prophetic power to the bard of ie; and as to the rational probability of , no argument is necessary. The ref the people for a man, extraordinary for ng and venerable for his years, seems to the sole foundation of Thomas's claims to ng the prophets. The allegories of the poet erted, as events chanced to suit, into proof which he never dreamt; and the attria seer being thus once fixed upon him, it prising, that in an age when all history was ic structure, his name and authority should e been fictitiously employed to throw into nencement of historic narratives, those s of coming events," of which poetry has a frequent and happy use, to heighten the with which we pursue their developement. west end of Earlstoun, part of the house omas inhabited is still standing, called Rhyer; and, in the front wall of the villagebere is a stone with this inscription on it-

Auld Rymer's race Lies in this place.

A. R.

JOHN BARBOUR.

Amono the common people of Scotland, there is not an older and scarcely a greater favourite than Barbour's metrical history of "The Actes and Life of that most Victorious Conquerour, Robert Bruce, King of Scotland: wherein are contained the Martiall Deeds of those Valiant Princes, Edward Bruce, Sir James Douglas, Erle Thomas Randel, Walter Stewart, and sundrie others."

The popularity of this poem is creditable to the taste of our countrymen. The poem, though only second in antiquity to the Sir Tristrem of Thomas Rymour, is one of the finest in the old English language. In clearness and simplicity, it must rank far before either Gower or Chaucer; and in elevation of sentiment, Mr. Pinkerton does not hesitate to prefer it to both Dante and Petrarch. Mr. Warton, than whom there have been few better judges of the comparative merits of our early poets, says, that "Barbour adorned the English language by a strain of versification, expression, and poetical images, far superior to the age." And to these authorities may be added that of Dr. Irving, who pronounces his opinion in the following encomiastic terms. "Barbour seems to have been acquainted with those finer springs of the human heart which elude vulgar observation; he catches the shades of character with a delicate eye and sometimes presents us with instances of nice disca. His work is not a more namative of it contains specimens of that minute and skilation which marks the hand of a poot."

he style of the poem been much inferior to s, the subject of it is of a nature which could s excite a warm interest in the breasts of the possible. Burbons was the first to shap its duck own language, the exploits of source againment characters in their history e of 'a he suched Scotland from the hated dom riand and of a Douglas, a Randolp d other gallant chieffulns, who will belous enterprise. He was among the field; tive a postical being to the habits, miles feelings, of the Scottish people : interweave in the most admirable manner with the texis story, and impressing, by means of their y, a dalightful character of malorality to indeed a great national poem. Bruce" is styled by its author "a romance:"

Bruce" is styled by its author "a romance:"
"The romance now begins here;"

enry, the historian, is of spinion, that "he ean that it consisted of fabulous adventures, inded it to be, as for the most part it is, a true the great actions of the hero." The opinion of erton is not at variance with this, but it chathe work better. "This romance," he says, such a one as the Iliad; that is, a poem in real facts, but embellished in many parts in." That the fictitious parts "embellished" may however be doubted. The achieve-Bruce did not require such a leaf out of imchausen's book as the following, which

How he disco... Twa hundredth, and slue 13.

The reflections with which the poet has enr his narrative are a thousand times better than as his inventions. They are invariably the breat of a noble and generous spirit, disdaining all nary prejudices, and animated with an almost reverence for the rights of man as a being of and destined for immortality. His eulogy on Lil the very first to be found in the English lang has been often quoted, but not more often the deserves. The following are the lines:

O hou FREDOM is nobil thyng!
For it maks men to haif lyking.
FREDOM all solace to men givis:
He livis at eis that frelie livis.
A nobil heart may haf na eis,
Nor nocht als that may it pleis
If FREDOM fale. For fre lyving

*** abone uther thyng.

is date of this great poet's birth is not precisely va. He died, aged, in 1396, and is therefore supd to have been born about 1316 or 1326. He beought up to the church; and in 1357 we find styled, Archdeacon of Aberdeen. Of this last ; there is in Rymer's Forders the copy of a passfrom the King of England in favor of "John our, Archdeacon of Aberdeen, coming, with scholars in his company, into England, for the ose of studying in the University of Oxford; dem actus scolasticos exercendo," &cc. Dr. Henry is mather a strange use of this document. He ines, that the archdeacon himself was going to r at Oxford; and proceeding on this assumption, resents us with a pleasant enough specimen of rt of filling up a scanty biography. "His love strong," says Henry, " was so strong, that he nued to prosecute his studies after his promotion. this view, he prevailed upon his own sovereign, d Bruce, with whom he was in great favor, to to Edward III. for permission to study at Oxwhich was granted," &c. Now the meaning of ocument plainly is, that it was "the three schon his company"-probably, youths of family nitted to his charge-who were going to England idy at Oxford, and not the archdeacon himself. the whole business of prevailing on the Scottish to apply to the English king for permission, &c., iles, in reality, into nothing more than the ordiaffair of procuring a passport to a foreign coun-"That an archdeacon," as Mr Pinkerton justly res. "should have performed actus scolasticos I have been a phenomenon, indeed, when he

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ald not have been in that rank without having gor rough them a dozen years before."

Rymer furnishes us with another document, (vi. 3: om which it appears, thar Barbour was appointed 357, by the Bishop of Aberdeen, one of his cornissioners, to treat at Edinburgh concerning the raisom of the captive King of Scotland, David II. The appointment is dated in September, 1357; the pasport to go to Oxford was granted in August of the

^{*} The writer of this Memoir is smart on Dr. Henry seduced probably by the example of Mr. Pinkerton. ingenious but very hazardous annotator; but, after al it is not so clear that Henry is in the wrong. If Be bour must have gone through his actus scolastices " dozen years before," where was it that he went throuthem? St. Andrew's, the oldest university in Sc land, was only founded in 1413, nearly twen years after Barbour's death. The fact is, that cler degrees were, in early times, matters of such le dispensation, that there is no telling what was viously necessary. Neither can the circumstance Barbour's being an archdeacon, and therefore p bly advanced in life, be regarded as decisive o improbability of Dr. Henry's version. At a later period, Sir George Mackenzie, after being years Lord Advocate of Scotland, and pub many erudite works, retired to England, w view of spending the remainder of his days in ease at Oxford; and, in his fifty-fourth year, mitted a student there, by a grace passed in the c tion, June 2, 1690.

A granuctor on Butpolit when h way from Aberdeen w 1365, there appears to have been a s Barbour, to go through E gits in company, to St. Denis in . herez." of this journey is not stated, nor as nd pass. Refine respecting it on record. with are all the memorials which the destructive The of time has left us, of one of the first and best any Poets. The editions of his "Bruce," the real, which we know him to have written, are the j bet the only one which can be relied on, Planty of the text, is that edited by Mr. Pinwhich was copied from a MS, in the Advocate's mitten in 1469, and in fine order. It is much shed, for the sake of the less wealthy orders natrymen with whom Barbour is still a great had they had the advantage of a cheap edi-

Pinkerton's, that, because Barbour had a large of the could not have records.

ANDREW WYNTOUN.

In the midst of that fine expanse of water, Lochle and near to the island which contained the Castl Lochleven, so celebrated as the prison of the fortunate Mary, there is a smaller island, called Inch, or St. Serf's, on which the ruins may yet traced of a priory which was dedicated to St. Ser. Servanus. It is said to have been founded by Bri the last but one of the Pictish kings; and before the formation untenanted its walls, many things occu within and about it, all of which I should be to relate to you in minute detail, were it in the pe of walls, crumbling to dust, to revive in one the a indefatigable and proper spirit, which centuries distinguished those monkish worthies, whose ta (to use the words of poor Bruce, Lochleven's ill-f bard)

> through the windows beam'd, And quiver'd on the undulating wave.

The most memorable of these worthies was that v-rable chronicler, Andrew Wyntoun, the author of of the oldest Scottish works known to exist; and, at the admirable example which he has set us in "Cronykil of Scotland," of going through the whistory of the world, spiritual and terrestrial, befor comes to that bit of barren space," the event

CHURCHIL!

[•] Which, form'd in haste, was planted in a not But never enter'd in Creation's book.

the particular objects of his pen, I fear Andrew himself is to be the theme shall scarcely stand excused for not g you with, at least, 1st. A description nastery of Saint Serf, of which Andrew : 2. A description of the island in the monastery of which Andrew was the A description of the lake in which was the hich was the monastery of which, &c.; 4, ion of all the trout (the famous trout*) in which was the island in which, &c.; 5. ion of the kingdom in which was the lake te.; 6. A description of the world in which adom, &c. &c.—Were my powers of narreat as Andrew's or even within a hundred hem, I could, indeed, have no hope of being passing over matters of fact so much to the what I have immediately in view, namely, ecount of all that is known of honest Anbeing little better than a mere parish-clerk hy. I trust you will take his "Life, parentiventures," in such a way as "the parish

lake is remarkable for producing trout of a and with flesh of a pink or reddish colour, g nearly to the taste and appearance of some of them weigh from two to eight and ounds; but, in general, they are not of itude. They are brought regularly to the market, where they find a ready sale."



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books" enable me to give them, without judgiverely of the narrator, because he does not give a history of all the world beside.

Andrew Wyntoun was a canon of St. Andrew prior of the monastery of St. Serf in Lochleve

Of my defaute it is my name
Be baptisme, Andrewe of Wyntowne,
Of Sanct Andrew's a chanoune
Regulare: bot, noucht forthi
Of thaim all the lest worthy.
Bot of thair grace and thair favoure
I wes but meryt, made prioure
Of the Ynch within Lochlevyne.

Cron

Andrew was born and died, nobody ce where nor when. That he came to this work was a man advanced in years, some time or in the course of the fourteenth century, is abun certain. In the chartulary of the priory of S drew's, there are several public instruments b drew Wyntoun, as prior of Lochleven, dated be the years 1395 and 1413; and in the last page chronicle, according to the copy in the king's l he makes mention of the Council of Constance, began 16th November, 1414, and ended 20th 1418. Taking it for granted, then, that he b down his narrative of events to as late a period possibly could, his death may reasonably be sur to have taken place not long after the year 14:

^{*} Without.

w particulars, half certain and half conhave all that time has left us of the perof honest Andrew Wystonn.

gynale Cronykil of Scotland," notwithgreat value, both as the oldest Scottish xisting, except Sir Tristrem, and as the f the history of our country, in our own is suffered to remain, neglected for many n 1786, Mr. Pinkerton called the attenpublic to the work in strong terms, and ave had himself the intention of publishf this task he was relieved by Mr. David who, in 1795, presented the public with lition of that part of it which relates more to the affairs of Scotland. Such chanof Angels, of Man's Creation, &c. he has pore recondite and less national collectors: h to be feared, that now that these parts chance of coming into the world as outttish history, they may be left to slumon for ever. Andrew caught this fancy with an account of the creation, from iester, whose Polychronicon, the first exwe have of this mode of history writing,

r preceded Wyntoun; but the earliest e of his Bruce is of the year 1489, nearly ter the period when Wyntoun wrote: in Ms., indeed, there are nearly three hunuoted from Barbour, in a more genuine any manuscript or edition of Barbour's

appeared about 1339, and had, by the time Wynt wrote, become very popular; and it may be st apology for Andrew to mention, that Fordun, compiled his Scotichronicon nearly about the st period, though it was not published till long at appears to have likewise thought, that there was in all the world a more admirable model of histor composition than Roger of Chester. Fordun sets with descanting, 1. De Mundo Sensibili ; 2. De Ve Cardinalibus; 3. De Tribus Mundi partibus, &cc. A after all, I am not sure, that, except in length, th is any thing more in these digressive freaks, t what is sanctioned by the high authority of Jewish legislator and historian, who has prefixed his account of God's chosen people, the only auth tic history which we have of the Creation of World.

"The Chronicle of Wyntoun," says Dr. Irving, valuable as a picture of antient manners, as a rep tory of historical anecdotes, and as a specimen the literary attainments of our ancestors. Wit perseverance of industry which had numerous deulties to encounter, he has collected and recor many circumstances that tend to illustrate the hist of his native country; nor, rude as the composit may seem, is his work altogether incapable of intering a reader of the present age of refinement, those who delight to trace the progress of the humind, his unpolished production will afford a delicientertainment."

In Wyntoun's Chronicle, the historian will find w must, in the absence of more antient records, be regarded as the original accounts of many impo actions in Scottish story. Many of these, Wynhas related from his own knowledge, or from the ts of eye witnesses; and of the general fidelity s narrative there is every reason to form the most able opinion, from the strict agreement which and between him and other authorities, where happens, on any fact, to be other authorities to to; such as the Fædera Angliæ, or the Frags of the Chartulary of the Priory of St. Andrew's, which Wyntoun drew largely and literally. Fillis, in his Specimens of English Poets, res, that Wyntoun's genius is certainly inferior to fis predecessor, Barbour; but that, at least, his fication is easy, his language pure, and his style animated.

r. Macpherson, to whom we are so much indebted be publication of the Chronicle, exults in its ha"preserved to us a little elegiac song on the of King Alexander III., which must be near y years older than Barbour's work." "This is sufficient," he says, "with every reader of taste, ump a high value on Wyntoun." As one of the trelics of Scottish song in existence, the trifle ed to is undoubtedly curious; and, consisting of a couple of stanzas, I am tempted here to cribe them.

Quhen Alysandyr oure Kyng wes dede, Dat Scotland led* in luwet and le,‡ Away wes sons of ale and brede, Of wyne and wax, of gamyn and gle:

[•] Ruled. † Love. ‡ Law.

Oure gold wes changyd in-to lede, Cryst, borne in-to Virgynytè, Succour Scotland and remede, Dat stad is in perplexytè.

Mr. Macpherson, in a note on this song, makes following observations: "Horace, in an Epistle a dressed to his patron Augustus, reflecting on the hi value put upon the works of the antient poets, sa

-----Adeo sanctum est vetus cmne poëma.

"What he says with an invidious sneer, m surely be applied, in good earnest, to this valual relique of antient Scottish poetry, which is now, at les twice as old as any remains of Roman poetry can supposed to have been in the days of Horace, and in all probability, the very earliest composition of t Scottish muse which we shall ever see. Of Thon Rymour of Erceldoune, no genuine remains a known; and the three or four doggrel rhymes made the people of Berwick, in derision of King Edwar which we have hitherto had as the earliest specim of Scottish poetry, or even of Scottish language,* a too much corrupted and too insignificant, though th were prior in time, to be mentioned along with the first of the Songs of Scotland, modernized in Wyntow time, according to the general and vicious practice

[•] Long beards heartlesse, Painted hoods witlesse, Gay coates gracelesse, Make England thriftlesse.

acribers. But we have reason to believe, that we sees it with less deviation from the first composi-. than there is in the various copies of the verses the birth of King Edgar of England, which were to have been sung by no less personages than als upon that great event, and are preserved by ert of Gloucester, (the Wyntoun of England,) and atin translations by many of the English writers." he recent recovery of Thomas Rymour's romance is Tristrem must of course displace the elegiac on the death of Alexander III., from the station atiquity which Mr. Macpherson has here assigned t; and, although it is certainly a relic as well th preserving as a thousand things with which our res are lumbered, under the name of antiquities, met confess, that I share little in the exultation which this ingenious critic contemplates its rertion to the light. I am inclined to think, that its merit consists in its age; and cannot help marng, that time should be so lenient to a trifle like when it has committed such havoc on many is, the preservation of which would have been a fit conferred on mankind.

E. M.

GAVIN DOUGLAS.

Among the most distinguished luminarie the restoration of letters in Scotland, at it ment of the sixteenth century, was Githird son of Archibald, "the Great Ear He was born about the end of the year beginning of 1475. Being designed, I for the church, he received as liberal an Scotland could then furnish, and is suppatterwards made the tour of the Contine a knowledge of the customs and man nations, and to improve himself by an i their men of science and literature.

On returning to Scotland and entering orders, his first preferment was to be Pi Collegiate Church of Saint Giles, in place, at that time, of great dignity and this appointment, his family influence spethe rectory of Hawick* and the abbey thick. When installed into the rectory (1496,) he was but twenty-two years of

Already rector, provost, and abbot, at men, now-a-days, are only leaving their

^{*} Not Heriot, as stated in the Biogrationary and other works.

... snewn his fitness for those

tevoted the leisure hours of his priesthood. The first production of his muse was a translation of Ovid's Remedy of Love, and this he produced before 1501, within the first five years after his instalment as recor. He had, as Hume of Godscroft informs us, felt he effects of love, but "was soon freed from the tyranny of this unreasonable passion."

The Queen Mother, who was Regent of Scotland, during the minority of James V. and had married Douglas's nephew, the Earl of Angus, nominated Donglas, in 1514, to the Archbishopric of St. Anlrew's; and, in a letter to the Pope, extolled him for is eminent virtue and great learning, and earnestly licited his holiness to confirm her nomination. But tead of acceding to her request, the Pope granted ull, appointing Forman, Bishop of Moray, to the ent dignity; while, at the same time, the chapter, approved of neither Douglas nor Forman, made e of John Hepburn, Prior of St. Andrew's. uglas gained a step on his rivals, by what is ally considered a great step in law, obtaining pos-With a considerable body of retainers, he on the castle of St. Andrew's; but Hepburn, reater force, soon succeeded in expelling him ined the place till Forman appro

The queen mother, to console him for pointment, soon afterwards presented hi bishopric of Dunckld; and for this prefer obtained, through the interest of her broth VIII. of England, a bull from Pope Le Douglas had again the misfortune to 1 a powerful competitor in the person of Ste ther to the Farl of Athol, who contrived t self elected by the chapter, and to obtain tenance of the Duke of Albany, who he meanwhile, superseded the queen in the Douglas was even imprisoned by the more than a year, on a charge of hav illegally in procuring a bull from the 1 was, indeed, true, that the Scottish parlie already begun to show their dislike to pa macy, by passing a regulatory act, which nearly to a positive exclusion of the inte the court of Rome in ecclesiastical apwithin the realm of Scotland; but the act as yet been rigidly acted upon. Douglas. at last, in making his peace with Albany, and, being set at liberty, was consecrated Dunkeld. Athol's brother, however, wa time, in possession of the episcopal pala was only by following an example, of which affected to be ashamed, and calling an arme his aid, that Douglas was able to force S a capitulation, similar to that by which H signed the see of St. Andrew's. The bishe is to be presumed, found the grapes of than those of Highland Tay.

In 1517, Douglas, now bishop of Dunke

panied the Duke of Albany to Paris, when that nobleman was sent to renew the antient league between Scotland and France. After his return to Scotland, he made a short stay at Edinburgh, and then repaired to his diocese, where he applied himself diligently to the duties of his episcopal office.

Not long after, the French king having recalled the Duke of Albany to France, a contest for power arose between the Earls of Angus and Arran, which threw the whole kingdom into a violent commotion. A meeting of the contending parties and their friends was agreed to be held at Edinburgh, for the purpose of a conciliation of differences; but, distrustful of each other, they repaired to the place of congress as to a field of combat, attended by all the forces they could respectively muster. Bishop Douglas, who came to the meeting to assist his nephew. Angus, with his councils, fearful of the consequences of this hostile array, applied to Archbishop Beaton, who was the chief adviser of Arran, and carnestly solicited him, as a minister of peace, to assist in bringing about an amicable accommodation. Beaton, with disgraceful duplicity, protested, that he knew nothing of the intentions of the Hamiltons, as Arran and his followers were called, and that whatever they were, he had no power to prevent their being carried iuto effect. "By my conscience," exclaimed he, striking his hand with vehemence against his breast, " I know nothing of the matter." The violence of the stroke made a coat of mail, which the crafty prelate had concealed under his robes, resound, on which Douglas indignantly replied, "Your conscience, my lord, is not shand, for I hear it clatter." Beaton, in fact, knew

Í

well, that the Hamiltons were determined on a peal to arms, and had come himself prepared t a disgraceful share in the affray. Douglas h been long gone, before the archbishop was unca ed, and in the streets fighting with Arran and h against the followers of Angus; but, if we may by the event, a bishop praying is of more avi cause than a bishop fighting. Gavin Dougla is said to have retired to his closet to supplice God of battles in favor of his nephew, had so satisfaction of hearing the Douglas note of tr swelling on his ear; the Hamiltons had been ! and more than sixty of them slain; Arran, their escaped with great difficulty; while Beaton, the in wolves' clothing, fled for shelter behind the altar of Blackfriars' church, and would have f prey to the fury of his pursuers, but for the in ence of Bishop Douglas, who, hearing of the jet in which the archbishop was, hastened to his n

The same conduct which Bishop Douglas p on this occasion, he observed throughout the wi the dissensions of this period, "behaving," as told, "with that moderation and peaceableness became a wise man and a religious prelate."

Party animosity, however, ran at length so

that the Bishop found it prudent to retire to En After his departure, a prosecution was comm against him, and he was publicly proscribed b clamation, as "having treasonably entered as signed to reside in England, joining himself to th lic enemy of the kingdom after war was deno and that not only without licence and permission against the express orders of the governor." H

DETS. - GAVIN DOUGLAS. :

It mereived in England, and treated wimy VIII. allowed him a liberal pension
in the turnoil of contending factions, his days in the cultivation of poetry,
unches of politic literature. He died of
t London, in 1581 or 1522, and was inflavory church, on the loft side of the
houses Helsay, Bishop of Laghlia in
h whose toub-stone a small space has
d, to inscribe a short memeato to the
longies.

his history of the Douglasses, says, that left behind him great admiration of his owe of his person in the hearts of all or, besides the nobility of his birth, the comeliness of his personage, he was perate, and of singular moderation of those turbulent times, had always caruous the factions of the nobility equalmind to make peace, and not to stir up qualities were very rare in a clergyman

etters, Douglas stands distinguished cal translator of the classics in Brie translation before mentioned of o Amoris, he translated the Æneid additional sixteenth book of Mawas printed at London, in quarto, under the following title: "The ados of the Famose Poet Virgill.
tyne Verses into Scottish Meter ather in God, Mayster Gawin

Douglas, Bishop of Dunkel and Unkil to the El Angus. Euery Buke hauing hys perticular Prote

It appears that he had projected this work as as the year 1501, but did not actually engage in eleven years after, when he completed it in the space of eighteen months.

No metrical version of a classic had yet apprin English, except one of Boëthius, who wrote late a period of Roman declension, as scarcely to serve the appellation. All that was commonly keep of Virgil was through Caxton's distorted roman the subject of the Æneid. Douglas's translet therefore, could not fail of attracting consideration of the subject of the fail of attracting consideration of the subject of the service of the last century, it was superseded by other versions, probably elegant, but not more faithful nor more spirited.

Douglas's Virgil possessed one excellence which no succeeding translation has any preter. The Prologues of his own composition, which h prefixed to the different books, are such as a place him on a level with the divine poet he translated. Many of them, says Mr. Pinkerton quite wonderful, particularly that to B. VII scribing winter; that to B. XII. describing a su morning; and that to Maffei's B. XIII. a su evening. Mr. Warton has put Milton's L'A and Il Penseroso as the earliest descriptive poe English; if so, we have examples in Scottish a century and a half before. And what exam Suffice it to say, that they yield to no descriptoms in any language."

OI -GAVIN BOUGLAS.

mg, he arm of some interest to the satisfactors in the same interest law preserved the same items of several antient S | s | have long ago loot. He me was,

I came hidder to woo.

The fells don now descir

et which lines have b

in miles suffice over the suit fome

M bring thir merchand and my leman home

ull he blyth and linkt; in hart is bant upon to go — nickt

suglas wrote two oth : w , both of an alleal character, the one entition The Palace of Ho-

, and the other King Hert.

in Palesc of Honour is addressed, as an apologue
is conduct of a king, to James the Fourth. It
written prior to 1501, and printed at London in

i, and at Edinburgh in 1579. Both editions are mely rare; and the work, though it appears to been once well known in Scotland, is now only by one in the million. The printer of the Edinh edition of 1579 says, in his preface, that "bethe copy printed at London, there were copyis

purpose of the allegory is to shew the insufficiand instability of worldly pomp, and to prove a constant and undeviating habit of virtue is the way to true Honour and Happiness, who are

in work set furth of auld amangis our selfis."

situated on the summit of a high and almost inaccer sible mountain. The allegory is illustrated by variety of examples of illustrious personages, who by a steady perseverance in noble deeds, have scale the envied eminence; and of others, who, from dobasing dignity of birth and station by vicious an unmanly practices, have been tumbled to the bottom "It is a poem," says Mr. Warton, "adorned wit many pleasing incidents and adventures, and abound with genius and learning."

"King Hart" is supposed to have been Douglas carliest production, but for no better reason than the some passages in the preserved manuscript copies (fe in the author's time there were no other) are gran matically incorrect. How puerile must some of th best productions of our most celebrated modern as thors be considered, if weighed by such a standard How puerile, indeed, if judged of, by the contract ed, stenographed, blurred, interlined, under-scores through-scored, higgledy-piggledy state in whic their manuscripts have been consigned to the vig lant care of those real guardians of the pressveleped "Printers' readers!"-The truth is, the never was a more idle criticism. The sentimen of "King Hart" have not one feature of youth inexperience about them; they breathe throughou a tried, a chastened, a departing spirit. As naturall as the young Abbot Douglas sung of the "Remed of Love," so did the exiled bishop, in his declining years, write of those infirmities which "all flesh heir to;" and conclude with a poetical legacy, in which DESIRE, or, as in the old English it was without ap impure allusion termed. Lust, has the bequest.

11.

Of fantasic and fostell® fillit!

and it is suspthing, it is clear interspections to a liden on that of the period there been entertains.

officer the following?

face
poem cons
of its producwast can be more

pilleurungs has aft times done me gude, ights. I wat young, and stole in tender age.

Etakerten may well my, that "perhaps after g'Hart was written in his old age."

name "King Hart" is employed, as we are al, in a marginal note which stands in the ori
till. appeales to line first, for Cor in corpore b, the heart in man's body; and the poet, in a stand of the adventures of this allegorical per, emdeavours to pourtray the natural progress an of virtuous and honorable resolves, who is seless the slave of his passions.

Hart, on his first appearance in the poem,—

permise wes be set his folk among but he no dout had of misaventure: personally was he polist plaine and pure the youthheidt and his lustic levis grene;

suchhood, as manhood. se "young desire," of Dryden.

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So fair, so fresche, so likelie to endure, And als so blyth, as bird in summer schone.

Besides an innumerable family of inmates, such a Wantounes, Wilfulnes, Fulhardenes, &c.

Fyve servitours this king he had without, That teichit war ay tressoun to espy; Thai watchit ay the wallis round about Fo innemeis that of hapining come by.

These "fyve servitours" are the five senses, Sigh Hearing, Tasting, Smelling, Feeling or Touch. The agency of these "servitours" is thus described, in stanza which I think has great beauty, but whis I might nevertheless have passed over without particular notice, had it not been for a criticism upon by Mr. Pinkerton, who styles it "a stanza beyor redemption, being quite unintelligible as to grammar and arrangement." The stanza shall speak fitself.

Richt as the rose upspringis fro the rute
In ruby colour reid most ryck of hew;
Nor waindis nocht the levis to out schute,
For schyning of the sone that deis renew.
Thir uther flouris grene, quhyte, and blew,
Quhilk hes na craft to knaw the wynter weit,
Suppois that sommer schane deis thame reskew
That deis thame quhile our haill with snaw as
sleit.

How far this stanza deserves to be considered "beyond redemption," because "quite unintelligible," you will be able to judge from the follows nearly literal version into modern English: "Rig

s the rose upsprings from the root, in red ruby coour, most rich of hue; nor fears aught the leaves to
atshoot, as long as the sun shines, which renews
very thing;—so these other flowers, green, white,
and blue, which have no skill to forsee the killing
ffect of the winter's blasts, suppose that the summer
an will revive those who are in the meantime overthelmed with snow and sleet."

The Palace of Queen Pleasure, situated in the eighbourhood of the castle of King Hart, is next escribed with "ane legion leill" who "war ay at hir eding."

The action of the poem then commences, with a

Happenit this wourthy Quene upon ane day With hir fresche Court arrayit weil at richt, Hunting to ryd hir, to desport and play With mony ane lustic ladie fair and bricht, Hir baner schone, displayit and on hicht

Wes some above their heidis quhar thei rayd;
The grans ground was illumingt of the licht.

reache Bewtie had the Vangarde and wes gyde.

his party of pleasure pass hard by the castle of Hart; the watchmen of which, surprized at the

Number has an image of the same kind:

itterit as the gowd wer thair glorious gilt tresses,

it the gressis did gleme of the glad hewis."

The Twa Marit Wemen and the Wedo.

sight, hasten to tell their master, and advis send out some scouts, to ascertain what the mean; since, if they are on battle bent,

It wer bot schame to feinye cowartlie.

With that, Youthhood and Delight start offer their services to go and reconnoitre.

Youthheid furth past and raid on Innocence, Ane mylk quhite steed that ambilit as the And fresche Delyte raid on Benevolence, Throw out the meid that wad nocht byd b The beymes bright almost had maid thanse That fra fresch Bewtie spred——

While "in ane studie starand still they these gentle knights are encountered by one Hart's maids of honour, Fair Calling, who

—— both thair reynes cleikit in hir hands Syn to her castell raid, as she war woide,* And festinit up thir folkis in Venus' bands

King Hart sends out two more parties on errand; but, these also being bewitched and by the fair invaders, the king himself "up proper ire and tein,"

And baldlie bad his folk all with him ryce.

This "courtlie king" and his "comlie of forth;

^{*} Wild, mad.

And out that blew with brag and mekle bost, That lady and bir lynnage suld be lost.

The contest, however, is but short; King Hart and his host are soon put to the route.

Woundit he wais, and quhair that he na wait And mony of his folk has tane the flicht. He said, "I yield me now to your estait, Fayr Quene! sen to resist I have no micht."

Through the influence of Compassion, who now appears as intercessor for the captive king and his folowers, they are graciously restored to liberty; but, aptivated by the charms they had beheld in the astle of Pleasure, they are ingrates enough to attack in their turn.—War, however, soon gives place to urriage; King Hart unites his fortunes with Queen asure, and in her company he spends the rest of days of his youth. No sooner, however, has King passed the meridian of life, than Age arrives at pelace gate, and insists upon being admitted. gate is, with great reluctance, slowly opened; Youth away, and the king is, with a sorl heart, obliged to bid an everlasting farewell to y companion with whom he had spent so many hours. Scarcely has Age taken her station in tle, than Conscience scales the walls, and begins aid the king for the manner in which he had so many precions years of his life. The anich the king makes to Conscience is worth it has been more than once dipped into by

XXIV.

Ye did greit miss, fayr Conscience, be your Gif that ye war of kyn and blude to me, That sleuthfullie suld let your tyme our sleip And come thus lait. How suld ye ask your The steid is stoun, steik the dure, let se Quhat may avale, God wait the stall to turme And gif that ye be ane counseller sle Quhy suld ye sleuthfullie your tyme forsume

TTV

Off all my harme, and drerie indigence, Gif thair be ocht amys, me think perdé That ye ar cause verray of my offence; And suld sustaine the bitter pairt for me. Mak answer now—Quhat can ye say? Let sy Yourself excuse and mak you foule or clenc. Ressoun, cum heir; ye sall our juge now be And in this caus gif sontens us betwene.

REASON gives the verdict against him; -

The reader will see in these lines a happy co tration of the same general ideas; but it, wov unfair to the noble author, to infer any thing r

impenitent Remorse, That juggling fiend that never spoke before, And cries "I warn'd you," when the deed in Byron's Cors.

driven out of all his shifts; and bey sense of the word, Conscience-stricken,
re, offended with the change produced
s and feelings of her royal spouse, and
re character of his new associates, sudms him. In this deserted situation,
Visdom strongly urge the king to return
ace, and to spend the remainder of his
g to their salutary maxims. The king
dvice, but has not been long in his own
in an unlooked-for hour, Deformity inmortal wound, of which, after making
in which there is a due distribution of
and foibles, he expires.

e of King Hart was first published in original manuscript, by Mr. Pinkerton, fame of the poet is more indebted on han to the notes he has annexed, which rkable for their ingeniousness, than for ich they throw upon the beauties of

F. M'N.

THE restorer of Scottish poetry, Allan Ramsay, born on the 15th October, 1686, at Leadhills, in parish of Crawfordmuir in Lanarkshire;

Where min'ral springs Glengoners fill, Which joins sweet flowing Clyde, Between and Crawford Lindsay's towers, And where Deneetne rapid pours

His stream thro' Glotta's tide.

He was descended by the father's sidet f Ramsays of Dalhousie, a genealogy of 1 speaks, in one of his pieces, with conscious Dalhousie of an auld descent

My chief, my stoupe, and orname

• The name of a small river, which from the Leadhills, and enters Clyde of Crawford and the mouth of D ather, John Ramsay, was superintendent of opetoun's mines at Leadhills, and his mother, lower, was the daughter of a gentleman of nire, who had been invited to Leadhills, to by his skill, in the introduction of some impats in the art of mining.

, while yet an infant, lost his father, who died early age of twenty-five. His mother, soon parried a Mr. Crichton, an inconsiderable ter of Lanarkshire, by whom she had several For fourteen years, Allan remained in the his step-father; and, at the parish school of Imoor, he received all the education which it e his lot in life ever to obtain. The instruceven a parish school in Scotland, however, far: and there is reason to believe, that had commenced the study of the classics e left it. In the preface to his works, he says. erstand Horace but faintly in the original." ents of his life make it improbable that he ave acquired this knowledge during his maars; and the faintness with which he says he inds the Roman poet, corresponds well with gree of information which a boy, who had vanced the first steps in the study of the lanmight be afterwards supposed to preserve.*

we view taken by this writer is at variance with iographies of the poet, in which the scantiness education is invariably lamented; but it is a hich every one who knows any thing of Scothacation, and how common it is for even parish

About the year 1700, Allan lost his mother, his step-father was not long in discovering that he now of an age when he ought to shift for him. The profession to which his own inclinations struct tended, was that of a painter; but his step-fat with the keen-sightedness alike natural to the gardly and the needy, gave no encouragement propensity which he saw could only lead to the moof subsistence, by a way long, circuitous, and det ful. He took Allan with him to Edinburgh; among the various handicrafts which then flouris in the Scottish metropolis, selected that of see with a livelihood, and therefore the fittest to which bind him in the hard fetters of an apprenticeship.

Most of the biographers of Ramsay have eving great anxiety to impress on their readers, that R say, though a wig-maker, was no barber, as "s London publications have ungenerously insinual Where the real distinction, in point of respectabililes between these kindred occupations, it is diffit to perceive; neither of them have been very protitive of great men, and a Ramsay can scarcely I given more dignity to the one, than an Arkwright to the other.* However little inclination Ram

school-boys of fourteen to have Horace in their in must allow to rest on very strong probability. A. 1

^{*} The writer of this Memoir had evidently read the celebrated case of the Perruquiers and C feurs of Paris, where he would have found the as dressing hair not only demonstrated to be a lib

"" a ull-thacker" as he humourously calls ertain, that he did not abandon it when his sahip had ceased; but followed it for many r. In the parish registers, he is called a r, down to the year 1716.

2, Ramsay married Christian Ross, daughter

r in Edinburgh.
the same period that he paid a visit to the
Hymen, he appears to have made his first
that of the Muses. The earliest poem of his
on of which there is any trace, is an Address,
"To the most Happy Members of the Easy
which he was then elected a member. It
iety, he tells us, which originated "in the
atipathy we all seemed to have at the ill

al in rank to those of the poet, the paine statuary. Who has ever attempted to h for "subterranean shaving at one half n though honored by the name of an "By those talents," say the dressers of are peculiar to ourselves, we give new beauty sung by the poet; it is when n under our hands, that the painter and sent her; and, if the locks of Berenice ced among the stars, who will deny, is superior glory she was first in want forchead more or less open, a face I, require very different modes; every mbellish nature, or correct."

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humour and contradictions which arise from triflew especially those which constitute Whig and Tery, without having the grand reason for it." The members were all devoted friends to the Stuart family; and, is a wish for its restoration, we may doubtless trace "the grand reason" to which he here alludes. By one of the rules of the club, each member assumed the name of some celebrated writer; Ramsay chose that of Isacc Bickerstaff. After some time, a sentiment of national pride, cherished by their jacobies attachments, led them to discard all but Scottish appellations, when Ramsay changed the name of Bickerstaff for the more poetical one of Gavin Douglas, It was another of the rules of the club.

colour of the flesh that of the dress which is to beautify it; sometimes the whiteness of the skin will be heightened by the auburn tint of the locks, and the too lively splendour of the fair will be softened by the greyish cast with which we tinge the tresses. "Some rigid censurers may perhaps say, that there could do very well without us; and that if there well less art and ornament at the toilettes of the ladies, things would be all for the better. It is not for us to judge, whether the manners of Sparta were preferable to those of Athens; and whether the shepherden who gazes on herself in the glassy fountain, interwaves some flowers in her tresses, and adoms herself with natural graces, merits a greater homage that those brilliant citizens who skilfully employ the said

And to our Easy Club give no offence
After triennial trial, should commence
A GENTLEMAN; which gives as just a claim.
To that great title, as the blast of fame
Can give to them who trade in human gore,
Or those who heap up hoards of coined ore;
Since in our social friendship nought's design'd
But what may raise and brighten up the mind;
We, aiming close to walk by virtue's rules,
To and true honour's self, and leave her shade to
fools.

In due season, Ramsay repeated the benefit of this againstion, In 1715, there is an entry in the Minutes of the club, declaring, that "Dr. Pitcairn and Gavin

incoments of a fashionable dress. We must take the age in the state we find it. We feel a congenial dissistion to the living manners to which we owe our cistence, and while they subsist we must subsist with them." All this, to be sure, is of female locks; but ladies of old wore wigs as well as gentlemen, and where is the proof that Allan was not a maker of wigs to both sexes? Some passages of his poems seem to farear the supposition, that he was equally skilled in the decoration of both; thus,

Her cockernony* snooded up fu sleek, Her haffet-locks bung waving on her check. Gentle Shepherd, scene 1.

A. S.

The gathering of a woman's hair when wrapt up
 a hand or snood.

Douglas having behaved themselves three years good members of this club, were adjudged to gentlemen." Nearly about the same time, he w raised still higher in the scale of honour, by having t additional title conferred on him, of poet-laureate the Free and Easy Club.

To this jovial fraternity, Ramsay, while yet u known to fame, was in the habit of reciting the infa productions of his muse; but scarcely had he be appointed their poet-laureate, when the civil discor which led to the rebellion of 1715, and unhappi survived it, put an end to their meetings.

Ramsay appears to have quickly withdrawn his self from the little eddy of party politics in which had for a moment become carelessly involved. Aft the suppression of the rebellion of 1715, he exert himself, with commendable discretion, to gain name and interest in the world, by shunning all par distinctions-writing pieces which should offend a one, please every body, and make stedfast friends many. He was diligent to win by panegyric, as attentive not to lose by satire; odes, elegies, at epithalamiums, were now the chief offerings of l muse. He was careful, too, to avoid the cause,

"That mony a thriftless poet's poor:"

His flattery was discerning in its objects, and d not " for patrons, blockheads chuse."

> Lucky for me I never sang Fause praises to a worthless wight, And still took pleasure in the thrang Of them wha in good sense delight.

On the Poverty of Poets.

is pieces were successively written, he sent the world in the form of single sheets, or half at the price of a penny cach. His name becaus celebrated among the good people of Edinwho were accustomed to send out their chilith a penny, to buy "Allan Ramsay's last

'16, (while still a wig-maker,) he published an of James the First's poem of "Christ's Kirk Green," with a second canto by himself; in he "hubbleshaw" of the country fair is such the festivities of a bridal scene. The publish so well of this sequel to the admirable of the royal bard, that, in two years after, edition was called for, when Ramsay, "cuas he says, "to know how his bridal folks ook next day after the marriage," added a nto, which describes the congratulatory visits sarried pair, and makes an end of an old tale ep drinking and bloodless quarrels."

the imprint of this second edition of Christ's a the Green, it appears, that Ramsay had before abandoned his original occupation of king, and commenced the more congenial of book-making and selling of books. It be "printed for the Author, at the Mercury to Niddry's Wynd." Very probably it was a departure in trade, and with a better he

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liberal manner in which it was immediately filled's affords a striking proof of the general esteem which he was now held. The list of subscriber said to have comprehended "all who were eit eminent or fair in Scotland." He is supposed to he cleared, by this publication, four hundred guineal large sum at that time, and sufficient to purchase much land in Scotland as would now produce a spectable income. The volume was preceded several copies of recommendatory verses, from p sons of eminence and taste; and closed with address by the author to his book, after the man of Horace, in which he speaks thus flauntingly of hopes:

And fix me an immortal name;
Ages to come shall thee revive,
And gar thee with new honours live.
The future critics, I foresee,
Shall have their notes on notes on thee;
The wits unborn shall beauties find,
That never entered in my mind.

In 1724, he published the first volume of the I Table Miscellany, a collection of Songs, Scottish a English, which was speedily followed by a seco and third, under the same title. The publicati acquired him more profit than lasting fame. It we through no less than twelve editions in a few yes. The want of taste and fidelity which it displays he however, deprived it of all estimation in later tim Ramsay lived at a period when a great many of the state of th

o the most admired of our native ing on the memories of the peolittle industry and research, they cued from the oblivion which has r ever from our grasp. But, inmy thought on the importance of -important in a historical point erpetuity to so many monuments racter of the people, and equally as preserving that native freshity which no modern imitation -Ramsay made it his boast to very old air he could meet with! ured," he says, in his Preface to wacceptable new words to known rove, engaged me to the making rty of them in this (the first) and (both of which consist almost engs); about thirty more were done oung gentlemen." How mortifor these ninety substitutions by igenious young gentlemen," very preserving, (for Ramsay, howspects, was but a poor song wriill probability, lost as many of ns which made the minstrels of " so celebrated in former times! MS. collection of airs, written lution, and not long before the lourished, in which we meet with songs, of most of which, though e have now scarcely any authenthe Mure to Maggie." "Robin

and Jannet." "My dearie, if thou dye." "Mo in both the pockets." "The Lady's gour "Bonie Nanie." "Maggie, I must luve the

*The" new words," by Ramsay, to this air, prese characteristic example of what has been gained by dern adaption. They are too vulgar to be repeat and could only have been popular among such a l of "ingenious young gentlemen" as embellished Tea Table Miscellany. The original words wh notwithstanding Ramsay's neglect, are fortuna not lost, are simple and touching enough. I am debted for the following copy of them to a men of the society, who procured them from John Ma-Esq. author of the "Siller Gun," " Glasgow," other poems, whose words, to the air of " Le Water," shew, that of all modern bards, he is an the last who is likely to do injury to his recol tions of the songs familiar to his infancy. " I bel them," says Mr. Mayne, speaking of this copy verses, " to be the very words that gave birth were first adapted, to that beautiful air, with the ception of the first four lines of the third stawhich are mine. I never heard the others but in father's family, and there, at first, in infancy." more particular inquiry, I find, that the lines traced back in Mr. M.'s family, to a period quit remote as the MS. quoted by Leyden.

Original words to the Scotch Air of " My Nanny, Never before printed.

> As I cam in by Embro' town, By the back o' the bonny city, O!

k upon a strogin." "Hallo even." "Happie s he." "Woman's work will never be done." ke the laird's brother." "Bonie lassie."

heard a young man mak his moan, And, O! it was a pity, O! For aye, he cried, his Nanny, O! His handsome, charming Nanny, O! Nor friend, nor foe, can tell, oho! How dearly I loo Nanny, O!

ather, your counsel I wou'd tak,
But ye maun not be angry, O!
d rather ha'e Nanny, but a plack,
Than the laird's daughter and her hundred
mark!

My bonny, bonny Nanny, O! My handsome, charming Nanny, O! Nor friend, nor foe, can tell, oho! How dearly I loo Nanny, O!

hen dinna mock our want o' gear,
Nor lightlify my Nanny, O!
or Heav'n will smile or ane sae dear,
With a' that's gude and canny, O!
My bonny, bonny Nanny, O!
My handsome, charming Nanny, O!
Come weal, come woe, the warld shall know
How dearly I loo Nanny, O!

ns has also supplied us with a set of words to ne; but, though not among his worst effusions, re much inferior to this original version. Brooks has adapted to the same air one of the

"Jenny, I told you." "The Gilliflouer." "The bony brow." "The New Kirk gavell." "The Nightingale." "Jockie went to the wood." "Where Helen lays." "Sweet Willie." "Bonny roaring

sweetest songs in her musical entertainment of Rosina, beginning,

"When bidden to the wake or fair."

A. R

* " Helen of Kirkconnel"-

I wish I were where Helen lies,
Where night and day on me she cries;
I wish I were where Helen lies,
On fair Kirkconnell lee.
Old Song.

" In the burying ground of Kirkconnel are still to be seen the tombstones of fair Helen and her favorite lover Adam Fleming. She was a daughter of the family of Kirkconnel, and fell a victim to the jealousy. of a lover. Being courted by two young gentlemen at the same time, the one of them, thinking himself slighted, vowed to sacrifice the other to his resentment when he again discovered him in her company. An opportunity soon presented itself, when the faithful pair, walking along the romantic banks of the Kirtle. were discovered from the opposite banks by the assassin. Helen, perceiving him lurking among the bushes, and dreading the fatal resolution, rushed to her lover's bosom, to rescue him from the danger: and, thus receiving the wound intended for another. sunk and expired in her lover's arms. He immediWillie." "Tweedside." "When she cam ben she bobbit." "Fule fa my een." "When the bryd cam ben she becked." "The Colleyr's daughter." "Foul tak the wars." "The milkein pell." "The bonic brookit lassie blew beneath the e'en."—Several of these airs, "O'er the mure to Maggie," "The Colleyr's daughter," &c. are among those to which the perverse conceit of Ramsay induced him to write new words, instead of preserving those which were probably coeval with the airs themselves.

"The MS. collection," says Leyden, "which I have quoted, is not indeed of great antiquity; but

ately revenged her death by slaying the murderer. The inconsolable Adam Fleming, now sinking under the pressure of grief, went abroad, and served under the banners of Spain against the Infidels. The impression, however, in that age of romance and chivalry, when it was accounted honorable permanently to indulge the tender passions, was not obliterated. He returned to Scotland, and tradition reports, that stretching himself on the grave of Helen, he expired, and was buried by her side. Upon his tombstone are engraved a cross and a sword, with this inscription.—

" Hic jacet Adamus Fleming."

Statistical Account.

The old ballad, said to have been written by Adam Fleming himself, is still preserved in an imperfect state; but the story has recently awakened a nobler train from the pen of a modern bard. In the Edinburgh Annual Register there is a ballad by

as it approaches the zera of the Revolution, it es us to advance a step beyond Ramsay; and shows that these songs were popular at the tin the Revolution, it renders it probable that their is of a much older date. Indeed, the zera of the volution seems to be that of the decline of Sc music and song. Until that period, the rems the bards or minstrels existed in almost every q of the Scottish lowlands; but, after that zera, sc any vestige of them can be traced. They (the strels) do not appear to have been branded c

Mr. Mayne, entitled "Fair Helen," of whic following beautiful stanzas are the first and last.

I wish I were where Helen lies,
For night and day on me she cries,
And, like an angel, to the skies
Still seems to beckon me!
For me she liv'd, for me she sigh'd,
For me she wish'd to be a bride,
For me, in life's sweet morn, she died
On fair Kirkconnel lee!

O! when I'm sleeping in my grave,
And o'er my head the rank weeds wave,
May HE, who life and spirit gave,
Unite my love and me!
Then, from this world of doubts and sig!
My soul, on wings of peace, shall rise,
And, joining Helen in the skies,
Forget Kirkconnel lee.

hot iron, according to an ancient law; they yoked in the plough, instead of the ; to a law of Macbeth, but they sunk lent and slow pressure of neglect and

nturing to censure the system which ued in the editing of our ancient songs, to mention one historical theory respect. ich, if correct, may afford, in the minds fficient apology for the liberties Ramsay The theory, it is believed, is new; the e of it, at least, comes from no published g been derived from a conversation with ned and ingenious Dr. Geddes, whose f the antiquities of his country was proho was himself a writer of song of no The singular superiority of the over those of every other nation being observation, Dr. G. threw out an opimajor part of them ought to be ranked oils of which the Reformation had robnt religious institutions of the country. ies, it was remarked, before the Reforccomplished, church music had attained a very high degree of refinement; but, of a profane than a sacred character, t, in that indefinite relation, that it might ith equal ease, either to mirth or melan-Mackenzie's Lives, there is a passage ingly correborative of this view of its curs in the Life of Elred, who died in ho, speaking of our church music, is kenzie, to have thus expressed himself

" Since all types and figures are now ceased, why so many organs and cymbals in our churches? Why. I say, that terrible blowing of bellows, that rather imitates the frightsomeness of thunder, than the sweet harmony of the voice? for what end is this contraction and dilatation of the voice? One restrains his breath; another breaks his breath; and a third unaccountably dilates his voice; and sometimes. which I am ashamed to say, they fall a quivering like the neighing of horses. Then they lay down their manly vigour; and, with their voices, endeavour to imitate the softness of women, Then, by an artificial circumvolution, they have a variety of outrunnings. Sometimes you shall see them with open mouths, and their breath restrained as if they were expiring and not singing; and, by a ridiculous interruption of their breath, seem as if they were altogether silent. At other times, they appear like persons in the agonies of death; then, with a variety of gestures, they personate comedians; their lips are contracted; their eyes roll; their shoulders are moved upwards and downwards; their fingers move and dance to every note. And this ridiculous behaviour is called religion: and when these things are most frequently done, then God is said to be more honorably worshipped." Such, it was argued, being unfortunately the character of the sacred music of the Catholic establishment, it presented an inviting point of attack to such dissolute members as Dunbar. Lindsay, and other poets of that period; who, judging shrewdly of human nature, thought they cou by few things, more effectually promote that ecr astical change for which they were striving, t'

ang to the most well known cathedral tunes, ane songs of every description and degree of city, or, in other words, making ludicrous parodies on what the people had been hitherto accustomed to regard with some share of devotional feeling. great many fine airs thus stole their way from the sanctuary of the church, to the gaver scenes of the baronial hall and cottage ingle cheek; while the words with which they were in gaiety associated were of such a complexion, that, though in no danger of being traditionally forgotten for want of repetition, there might be a reluctance to commit them to the press, more especially on the part of those, who, having designed them only for a temporary purpose, might have no wish to make a permanent evil of what was. perhaps, a partial good. That this is no strained supposition is proved by the acknowledged writings of some of the poets alluded to, in which there are several palpable burlesques on the ritual of the church; but still more convincingly, by the fact, with which every one, who knows any thing of Scottish social life, must be familiar, that we are not so much in want of old words to many favourite airs, as in want of words, which our improved sense of delicacy will allow us to repeat in the face of day. was not intended, it was said, to account, by this theory, for the origin of our native airs universally: for every nation must have its portion of poetry and music, independently of all such peculiar circumstances, and there are many relics of Scottish song of a date long prior to the most distant contemplation of any change in the religion of the country. All Lat was meant to be suggested, was that, subsequently

to the period of the Reformation, there may have b many airs afloat among the people, which were tually borrowed from the music of the fallen chu and many verses extremely popular, which being fact, parodies of hymns once regarded as sacred was yet fitter to leave to oblivion, than to rescue fi it.*

Might not this have been the very line of discret which Ramsay pursued in his collection? And he to blame, for an effort which, however unsued ful, had so good a motive?

The supposition, though plausible, admits of very satisfactory answer. The theory, out of wh it arises, is of itself reasonable and consistent; to found upon it a vindication of Ramsay, we me at the same time, suppose, that he was what he not—an editor, disposed to be scrupulous in the vival of antiquated impurity. Of ancient poems, has republished not a few, which shew that no not could have looser notions in this respect; take, example, the "Bytand Ballet on warlo wives," mespecially the very learned notes appended to it; "Defens of Grissel Sandylands," a "Brash of Wing," &c. Can it be supposed, that an editor is took delight in doing honour to such pieces as the could have cared much about what he published?

^{*} Should this theory be esteemed correct, it follow as another curious result, that the church a sicians of recent times, in adapting many go hymns to what are called profane tunes, may honly been taking back their own.

A. &

he had sought after worse, could be have found them? Two or three he possibly might, but the plea, in justification, which is offered for him, supposes, that he might have found nearly a hundred wome—a thing which no man can ever believe.

Encouraged by the great popularity which the Tea Table Miscellany acquired, notwithstanding all its imperfections, Ramsay published, in 1734, "The Evergreen, being a Collection of Scots' Poems, wrote by the ingenious before 1600." It professed to be chiefly gathered from the Bannatyne MS. As an editor, however, Ramsay was careful that he should add nothing to his laurels; the Evergreen did him less credit than even the Tea Table Miscellany, Lord Hailes says, with truth, that he took " great liberty with the originals, omitting some stanzas, and adding thers; modernizing, at the same time, the versificaion, and varying the ancient manner of spelling." Vhile taking such liberty, too, it was seldomer to inceal deformity than to expose it. It was a garad, moreover, selected without either taste or care : holly and the eglantine entwined with all sorts of hered refuse.

Ramsay availed himself of the opportunity to conlment, afforded by this publication, to give vent, a poem of affected antiquity, and with a feigned tune, to those jacobite feelings, of which prue still induced him to avoid all open demonstra-It was entitled "The Vision," and said to compylit in Latin be a most lernit Clerk, in tyme Hairship and Opression, anno 1300, and trans-1524." The pretended subject was the "hist the Scots' sufferings by the unworthy condescension of Baliol to Edward I. of England, ti
they recovered their independence by the conduct
and valour of the Great Bruce." For the period of
"Edward I." let us substitute that of George tle
First, and for "the Great Bruce," The Pretrimber
and the real object of the poem will stand revealer
Ramsay, in common with many worthy men and sin
cere friends of their country in those days, looked of
the alienation of the crown from the house of Stnar
as an event not more fatal to the interests of the de
throned family, than to those of the country at large
and hence, in his Vision, he makes the Genius of
Scotland exult in the prospect of yet

arright the Scottis throne.

Although the real design of the poem was, at the time, very generally perceived, it does not appear that public suspicion ever pointed to Ramsay himse as the author. The fact was first announced to the world by his son, Allan the Painter; and then all the world wondered, that they had not before discovere that the signature which is attached to the poem "AR. SCOT," was, in fact, no more than the in tials of Ramsay, with the addition of his nativity.

In 1725, Ramsay produced what is usual esteemed his master piece, and forms the chief four dation of his fame, "the Gentle Shepherd," a patoral comedy in five acts. In 1721, he had publish an eclogue, under the title of "Patie and Roge and, in 1723, a sequel, under that of "Jennie au Maggie." The reputation which he gained by the

hed scenes, induced him to make them the sd-work of that complete drama, which we now re under the title of "the Gentle Shepherd." It had soner appeared, than it rose into great and fast ding popularity. Edition after edition was lily called for; and, in a few years, there was no n of poetic taste, either at home or abroad, to a the merits of "the Gentle Shepherd" were un-

much superior was this work to the greater part amsay's shorter productions, that, for some time, uct was eagerly contested, whether it was possible to could be the author. Suspicion, never at a o embody the phantoms of its own creation, imately fixed on Sir John Clerk of Pennycuik, one e most zealous patrons of Ramsay, and in whose bourhood the scene of the piece is supposed to been laid, as his coadjutor in its production. It has been well observed by Lord Hailes, that "who attempt to depreciate his fame by inting, that his friends and patrons composed the swhich pass under his name, ought first to prove is friends and patrons were capable of composine Gentle Shepherd."

nt long after the publication of this genuine pas-Gay produced his Newgate pastoral of "the ars' Opera." Among the singular effects which admirable piece of irony produced, the delusion which it led a poet of Ramsay's judgment is not ast remarkable. While the public were, through Id misconception of the players, shedding tears scenes designed in a style of the broadest bure, Ramsay fell into quite as great a blunder in conceiving that the Beggars' Opera owed its sing success to nothing so much as the songs with whi is ludicrously enriched. From such ornaments, Gentle Shepherd was, in its original state, wl free; and, to give it an equal chance with Gay's duction in the race for popularity, Ramsay the he had only to fill up this imaginary deficiency. accordingly printed a new edition of his pastora terspersed abundantly with songs, adapted to po Scotch airs. Among these, there are not more two above mediocrity; and the whole were s added in so extraneous a manner, as to deprive pastoral of much of that natural simplicity v formed originally its greatest merit. Ramsay be soon sensible of his error, and would gladly hav paired it, but it was too late; the public were alr familiar with the songs; and, as the number of si is always greater than that of sound critics, the 1 editions, since printed of the Gentle Shepherd. been almost uniformly in this vitiated taste.

The Gentle Shepherd, though adapted to the a did not make its appearance upon it till several after its publication. The people of Scotland not as yet thrown off those prejudices with a ages of stern Presbyterianism had filled them, at all sorts of theatrical representations; there therefore, no native actors, and, of course, none could represent a piece so entirely Scottish.

^{*}In a prologue to the university of Oxford w by Dryden, he makes the following apology for absence of several performers from England:

nent.

ter in Edinburgh, of the name of Robert Drumho had been employed to print one of the edithe Gentle Shepherd, having, after the robellion , published a satirical poem, called the *Town* containing a smart attack on Mr. Drummond, stt of Edinburgh; Dr. Wishart, principal of the y; Dr. Webster, one of the ministers of the nd several other eminent whig characters;—a

ethren have from Thames to Tweed departed, our sisters, all the kinder hearted, barough gone, or coacht or carted."

of them very estimable men; a circumstance akes it the more surprising, that they should ntenanced the singularly oppressive proceed-ch were adopted against the printer of this d'esprit. One of the severest things in it insinuation that Dr. Webster, who was much onfidence of the town council, and its right

prosecution was instituted against him before th gistrates, that is, before the very individuals who themselves among the parties satirized and con ing. The judgement was such as might be ex from irritated men deciding in their own cause. found that " the poem contained many scance seditious, calumnious, and malicious expressi and they therefore ordered the printer, Robert 1 mond, " to be carried to prison, and thence, 25th of November, betwixt the hours of twelv one, to the cross of Edinburgh, there to stand headed with a label on his breast, inscribed For printing and publishing a false, scandalou defamatory libel;' till all the copies seized of the should be burnt by the hangman; then to lie i son till he should give bond to remove out of th and liberties, and not return for a year on p

people of Edinburgh preserve many amusing lections, it was rather too bad to take a poor sati task for a mere over-measurement.

Let us hope, that the reverend doctor himsel no active share in this inglorious prosecution; I himself a poet of no mean pretensions; and, death, in the 76th year of his age, left behind character, distinguished for liberality and benevo Hitherto, Dr. Webster has been little, if at all, I in the light of a poet, and his claims to that charest, it is believed, on a single piece, which Pinl has printed in his Select Scotish Ballads, vol. ii 33, without being aware of the name of the a It is a piece, however, of rare merit; in elegance

g, and suffering imprisonment till the the year was run, and to be deprived of ges of a freeman for a year." An apmade to the Court of Justiciary for of this unjust and cruel sentence, but t. Poor Drummond underwent the ment awarded; his printing office was I his workmen, of whom he had emisiderable number, were thrown idle on

e works which Drummond had most rel, was the edition of the Gentle Shepherd. passing through the hands of his comhad committed to memory some of its scenes, which they used to take pleasure

vals even the effusions of Catullus. It n allusion to a real event; his own mary of noble family. The following is the 12a:

ould I venture to luve ane like thee, ot despise a poor conquest like me? ay admirers, could look wi' disdain, I was nacthing, yet pitied my pain? while they teas'd you with nonsense and is, al the passion the vanity's less." rough that silence which others despise, beaus were a-tauking, read luve in my

A. S.

in reciting among themselves; and now the were deprived of employment by the ruin master, the idea happily struck them of atten public representation of the comedy for their c benefit. The manager of the theatre, then in the Canongate, readily agreed to give them of his stage; and the great body of the publi prehending especially the middling and lower hitherto the most adverse to theatrical represen were induced, from compassion for the fate of mond and his men, the victims of power, to: their prejudices for a moment, and to regard th ble attempt with that silent acquiescence, wh leaving the young and gay-hearted to follow t clinations, had all the effect of a more open ragement. On the first performance of the the house was crowded in every part; and it peated several successive nights to such nu audiences, that tiers of benches were erecte the stage to accommodate the overflow. The ses of the suffering printers were thus, in a gre sure, relieved; but a more general and lasting tage, derived from these representations, v cessation of that rooted antipathy which a r people, still warm with convert zeal, had, t persisted in maintaining towards the enterta of the stage. The multitude being thus drag it were, by sympathy for oppressed merit, to terdicted regions of pleasure, were induced " the forbidden fruit, and, pleased with the relifed plenteously. Finding themselves not pois the sweets, they returned to the feast with an ir

, and brought with them fresh guests to parthe enticing fare.*"

26, Ramsay removed from his original dwelposite Niddry Street, to a house at the east the Luckenbooths, afterwards occupied by bookseller and author, (the late) Provost With this shop, he changed his sign, and, of the witty heathen Mercury, put up the two modern sons of the Muses, Drummond hornden, and Ben Jonson. "Here," says is hiographers, "he sold and lent books to a

reely a season has since passed at Edinburgh representation of the Gentle Shepherd; but ance of the town's people has constantly been for some character or other, as it is almost an ility for a company of comedians, chiefly sem England, to fill up the parts with propriety Scotch audience. Some years ago, the Gennerd was converted into modern English by Tickle, Esq.; and, according to Jackson, ply executed, strongly cast, and excellently d. at the Theatre Royal Drury Lane." It :ed, notwithstanding, but an indifferent reand was never able to obtain a place in the uma of England. If both the version and g were good, the fault must of course have the intrinsic merits of the piece; but is it likely that both were indifferent, than that a cople, so intelligent as the Scotch, should nere nationality for genius?

1.]

late period of his life; here, the wits of Edinburused to meet for their amusement and for informational here Gay, a congenial poet, ("a little pleas man," says Mr. Tytler, "with a tye wig,") wont to look out upon the exchange in Edinburgh order to know persons and ascertain characters Ramsay is said to have been the first bookselle Scotland who "lent books," or established wha called a circulating library. After his death, the election, which he had made for this purpose, pas into the hands of Mr. Sibbald, and subsequently i those of Mr. Mackay, by whose respective addition it, it has been rendered the first establishmen the kind in Edinburgh, and perhaps in Great Brit

In 1728, Ramsay published a second quarto lume of poems; and, in the following year, and tion of the same in octavo. In 1730, appeared "Thirty Fables," and, with these, his poetic labt appear to have ceased. His conduct, in this resp presents another striking instance of his characteri prudence. In a letter to Smibert, the painter, says, "I e'en gave over in good time, before coolness of fancy that attends advanced years she make me risk the reputation I had acquired.

^{*&}quot; Of this house no vestiges now remain; for, as beauty and magnificence of the High Street had b long disfigured by the cumbrous and gloomy bu ings, called the Luckenbooths, they were a few yago completely removed."

Life of Ramsay, by Tennant.

Free twenty-four to five and forty Iy muse was neither sweer nor dorty, Iy Pegasus wad break his tether 'en at the shagging of a feather, and through ideas scour, like drift treaching his wings up to the lift: hen, then my soul was in a low, hat gart my numbers safely row, at eild and judgment 'gin to say, et be your sangs and learn to pray."

36, his attachment to the drama led him to incipal part in the erection of a new theatre ber's Close; but it had scarcely been erected, act for licensing the stage was passed, and the es, taking advantage of it, ordered the house tup. Ramsay is said to have sustained conpecuniary loss by this unfortunate project, ly rash one, perhaps, in which he ever en-

y now withdrew entirely from the sphere of s and speculations, and sought, in the circle nily and the society of a few chosen friends, solations which are best fitted to smooth the path of life. In a letter which he wrote, period to Smibert, he gives the following picture of his latter years.

a century of years have now rowed o'er my

merly; yet here and there are to be found good and worthy men, who are an honour to human life. We have small hopes of seeing you again in our auld world; then let us be virtuous and hope to meet in heaven. My good auld wife is still my bed-fellow. My son, Allan, has been pursuing your science since he was a dozen years auld; was with Mr. Hyffidge, at London, for some time, about two years ago; has been since at home, painting here like a Raphael; sets out for the seat of the Beast, beyond the Alps. within a month hence, to be away about two years. I'm swear to part with him, but canna stem the current which flows from the advice of his patrons and his own inclination. I have three daughters, one of seventeen, one of sixteen, and one of twelve years old; and no one wally draggle among them-all fine girls. These six or seven years, I have not written a line of poetry." &c.

Among the few "good and worthy men who were an honour to human life," and with whom Ramsay cultivated habits of familiar intercourse, the principal were Sir John Clerk of Pennycuik, and Sir Alexander Dick of Preston-field, between whose country residences the poet generally divided the greater part of his summer months. With most of the contemporary poets, he kept up a friendly correspondence—with Gay, who had visited Edinburgh partly on purpose to see him—with Pope, to whom Gay used to read and interpret the works of the Scottish bard—with Somerville, the author of the Chace, who has returned hipoetical salutations in two epistles—with Mallet,

 distress that chills the veins William's crimes are red;

- the Hamiltons, of Bangour and Gil-
- e had no desire of adding to his claims: esteem by new productions, he still asionally to write epistles in verse, and sees, for the entertainment of his pri-When urged by one of them to give his works to the press, he said, 'that he lined, if it were in his power, to recall he had already given, and that, if half rks were burnt, the other half, like the would become more valuable by it."

 I lost his wife, who was buried in the

ne Greyfriars.

ably soon after this period, and in the uishing his shop, the business of which rosperously under his superintendence, ed on erecting a house, in which he are remainder of his days in dignified he spot which he chose was on the of that high ridge, which terminates in eminence on which the eastle of Edint, and almost immediately under the commanding a noble reach of scenery, h of the Forth on the east, to the swels on the west, and stretching far across

by Ramsay, to Mallet, previous to

to the green hills of Fife; embracing, in the space, every variety of beauty, elegance, deur. The situation did more credit to taste than the structure he reared upon it, it sical style of which became the derision of Ramsay, however, thought it a chef d'œuv tecture. On one occasion, he was shewir some exultation, to Lord Elibank; but ret the same time, that the wags of the town to a "goose pye." "Indeed, Allan," lordship, "now that I see you in it, I name is very appropriate."

Here Ramsay past the last twelve years in an enviable state of philosophic ease. It however, give up his shop till the year 175 which he did not long survive. On the 7t ary, 1758, he died, in the seventy-second age. He was buried beside his wife in the Church-yard; and, in the record of that

stands thus simply enrolled:

"Allan Ramsay, poet, who died of old

As yet, however, there is " no storie mark the spot where his ashes lie; a m shame of which his descendants and his c must share between them." His fame, h

This neglect has, after the lapse of half a century, been very recently repaire erection of a monument, which, in every the inscription upon it, is said to be work poet's fame.

ly without some frail memorial, "raised by ands." In 1759, Sir James Clerk, the son set's friend, Sir John Clerk, erected, at the at of Pennycuik, an elegant obelisk to his with the following inscription:

Allano Ramsay, Poetz egregio
i Fatis concessit vii. Jan. MDCCLVIII.
Amico paterno et suo
Monumentum inscribi jussit
D. Jacobus Clerk
Anno MDCCLIX.

te ingenious Lord Woodhouselee has, also, near the supposed scene of the Gentle Shepastic temple, which is thus elegantly dedicae memory of the poet:

ALLANO RAMSAY, et Genio Loci.

rsonal appearance and character of Ramsay in described by himself, with a degree of a minuteness which leaves his biographer little y. The description occurs in one of his addressed "to Mr. James Arbuckle," written those who might "speer what like a carlie

mprimis then for tallness, I im five feet and four inches high; black-a-vic'd, snod, dapper fellow, for lean nor overlaid wi' tallow, Vi' phiz of a Morocco cut, lesembling a late man of wit;

Auld gabbet Spec, wha was see cunaing.
To be a dummie ten years running.
Then for the fabric of my mind,
Tis mair to mirth than grief inclin'd;
I rather chuse to laugh at folly,
Than shew dislike hy melancholy;

Than shew dislike by melancholy; Weel judging, a sour heavy face Is not the truest mark of grace.

I hate a drunkard or a glutton, Yet I'm nae fac to wine and mutton: Great tables ne'er engag'd my wishes When crowded with o'er mony dishes; A healthfu' stomach, sharply set, Prefers a back-sey, pipin het.

I never could imagin't vicious
Of a fair fame to be ambitious:
Proud to be thought a comic poet,
And let a judge of numbers know it;
I court occasion thus to show it.

Second of thirdly—Pray take heed, Ye's get a short swatch of my creed. To follow method negatively Ye ken takes place of positively: Weel then, I'm neither Whig nor Tory, Nor credit give to purgatory.

Know positively, I'm a Christian, Believing truths, and thinking free, Wishing thrawn parties wad agree. Say wad ye ken my gate o' fending My income, management, and spend Remits sair's style A
Yet des
I mak what houset :
An' in my ain himse:
Contented I has, sic a shair
As does my business to a hair,
An' fain wad prove to lika Scot,
That possitis's no the poet's lot.

he wish expressed in the concluding couplet, was ply realized in the history of Ramsay's life. He ne of the few poets who have thriven by poetrycould combine poetic habits with those of ordiy business; nor can ar name in literature be ted, which may better e to point the moral, prudence is the way to wealth. Even at those iods of his life, when he might be supposed to be orbed by literary labour, he never failed to bestow attention on that unpoetical, but more surely protive object, the shop. His very poetry, indeed, msay made a matter of business. Of this, the tematic discrimination with which he lavished his ines, and the skill with which, though really a man strong party feelings, he contrived to steer through without incurring the dislike of any party, afford ple proof. Nor was Ramsay slow to avow the dily wisdom which regulated the inspirations of mase: as may be seen in his Answer to an Epistle the Poverty of Poets, which begins with the foling question:

Dear Allan, with your leave allow me To ask you but one question, civil,

Why thou'rt a poet, pray thee, shew And not as poor as any devil?

His answer overflows with sincerity:

That many a thriftless poet's poor
Is what they very weel deserve,
'Cause aft their muse turns common And flatters fools that let them star

That Ramsay's poetry gained any thi wondrous degree of discretion, it would be affirm. The boldest flight which his must was in his Vision, when he penned what he avow. Dr. Beattie, in writing of this poer when the name of the author was as yet thus expresses his opinion of it: " The ! poem, of modern times, that I have seen (the title pretends that it was written for years ago, I have reason to think that it wa in this century) is called The Vision. I a to think, that the author of it, whoever he have read Arbuthnot's History of John ! there are noble images in it, and a harmon fication, superior to every thing I have s kind. I suspect that it is the work of son the family of Stuart, and that it must have posed about the year 1715." Some of are noble, indeed; his description of "Gri may suffice for an example :

> A man with aspeck kynd Richt auld lyke, and bauld lyke, With baird thre quarters skant,

Sae braif lyke, and graif lyke, He seemt to be a sanct.

Grit daring dartit frae his ee,
A braird-sword schogled at his thie,
On his left arm a targe;
A shinnand speir fill'd his richt hand,
Of stalwart mak in bane and brawnd,
Of just proportions large;
A various rainbow-colourt plaid
Oure his left spaul he threw;
Down his braid-back, frae his quhyte heid,
The silver wymplers grew;
Amaisit, I gaisit,
To se led at command,
A strampant and rampant
Ferss lyon in his hand.

in none of his other pieces has Ramsay reached elevation displayed in this; although many incital flights might be quoted, which shew that the in which he indulged, in this secret effusion, was at to which his poetic nature inclined more than to yother: take, for example, the following passages, ich are quite captivating for the vigour and brilacy of imagination which they display.

From two impassioned Lovers.

Sun, gallop down the westlin skies,
Gang soon to bed an' quickly rise;
O, lash your steeds, post time away,
An' haste about our bridal day!

108 LIVES OF EMINENT SCOTS!

An' if ye're wearied, honest ligh Sleep gin ye like a week that night.

Gent

Now Sol wi' his lang whip gae cr Upon his nichering cooser's back To gar them tak th' Olympian bi Wi' a cart load o' bleezing day!

Tale of the Th

It is greatly to be regretted, though p the author's account, than that of the 1 light in genuine poetry, that Ramsay d revisit the regions of fancy. He has a great mass of indifferent poetry, which doubt his ability to have supplanted by love of pleasing, and of profiting by the led him to make rather inordinate sacrif been the means of augmenting the v works by a number of pieces, condolat plimentary, which add nothing to his far

The merits of the Gentle Shepherd lowed, by all critics, to be of a very h was Ramsay's own hope, that he might with Tasso and Guarini;" and the station posterity has not denied him. In sir quality by which pastoral poetry oug distinguished, he has strong claims to higher than either of the Italian bards. Shepherd, we find few such conceits as abound in the Aminta, but more esp Pastor Fido. The fable has a high deg a dialogue and sentiments are natural, and use delightfully idiomatic.

shles," on which Ramsay himself justly set a selittle, if at all, inferior to his comedy.

see great skill in story-telling, and abound and humour. The "Three Bounets" and

Cats and the Cheese" are among the best. sak and the Miller's Wife" would perhaps a first place, were it not so close a para-Dunbar's Freirs of Berwik.

ng writer, Ramsay does not rank high. A sul-stirring energy is the great defect in all zions of this class. Many of them, how-retain their popularity; and this they could done, without possessing very considerable he Lass of Patie's Mill,* the Yellow Haired saewell to Lochaber, Bessy Bell and Mary among those which appear to stand the unce of lengthened renown.

parish of Keith Hall, in Aberdeenshire, disthat of Galston in Ayrshire the honour of
th to this song. In the Statistical Account
Iall, "The Lass's" father is said to have been
of Patie's Mill in that parish. One Sangsof Boddom, in New Machar parish, made
t to carry her off, but was interrupted by a
very roughly handled by her father, who
Black John Anderson.

on the other hand, in one of his letters to sson, gives the following as the genuine hise song. He says, he had it from Sir Wil-

of being the first to restore the Scottish M native garb, after a lapse of nearly a centur which she had been wasting her strength in a guage. Ever since the accession of James English throne, Scotsmen of talents had write in their native tongue, because it had be acceptable to the ear of their pedantic prin as national prejudices made them averse to sta niceties of the English, they had recourse to which James affected to speak and write purity. Hence the quantity of exquisite pos which may be said to have been lost to its na try, in the Deliciæ Poetarum Scotorum, or co. the beauties of the Scottish Latin writers of th Ramsay, obliged by necessity to rely on t of his native tongue, shewed, by his signal it, how unwisely it had been abandoned; a ing away all the popularity after him, was nat means of bringing back into the same course made the meed of fame the object of their a

liam Cunningham, of Robertland, who had it Earl of Loudoun.

"Allan Ramsay was residing at Loudo with the then Earl, father to Earl John; and noon riding or walking out together, his lon Allan passed a sweet romantic spot on Irvi still called "Patie's Mill," where a bonie "tedding hay bareheaded on the green." "observed to Allan, that it would be a fine t a song. Ramsay took the hint, and lingering he composed the first sketch of it, which he at dinner."

WILLIAM MESTON.

o the more remarkable adventurers in the reof 1715 was William Meston, Professor of ophy in the Marischal College of Aberdeen. s born in the parish of Midmar about the year and was the son of a blacksmith, much respectong his neighbours for his information and sa-

Young Meston having evinced, in his early great quickness of parts, his father, notwithig his narrow means, resolved that the boy want no advantage which a liberal education supply, to give him a fair chance of rising to ninence in the world, which, in his parental ity, he saw dawning upon him. After he had ed all that was to be learned at the village be was sent to the Marischal College, Aber-Among his fellow students, he became speedily uished for his diligence and attainments, and he had completed his academic studies, was upon as a young man to whom the road to nd fortune was open. To the father, to whose ity he was so much indebted for arriving at this he afterwards testified his gratitude by a moat erected in the parish church of Midmar, on an epitaph is inscribed, which is praised by Dr. e, in the Statistical Account, for its " pure and al style."

The first appointment which Meston obtained was me of the masterships of the Grammar School of New Aberdeen, the duties of which he continued to discharge for several years. He was then invited into the Marischal family, the founders of Marischal College, to be tutor to the young earl of that name, and his brother, afterwards so celebrated as Marshal Keith. In this capacity, he gave so much satisfaction, that on a vacancy occurring in 1714, in the chair of philosophy in the Marischal College, the Countess Dowager made a successful use of the family interest, to obtain the election of Mr. Meston

In the following year, the rebellion, in favor of the to that dignifical situation. Stuart family, broke out, and Mr. Meston, as much, it is believed, from principle as from grateful attacks ment to the Marischal family, who had embarked their fortunes in the cause, was induced to join th rebel standard. The young Earl Marischal, his last pupil, immediately confided to him the governorshi of the family Castle of Dunnotar, a remarkah strong fort on the coast of Kincardineshire, whi had been celebrated, in former civil contests, for t obstinate sieges which it had sustained. The sig

[•] In the year 1661, the regalia of Scotland , deposited here to preserve them from the Englis my which over-ran this country during the civil of that period. Being lodged in this place by of the privy council, Earl Mariachal obtained fro public a garrison, with an order for suitable am tion and provisions. The Earl having joined the

defeat at Sheriffmuir, however, soon put an end, for a time, to the hopes of the Stnart party; and there being no object to be gained by the Castle of Dunnotar holding out, Governor Meston, with some adherents, withdrew from it to the hills, among which they contrived to secrete themselves, till an Act of Amnesty came out, and enabled them to return in safety to their homes. It was during this period of perilous adversity; while wandering among the hills, afraid of the baunts of men, with the waving fern for their curtain by night, and some recess of the rocks for their concealment by day; that Meston, with the

forces in England, appointed George Ogilvy, of Barras, a neighbouring proprietor, who had been an officer for several years in the king's service, to be scutenant-governor of the castle. This trust, Mr. gilvy maintained with the greatest resolution; for, fter all the other forts and places of strength in Scotnd were reduced by the English army, a body of ops, under the command of Lambert, sat down ore Dunnotar. It was first summoned to surrender November, 1651, and repeatedly thereafter during course of the winter. About the beginning of y following, the siege was converted into a block-

Mr. Ogilvy did not surrender till he was red by famine, and a consequent mutiny in the son. He had previously, by a stratagem, on nt of which he was long imprisoned in England, ed the regalia. Mrs. Granger, wife of the miof Kinneff, requested permission of Major d Morgan, who then commanded the besieging

view of beguiling the lonely hours of their retreat, is supposed to have first paid his court to the Muses. Several of the tales, which he afterwards published under the title of "Mother Grim's Tales," are said to have been composed at this time; and there is a jacobite song written by him, called "The Bonny Ladic," which bears unquestionable marks of the same outcast nativity. The song, of which the following are the words, shews considerable skill in versification.

THE BONNY LADIE.

How long shall our land thus suffer distresses, Whilst tyrants, and strangers, and traitors, oppress us?

army, to visit Mrs. Ogilvy, the lady of the governor of the fortress. Having obtained this permission, Mrs. Granger, who was a resolute woman, packed ut the crown among some clothes, and carried it out c the castle in her lap; her maid, at the same tim carried the sword and sceptre on her back in a b of flax. The English general politely assisted M Granger to mount her horse. The regalia were k sometimes in the church of Kinneff, concealed ur the pulpit, and, at other times, in a double botto bed in the Manse, till the Restoration in 1660, they were delivered to Mr. George Ogilvy, wh stored them to Charles the Second. For this service, Mr. Ogilvy was made a baronet; a John Keith, brother to the Earl Marischal created Earl of Kintore: but honest Mr. Gran his wife had neither honour nor reward. Forsyth's Beauties of Scc

How long shall our old and once brave warlike nation Thus tamely submit to a base usurpation?

Still must we be sad whilst the traitors are wadie, 'Till we get a sight of our ain bonny ladie.

How long shall we lurk? How long shall we languish? With our faces dejected, and our hearts full of anguish?

How long shall the whigs, perverting all reason, Call honest men rogues, and loyalty treason? Still must we be sad, &c.

O, Heavens! have pity, with favour prevent* us, Redeem us from strangers, who sadly torment us; From atheists and deists, and whiggish opinions, Our king return back to his rightful dominions.

Then rogues shall be sad, and honest men wadie, When the throne is possess'd by our ain bonny ladie.

The church that's oppress'd, our monarch shall cherish;
The land shall have peace, the Muses shall flourish;
Each heart shall be glad, but the whigs will be sorry
When the king gets his own, and Jehovah the glory.
Then rogues shall be sad, &c.

It has been said, that, after the publication of the t of Amnesty, Mr. Meston might have been rened to his chair in Marischal College, if he would e taken the oaths required by government; but an integrity and disdain, alike becoming his acter and his age, for he was as yet but in his ty-seventh year, he chose rather to begin the I again, and face every hardship, than make any romise with his principles.

'revent," in the scriptural acceptation of defend.

While the Countess Marischal lived, to whom and a small independence the family attainder happily I not reach, Mr. Meston found, under her roof, a one; the kind hospitality of which he amply repaid, y being the delight of every one who visited her adyship, for his conversational powers, in which a circh vein of pleasantry is described to have predominated.

On her ladyship's death, he was once more driven to have recourse to his scholastic talents for a subsistence. In conjunction with his brother, Mr. Samuel Meston, to whom their praiseworthy father had also given an academic education, he opened an academy at Elgin, for the instruction of young gentlemen in all the branches of knowledge taught at the university. The undertaking, at first, succeeded well; i was resorted to by the flower of the youth of th northern counties; and there is no doubt, that, duly attended to, it might have been the means procuring him a comfortable subsistence; but Mes was of too jovial a disposition, and had lived long on social habits, to fall into that course of s regularity so necessary for academic example; allowed to have neglected his pupils for the sa his friend, his bottle, and his book. The aca sunk in reputation, and became, at last, so der that Meston found the only chance he had of ing his error was to abandon it, and open anot different place.

Mr. Meston's intention of leaving Elgin sooner known among his friends, than the of Errol, whom he had the honor to recke the number, generously invited him to fix w residence on Turreff, in Aberdeenshire, offerathe occupation, rent free, of a mansion in lage, belonging to the Errol family. The offer tefully accepted, and, in a short time, Mr. was again seen at the head of a flourishing y. His mode of life appears to have become ore exemplary; but misfortune, notwithstandll pursued him. A quarrel happened between the young gentlemen of his academy, one of stabbed the other; and, although no blame be imputed to Mr. Meston on account of the nate occurrence, many parents, apprehensive lar accidents, withdrew their children, and left leston, for the second time, a teacher without

Turreff, he now removed to Montrose; and, unsuccessful attempt to establish a new acanere, went to Perth, where he was induced to public teaching, to become tutor to the chil-Mr. Oliphant, of Gask.

family, he continued several years; but his rinning to fail, he repaired, for the benefit of aters, to Peterhead, where he was supported the bounty of his old friend, the Countess ho evinced an assiduity of attention to his his above all praise.

vas now, however, on the gallop down the and, anxious to close his career on that ad been the scene of his highest honours went from Peterhead to Aberdeen, where 1 a lingering illness in death, in the year 1745, and fifty-seventh year of his ains were interred, in a private manner,

in the Spital church of Old Aberdeen; and, is obscurity, they still moulder, without a stone oscription, to mark the grave of the man who posed many admired epitaphs for others, who the sleep of death around him.

The productions which Meston has left behind are all poetical, and were first collected in a smallume, published at Edinburgh in 1767. They sist of "the Knight," printed as early as 1 "Mother Grim's Tales;" a second part of the by Mother Grim's grandson, Jodocus, with a Latin title, and containing several pieces in the language; and, lastly, some songs.

language; and, lastly, some songs.

In his larger pieces, Meston appears to have

Butler his model; and, like all men who are considerate as to form themselves on the model day, has suffered by it in permanent reputation. possessed genius enough to have secured to the of Meston an ever-during celebrity; but, with a digality as censurable in intellectual as in we concerns, gave up to party feeling and local e those exertions, of which immortality might hav the harvest. It must be confessed, too, that M is inferior to the model of his selection; But sometimes low in his humour, but very seldor except when his verses are viewed abstractedly the heroes of his satire; but Meston is often lower, and in any sense in which a reader ohu regard him.

The charms of his conversational powers have before alluded to. The editor of the Edinburgi tion of his works says, that "he possessed as common fund of wit and humour, in the timi

POETS.-WILLIAM MESTON. 119 which he had a particular art." "On these occasions," it is added, " it was impossible for the most phlegmatic disposition to continue five minutes in his company without being convulsed with laughter."

The character of Meston may be summed up in a few words. He was a poet, with more of the habits of one than was fortunate for his fame; he was a man of genius, who, to have lived happy, should have been born with the fortune of a fool of quality. That he did not rise to excellence in the line which nature had chalked out for him, we may ascribe, with Dr. Ogilvie, " to the two great foes of every nobler effort of human genius-indigence and

R.M.

JOHN HOME.

In the romantic ode by Collins on the Superst of the Highlands, we meet with a singular in of poetical prediction; it would seem as if the had caught a portion of that second sight, holds so eminent a place in the superstitions I scribes. He had not long before formed, at Witter, an acquaintance with a Scottish licentiate, aname of John Home, who was then on a w England; and discovered in him so conger poetic spirit, that he not only dedicated to hi Ode on the Superstitions, but ventured, in the stansa, thus to prefigure his future eminence:

"Home, thou return'st from Thames, whose Naisci Have seen thee ling'ring, with a fond delay, 'Midst those soft friends, whose hearts, some futur Shall melt perhaps to hear thy tragic song.

It is probable, that Home had communical Collins some specimens of his dramatic taler though none of those which are before the publibe traced to so early a date. Home was, at this in his twenty-fourth or twenty-fifth year. Horn in the parish of Ancrum in Roxburghshi

724; studied at Edinburgh, and was licensed to

reach the gospel in 1747.

While at the university, Home formed one of a ompany of twenty students, who, on the interrupion given to their studies by the rebellion of 1745, ffered their services to act as volunteers with the oval forces; but, from a want of union or zeal, or f both, soon afterwards dispersed themselves. Mr. Iome, however, whose patriotic ardour appears to ave exceeded that of his companions, retained his rms, and marched with a detachment of the royal rmy to Falkirk. In the disgraceful route, for it annot be called battle, which befel the king's army a that neighbourhood. Home was taken prisoner by he rebels, and sent to Doune Castle, on the borders f the Highlands. From this place, however, he, in short time, contrived to effect his escape, and, on he restoration of tranquillity after the battle of Culoden, returned to the university, to complete his tudies for the church. On entering into orders, his lopes did not probably extend beyond sitting down or life, the dull parson of some country parish; and n snatching from his supposed destiny the intermeliate opportunity of paying a visit to England, he both gratified a natural desire of extending his knowedge of the world, and threw himself in the way of sequiring a degree of refinement which could not be expected amid the party feuds of the northern metropolis. When in London, there can be little doubt that he drank deeply of the pleasures of theatrical representation; and crude as his ideas of dramatic effect must have been from any thing he could, at that period, have seen in Scotland, they could not PART 1.]

fail to be wonderfully enlarged and corrected, by witnessing, with his own eyes, the performances of such masters of the art, as a Garrick, a Barry, and others, who, at that period, shed so much lustre on the English stage. Had Mr. Home, the probationer, never visited England, it is probable, that Mr. Home, the parish minister, would never have committed what the church, to which he belonged, deemed so great a sin, that of writing one of the most beautiful dramatic productions in the English language.

In 1750, Mr. Home received a presentation to the church of Athelstaneford in East Lothian, on the demise of the Rev. Robert Blair, the celebrated anthor of "The Grave." From the quiet of this obscure retreat, he used frequently to resort to the capital, to enjoy the pleasures of enlightened society. Several of the most eminent men of that period had instituted a society in Edinburgh, for literary and philosophical disquisition, and of this Mr. Home became a distinguished member. Among his associates were Mr. Wedderburn, afterwards Earl of Rosslyn and Lord High Chancellor of England; Ferguson. Hume, and Robertson, the historians; and Dr. Blair. the rhetorician and divine. The poetic fire with which a Collins had discovered Home to be so largely fraught, could not miss of being fanned into a flame by such society as this. A year or two had not clapsed, after his settlement at Athelstaneford, before Home had a tragedy already prepared, to try its fortune on the stage. It was called Agis, and founded on a passage of Lacedemonian history. With the manuscript in his pocket, Home stole off to London: but, to his great mortification, found, that he could

not prevail on the managers of the metropolitan theatre to discover either a good plot or good poetry in his production. Without suffering himself to be discouraged by the failure, he returned home, and resolved on making a second trial, by writing a new play, of which Scotland should be the scene, and a Scottish story the subject. When he had completed his labours, he paid another visit to London, and laid his new production before Mr. Garrick. But he had to sustain all the bitterness of a second refusal. Garrick thought the plot too simple and destitute of stage effect. The play, of which the English Roscius pronounced this sage opinion, was THE Douglas, simple, indeed, because natural in plot, but one of the most effective productions ever represented on the British stage. In all probability, Garrick, when he pronounced this opinion, had never read the piece; it is an opinion which has much the air of a theatrical state circular; it stands in need of no proof, for it is no more than saving, "I can't tell how it is, but it won't do." When the absurdity of the criticism was afterwards demonstrated by the extraordinary success of the play, Garrick was as much mortified as the author could have been by its original rejection; and, throughout the remainder of his life, he candidly confessed, that no circumstance, in the course of his theatrical management, ever gave him so much chagrin as his refusal of Douglas.

Home went back to Scotland, not, as may be well supposed, without a strong feeling of disgust for English criticism and English liberality. Satisfied, however, in his own mind, by a dispassionate comparison of his rejected production, with other pieces which had received the public approbation, that prejudice, and not taste, had presided at the determination of his fate; fortified by the concurring sentiments of his literary friends; and conscious, at all events, that, if he could produce nothing better than Douglas, every hope which he entertained of dramatic eminence must be at an end; he determined on making one of those experiments by which desperation sometimes consecrates to itself the gratitude of mankind. Of the state of public opinion in Scotland about this period, with respect to the stage, the following extract from Jackson's History will furnish a striking picture.

"No man of substance would step forward to promote the erection of a fabric for the representation of profane pieces, excommunicated by the church and interdicted by law. Or could it have been possible to find a master-builder, hardy enough, in the face of the church's ban, to have encountered both the risk and the censure, which, by the erecting a building for the purpose of a theatre, he must have laid his account with, I scarcely think a journeyman could have been procured, bold enough to have handled a chissel or a hammer in forwarding the profane work; nor even to have erected a bench.

Where giggling girls and powder'd fops might sit, And crowd the house for Satan's benefit.

Even the accommodation of a roof was looked upon by the wary landlord as too great a hazard, where the owner was assured by his enthusiastic pastors, that the devil would be personified beneath it, and that the whole would vanish away in a flash of fire." What then might be expected to be the opinion of the people of Scotland, with respect to a public representation of a piece, which was of a class not only proscribed by its faith, but written by a minister of that faith? The storm, which any attempt of the kind was sure to raise, nobody could be blind enough not to perceive; yet, for the sake of fame, Home boldly dared it all.

The only establishment in Edinburgh, at that period, for the performance of plays, was a small theatre in the Canongate, the property and management of which were in the hands of some liberal-minded gentlemen of the town, among whom were some members of the literary society to which Home belonged. He had, of course, no difficulty to procuring a trial at this theatre for the piece wath Garrick had rejected. Nothing could be more complete or flattering than its success; the nicest judges of dramatic merit joined with the throng in bestowing on it unqualified praise; and, for nearly a whole season, it continued to be performed to crowded houses.

The outcry which was raised, in the mean time, among the very religious part of the community, was extreme. Mr. Home and several of his clerical brethren having ventured to be present at the performance of the play, the circumstance soon got abroad, and it being considered a woeful aggravation of profanity, that a play, written by a clergyman, should have been witnessed by elergymen, the presbytery of Edinburgh summoned before it such of its members as had dared to be seen within the walls of the excommunicated fabric. The transgressors were publicly censured;

one was suspended pro tempors from his pastoral office; and circular letters were written to other presbyteries, recommending the most rigorous measures against all clergymen within their respective jurisdictions, as had presumed, or should presume, to be present at such profane spectacles.

The recommendation contained in this circular was promptly followed by the neighbouring presbyteries. The presbytery of Glasgow in particular, though none of its members were among the offenders, shewed great zeal on the occasion; making up in fictions, (arising of course from want of information.) for the want of real delinquents to contend with. In a series of resolutions which they promulgated on the subject, they first lamented " the melancholy but notour fact, that one, who is a minister of the church of Scotland, did himself write and compose a stage play, entitled the Tragedy of Douglas, and got it to be acted in the theatre at Edinburgh; and that he, with several other ministers of the church, were present, and some of them oftener than once, at the acting of the said play before a numerous audience." "Deeply affected with this new and strange appearance," they proceeded to declare, that stage plays had "been looked upon by the Christian church in all ages and of all different communions, as extremely prejudicial to religion and morality;" although no fact could be more "notour" among those who knew any thing of the matter, than that plays, in modern Europe, originated with the Christian church, "the subjects being scriptural, the clergy the composers, the church the stage, and Sunday the time of exhibition;" and although it was a fact equally certain, though less nohat the general assembly of the church of ad, of old, expressly admitted of theatrical s, provided the subject were not scriptural. Discipline, p. 145, 161.) On this erssumption, the reverend presbytery conith recommending to the general assembly, by a public act " their judgement against tainments of the theatre," that " ministers hers may be sensible that the church of vill never protect her members in a practice attending the theatre) unbecoming their and of such pernicious tendency to the ests of religion, industry, and virtue." resbytery of Haddington, to which Mr. self belonged, sent him a citation to ape it, to answer for the great scandal which en the means of bringing on the sacred orthat of Dalkeith gave a similar summons to most intimate friends and inveterate adr. Carlyle of Inveresk. Neither presbytery, proceeded to judgement, but referred the oth gentlemen to the general synod of Lo-Tweedale. A want of form in the refer-Ir. Home's case caused it to be remitted e presbytery of Haddington; and on that rivle alone, the synod were called to proadgement. Mr. Home, on this occasion, reat spirit in defence of his persecuted Ie attended in his place as a member of , and spoke warmly in his vindication. He that, if there were any fault, it lay not at of the accused, but at his own, with whom

128 LIVES OF EMINENT SCOTSMEN.
the crime had originated; and concluded his observations in the words of the unfortunate Nisus:

" Adsum qui feci ; in me convertite ferrum Tantum infelicem minium delexit amicum."

Virgil.

" Me, me, he cried, turn all your rage alone On me; the fact confess'd, the fault my own; His only crime (if friendship could offend) Is too much love for his unhappy friend."

Dryden.

The energy of this appeal is said to have made a sensible impression on the members of the synod, and to have had the effect of greatly mitigating the sentence which they were at first disposed to pass on Mr. Carlyle, on whom, next to Home himself, they wrath of the religious world was chiefly turned. They contented themselves with declaring "their high displeasure with Mr. Carlyle, for the step he had taken in going to the theatre, and strictly enjoined him to abstain therefrom in time coming."

Mr. Home did not wait for the renewal of the proceedings against himself; but prudently resolved to abandon a church, to the austerities of which he could not conform. On the fifth of June, 1757, he bads farewell to his parishioners, in a sermon which is said to have been so pathetic as to draw tears from the greater part of his audience; and two days after he gave in a formal resignation of his charge to the Presebytery of Haddington.

e only permanent effect of all this outcry is thus y, but truly, related by Hugo Arnot, in his ry of Edinburgh. "The public attention leading le to consult their own reason, in a good manner ated the prejudices which had hitherto subsisted st the stage." The people of Scotland had long ed implicit credence to the anathemas of their rs against theatrical entertainments; but now they saw these pastors differing among themon the subject, they were tempted, by an irrele curiosity, to take a nearer view than they had lone with their own eyes of the debateable id; and discovering in it none of those streams of n or death-distilling trees with which it had represented to abound, they not only lost all the r they used to entertain for this interdicted n, but acquired that strong yet chastened admiof its many beauties, which they have ever continued to display."

It is worthy of remark, that on the whole the h have no great fondness for the entertainment e theatre. The novelty of the appearance of ery distinguished performer excites their attentor a short time, and produces crowded houses; in general, the theatre is little attended by el people in the middle ranks of society. It is y supported in Edinburgh by young men, the r practitioners of the law, and students at the raity, and by the families of country gentlemen, reside in Edinburgh during the winter, who go er occasionally as to a place where they are to sy themselves, and to see other persons of their

Mr. Home now repaired to that great mart of talent, London, where the merits of his Douglas had, by this time, acquired him a high reputation. In three months after its first appearance at Edinburgh, it had been brought forward on the London stage by Garrick, who showed every anxiety to repair the mistake he committed in originally rejecting it; and after some slight hesitation on the part of the public, arising, no doubt, from over-excited hope,, its excellence was universally acknowledged, and it became, what it has ever since remained, one of the most attractive stock-pieces of the British drama.

Among the individual tributes paid to the merits of Home about this period, two are particularly deserving of remembrance. One was from David Hume, who dedicated to him his "Four Dissertations," and complimented him on possessing "the true theatric genius of Shakespeare and Otway, refined from the unhappy barbarism of the one, and licentiousness of the other:"—An overstrained compliment certainly, yet saving that unhappiest of all unhappy phrases, the "unhappy barbarism" o

own rank. Neither does this indifference to the theatre among the Scottish nation any longer restron religious opinions or prejudices. Sober familified more pleasure in domestic society, or in visits of their acquaintances; and when money is be expended, the social and more substantial p sure of giving and receiving good suppers or din is greatly preferred." Forsyth.

eare, just and discriminating in the main.*
er tribute was from Mr. Sheridan, then manathe Dublin Theatre, and father of Richard
Sheridan, who sent over to Mr. Home a
edal, of ten guineas value, on which was an
ion, acknowledging his singular merit on haviched the English stage with the tragedy of

the extraordinary success which had attended me on his first adventure, neither public exn nor his own ambition would probably have tisfied, had he not hastened to repeat his court tragic muse; and yet it is a certain, though ing fact, that it would have been well for his ad he tempted fortune no farther. From 1757 he went on producing, on the London stage, uccessful tragedy after another; "Agis," his ce; "The Siege of Aquileia," "The Fatal ry," " Alonzo," and " Alfred." Garrick rologues to some of them and epilogues to and warmly interested himself in their fate. e of them had even a temporary success. It confessed, indeed, that they are all greatly to his Douglas; and we are left to wonder, even a speculative means of explaining, how

er such a compliment, from so acute a critic David Hume, some indulgence is due to the orders of his countrymen in London, who, on representation of Douglas at Drury Lane, rut from the galleries, at the conclusion of ound of applause, "aye, aye, what d'ye're Willie Shakespeare now?"

A. S.



the genius, which formed so noble a masterpiece, could have been so strangely abortive in every succeding attempt.

While running this career of failure on the stage, Mr. Home had, however, formed friendships, from which, if worldly advantages could compensate for blighted fame, he might have derived ample consolation. The celebrated Lord Bute honored him with his esteem, and after the accession of George the Third, took an early opportunity of bringing the merits of the author of Douglas under the royal notice; when his Majesty was graciously pleased to place him on the civil list for a handsome pension. Through the same influence, he was subsequently appointed to be one of the Commissioners of Sick and Wounded Seamen, and Conservator of Scotch Privileges, at Campyere, in Zealand.

With his Alfred, which lived only three night Mr. Home hopelessly took leave of the stage and r tired to Scotland, where he spent the remainder his days. Soon after his return, the Duke of Br cleugh raised a regiment of fencibles, in who Mr. Home accepted of a Captain's Commissi which he held till the disbandment of the corp the succeeding peace.

Home's literary leisure was now understood temployed in the preparation of a History of Rebellion of 1745, to which his personal shifter contest was expected to give more than or interest. A long time clapsed before the curior the public was gratified; the work did not its appearance till 1802, when he was in the steighth year of his age; and, strange to tell,

same as that of all his later poetical produc-It universally disappointed expectation. It ed some facts, particularly in regard to the of the Pretender, which were before little or refly known; but was, on the whole, a meagre ainteresting performance. If general report credited, he was prevented by government infrom making a free use of his materials.

from making a free use of his materials.*

lis life drew near its close, Mr. Home exed a great decay both of his mental and
powers. He long retained strength sufficient
t out for some time every day, but seemed ine to all that was passing around him, and to
little more than mere existence. After fingerthis state for several years, he at last expired at
istom House, near Edinburgh, on the 4th
sher, 1808, at the advanced age of 85.
Literary fame of Home must now be allowed to

olly on his Douglas; but as long as a taste for nnine drama exists, his fame stands in need of her monument. The undiminished popularity it has so long enjoyed is the best possible proof excellence. The people have made it, as it their own; they have enriched their familiar ge with its felicities of expression, and habitillustrate their thoughts by the admirable paswith which it abounds. Whenever as much said for any work, criticism may spare itself

has been lately affirmed, that every sheet of rk underwent royal supervision, and that, beauch being on this account not written, much popressed.

т 1.]

the trouble of demonstrating how it is we admire. It is by being thus mixed up with the minds of a people. that real immortality is ever to be best recognised; and that even a Home, though probably in the estimation of the learned far inferior to a Milton, has many chances of outliving him. Milton, in fact, may be said to owe his fame to the critics, and as they have redeemed it from a long obscurity, so it is to be hoped they will preserve it; for certain it is, that for every one of the people who can rehearse a single passage of his epics, there are twenty who would think it a shame not to be ranked among his admirers, and yet really know as little about these, his masterpieces, as they do of any work they never heard of. The cause is not want of taste but want of attraction; and of this we need no better proof than that, of the very same twenty who know nothing of the Paradise Lost, not one, perhaps, will be found who has not some vivid recollections of the beauties of the Allegre or Penseroso. The voice of the multitude may not always be the surest test of merit; but the voice of the multitude from age to age is that, at least, which all ambition sighs after, and which, at some far distant day, may make even John Gilpin owe more to the pen of a Cowper, than Satan and all the fallen host owe to the towering genius of Milton.

When a few bigots took offence at the favourable reception which the great body of the people, obeying the natural impulse of their feelings, gave to the play of Douglas, they made a great effort in vindication of their hostility, to shew that the elegance of diction, the prevailing truth of sentiment, and the affecting simplicity of story, by which it is distinguished, are

nly so many blandishments to conceal the final endency of the catastrophe, which, as they were leased to assert, amounts to nothing less than a direct neouragement to suicide. The accusation, it will be erceived, had allusion to the fate of Lady Randolph.*

She ran, she flew like lightning up the hill:
Nor halted till the precipice she gain'd,
Beneath whose low'ring top the river falls
Ingulph'd in rifted rocks: thither she came,
As fearless as the eagle lights upon it:
Oh! had you seen her last despairing look!
Upon the brink she stood, and cast her eyes
Down on the deep: then, lifting up her head
And her white hands to heav'n, seeming to say,
Why am I forc'd to this? she plung'd herself
Into the empty air.

But because the heroine of the piece thus woefully ished, the victim of misconduct and despair, does ollow that others are recommended to go and do ikewise? As well might the reverend authors of objection have accused the scriptures of encourag suicide, by recording how Saul "took a sword fell upon it." The manifest object of Home, in tory of Douglas, was to shew the natural conserse of a deviation from truth.

he name was originally Lady Barnard, but d to Randolph on the first representation of y in London.

A. s.

--- SINCERITY.

Thou first of virtues, let no mortal leave
Thy onward path! although the world should ga
And from the gulph of hell, Destruction cry
To take Dissimulation's winding way.

• This moral learn,
This precious moral from my tragic tale.

Lady Randolph, in a moment of conflictin prehensions, takes "an oath equivocal;" she s not to commit what she had already committed; already married to Douglas, when she vows t father that she will never "wed one of Douglas n This concealment she is driven to follow up another, that of the birth of her son; and thoug son is miraculously saved from the flood, and being long given up for lost, is happily restored arms of his parent, yet from the mystery in whi connection of the mother and child is still oblis be kept, he prematurely falls by the machination villain. Could any succession of events be natural or more moral? Could any thing exer more strongly the danger of a departure from th of truth and filial duty, or more enforce on the ously inclined the wholesome precept, that

_____the first truth Is easiest to avow?

It was farther alleged, in the course of the prings instituted by the Edinburgh Presbytery a Mr. Home and other ministers, who attended

presentation of the play, that it contained several blasphemous expressions and incidents. It appeared in proof, by depositions laid before the Presbytery, that a player, in the character of the Shepherd, swore

" By him that died on the accursed tree;"

That another, in that of Glenalvon, said:

"No, priest! No, priest! I'll risk eternal fire!"

And that a third, in that of Lady Randolph, kneeled

down and put up some prayers.

The expressions quoted were not, perhaps, free from censure; and the author, feeling so, suppressed them after the first night's performance; nor did they ever, it is believed, appear in any printed edition of the tragedy. With respect to the kneeling and praying of Lady Randolph, the fault, if it be one, still remains. But such a fault! Let those who have heard this sublime apostrophe ejaculated by a Siddons, who have witnessed the attitude of devout supplication, in which she threw herself on her knees before the Divinity, say what the emotions were with which it filled their bosoms! If ever a holy awe was diffused from the lips of mortal being, it was by Mrs. Siddons in this scene. The prayer is a prayer for all mothers of an illustrious race, nor can the present notice be concluded with any extract which could better exemplify that dignified simplicity which may be said to form the master feature of Home's dramatic style.

Oh! thou all-righteous and eternal King! Who Father of the fatherless art call'd,

Protect my son! Thy inspiration, Lord!
Hath fill'd his bosom with that sacred fire,
Which in the breasts of his forefathers burn'd:
Set him on high, like them, that he may shine
The star and glory of his native land;
Then let the minister of death descend,
And bear my willing spirit to its place.

T.C.

JAMES BEATTIE.

THE name of Beattie, like an Italian landscape, requires only to be mentioned, to fill the mind, at once, with ideas of beauty, gentleness, and repose :-"Beattie," as Cowper has charmingly described him, " the most agreeable and amiable writer I ever met with; the only author I have seen whose critical and philosophical researches are diversified and embellished by a poetical imagination, that makes even the driest subject, and the leanest, a feast for an epicure in books; one so much at his ease too, that his own character appears in every page, and, which is very rare, not only the writer but the man; and the man, so gentle, so well tempered, so happy in his religion, and so humane in his philosophy, that it is necessary to love him, if one has any sense of what lovely."

James Beattie was the youngest son of a small rmer at Laurencekirk, in the county of Kincardine, d born on the 25th of October, 1735.

He received at the school of his native village an scation to fit him for the university, and, even at early period, is said to have given such indicas of the future "Minstrel," that he went among chool-fellows by the name of the Post; that name which he is most likely to live for future ages. only was his taste for poetry thus early evinced,

but even the purity of that taste. His maste ferred Ovid as a school-book for youth; young tie gave up all his soul to Virgil.

In 1749, when but in his fourteenth year, he menced his academical career at the Marischa lege, Aberdeen; and as his finances were slende friends made interest to obtain for him one of bursaries or exhibitions, which have been left b nevolent individuals to be annually bestowed c dents whose relatives are unable to defray the expenses of an university education. Small in a as these exhibitions are, seldom more than 5 rarely 10L per annum, they are of immense i tance in a country like Scotland, where liv cheap, and the habits of the people singularly f and many are the instances, besides that of Beat humble talent, which, but for such aid, would have been lifted into the road to preferment and Were the obligations to this source oftener ac ledged, we might expect to see the number of benefactions to it increased; but, from an exthat pride so characteristic of our countrymen in a general sense, so laudable, which make shrink ashamed from the idea of owing any th charity, the possession of a bursary is the last which a Scottish student is fond of avowing.

The church being, at that time, the chief f

Let the undersigned, for one, make the chonorable. He owes to an exhibition of this s foundation of all the little learning which he post-

e for the well-educated sons of poverty in Scothe studies of young Beattie received, almost as er of course, that direction. He first studied under Principal Blackwell, well known to the for his " Inquiry into the Life and Writings ger;" a man of austere manners, but paternally those who sought, by doing well, to deserve em. In Beattie, the worthy professor thought ceived a germ worthy of cultivation, and ened his progress by several strong marks of apon. The memory of his goodness remained ly impressed on Beattie through the whole of his after life; and he often declared, that ackwell was the first person who ever gave him to believe that he possessed any genius. From dy of Greek he passed to that of philosophy, h he had the benefit of the prelections of anoninent scholar. Dr. Alexander Gerard, author ssays on Genius and Taste." The interesting ato which he had now entered appears to have he inclinations of Beattie. Agreeably to his I destination, he joined the divinity class; but, constrained attendance for three sessions, gave suing that branch of knowledge.

1753, he took the degree of M.A. and soon accepted the appointment of school-master to rish of Fordoun, distant about six miles from ace of his nativity. It is a sequestered spot, a scenic character, admirably suited to a mind octic cast. It has wood, and water, and moundeep and silent glens; and heathery braes, on the setting sun delights to linger. When not ied by his scholastic duties, he used to wander

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forth to contemplate the romantic everywhere surrounded him; and, fr drew, as from the life, some of the fi and most striking pictures of natur his poetical compositions. Many sl he wrote at this period, he sent to zine; sometimes dated from Fordour Kincardineshire generally; or from A these fugitive pieces, which were no Dr. Beattie, there was one composed the Declaration of War, made on t 1756. It will remind the reader of Addison; and it has been said, the fullness, it will not suffer greatly with it. The following are the conce

O, thou Supreme! whose hand the Wings the red lightning and awake Whose word, or lays the peaceful Or in wild mountains heaves the red twhose command the kingdoms whose awful nod o'erturns the tree Makes horrid war and boist'rous the And glads the nations with the swelling with the swelling that the dread day of danger and depropitious, point to victory the wastill war's alarms once more! and With peace and plenty crown Bri

Beattic appears to have judged be of this piece than his eulogists; and satisfy us, that we have little reason to a the discrimination which he exercised om his pieces those which he thought Jexameters may have both "vigor and iem, without having one ray of poetry, o one who reads these lines twice will e any doubt. The same thing, indeed, vered from "The Campaign," one half othing but versified prose.

ad passed four years in the solitude of acancy occurring in one of the mastergrammar school at Aberdeen, he became or the situation. He did not however acquitted himself so well on the compe-1 a second vacancy happening about a ds, he was requested by the magistrates, dectors, to accept the office without any is qualifications.

at to the grammar school of Aberdeen, succeeded by his advancement to a still nt dignity. In 1760, a chair in the lege having become vacant, Mr. Arbuthaan with whom Beattie had contracted of intimacy, suggested to him the possicuring the appointment for himself, the proposal with some amazement, it entered into his imagination to conceive ituation could be within his reach; it an immense stride of ambition, for a f only twenty-five years of age, to think at once from an under master's place school to an university chair. Mr. Arver, willing to try what could be done,



prevailed on the Earl of Errol to apply on bel Beattic to the Duke of Argyle, who was, at the supposed to have the chief sway in the dispovacant places in Scotland. The application, a contrary to every expectation, was successfu September, 1760, Beattie was appointed, by patent, Professor of Moral Philosophy and Log the Marischal College.

Mr. Beattie's first care was to prepare a cor lectures on the subjects within his department, he began to deliver in the session of 1760 and He continued, session after session, diligently t prove them, and soon acquired great populari the elegance and soundness of his disquisitions. afterwards published a compendium of these lex under the title of Elements of Moral Science.

A society or club subsisted at this period in deen, consisting chiefly of Professors of King' Marischal Colleges, with the addition of severa tlemen of the place, possessed of a taste for lit pursuits. It included among its members a R Campbell, a Gerard, and a Gregory, all celel names in our literary history; and, as may read supposed, it was not long before that of Beatti added to the number. The purpose of its me was the discussion of literary and philosophica jects; but there was nothing of that freezing for: in them which so often characterizes association this description. The club used to meet at a to and finish its lucubrations with a supper; les and conviviality joined hand in hand to make slow to part and happy to meet again. The E of the town called it not inappropriately the Wise The productions which have rendered the names of the leading members of this club so celebrated in philosophy and criticism, or at least the outlines of them, are said to have been first discussed at its meetings in the shape of essays or questions for familiar debate. It was impossible, indeed, that men engaged in literary inquiries could meet for literary discussion without bringing their particular views and discoveries into the field; and no doubt can be entertained that this association must have had the happiest effects in awakening and directing that spirit of philosophic research which, some years ago, reflected so much lustre on the north of Scotland.

Mr. Beattie, as already mentioned, had given many early indications of poetic genius; and the first object to which his literary leisure was now devoted, was to gain a name in the world as a poet. In the spring of 1761, he published, at London and Edinburgh, a small collection, entitled "Original Poems and Translations," with his name affixed. It consisted partly of originals and partly of the pieces formerly printed in the Scots Magazine, but very considerably altered and amended.

The reception given to this volume was singularly flattering. The critical works in greatest repute were pleased to consider it as an acquisition to English poetry, and declared that since Gray was last before them, they had not met with a poet of more harmonious numbers, more pleasing imagination, or more spirited expression.

The warmth of this commendation did not fail to give general currency to the poems; among the very few persons whom it did not deceive was Beattichim self. When the poetic fervor, which had presitheir production, had abated; when he could of sionately bring to the examination of their mericritical taste which he possessed in as high a as most men; he felt so little satisfied with wittrading critics deemed "an acquisition to Ipoetry," that he actually destroyed every he could procure, and some years after woul permit four of the pieces which it containse these in a greatly amended state, to be printed with his masterpiece The Minutes. These four were Retirement, Ode to Hope, Elegy on a Lad the Hares.

Mr. Beattie's next poetical production we Judgment of Paris," published in 4to., in 176 fate was, in all respects, the reverse of that of I volume. The critics did not praise it; the pubnot like it; and the author was the last to I that it was not deserving immortality. Ten afterwards he reprinted it in a new edition poems; ultimately, however, he yielded to the lar voice, and the Judgment of Paris was no los be found in the wallet of the Minstrel. The f the piece lay not in the choice of subject, but manner of treating it; he put the wig of his: Dr. Reid, on the gallant Paris, and made the "ment" to rest on an elaborate metaphysical distibetween the pleasures of sense and of soul.

About the same period he wrote a poem "(talk of creeting a Monument to Churchill, in minster Hall." It was printed at first anonym and had a rapid sale. He is said to have been gated to the task by his friends in Scotland,

it had the misfortune to be very heartily denot only on account of the licentioneness of
lactions, but of his connection with Wikkes,
n-avriler of the Scottish name. In the followthe gave the verses a place in a new edition
the gave the verses a place in a new edition
and to vindicate the keemness of his satire. In
sequent editions of his poetical works he
the lines altogether. He seems happily to
ad to repeat them. It was certainly very
to his general nature, which was aniable and
t, to pour contumely on the tomb of geains
the injudicious importunity of friends we may
upute the blame of this solitary speck on his

autumn of 1765, Mr. Gray, whose Elegy in y Church Yazd had raised him to the first one British poets, paid a visit to the Earl of re, at Glammis Castle. Dr. Beattie, who rethusiastic admirer, and, in some respects, imi-Gray, as soon as he heard of his arrival, ada letter to him, which led to a friendship ratinued without interruption till the death of

ne, 1767, Mr. Beattie married Miss Mary uighter of Dr. James Dun, Rector of the r School of Aberdeen.

eattie had now reached a high station of rethe literary world, but the great era of his yet to come. It was reserved for his "Essay h" to carry his fame far beyond all local and local partialities. In the year 1769 he

had completed the MS. of his Essay, but s difficulties occurred in procuring a bookseller to take the risk of its publication, that his Mr. Arbuthnot and Sir William Forbes, were to become, unknown to him, the purchasers of edition at the sum of fifty guineas. This ce work which, but for this generous act of frie might never have seen the light, made its apr in May, 1770. It excited immediate notic work of the kind ever before published had so and extensive a circulation. In less than for five large editions were sold, and it was transla the French and several other foreign language extreme eagerness with which it was bought read may doubtless be attributed, in a great n to temporary causes; to the earnestness with was recommended by all the most distin friends of religion in Great Britain, who he anxiously looking around for a champion to th of truth, against the attacks of Mr. Hume and c fidel writers; and to an honorable wish in the t general to grace the triumph of sound reasoni pernicious sophistry: but in no small degree the popular style in which the author had co to convey his sentiments, and to the genuine these sentiments themselves. With many ind of the highest rank in the church and state the had the pleasing satisfaction of dating his acqua from the publication of this work; among who Lord Mansfield; Lord Lyttleton; Dr. Porteus, of London; Dr. Hurd, Bishop of Wincheste Mr. Burke.

Although such eminent success had attend

philosophic excursion, he was far from forhis early favorites, the Muses. A few months se publication of the "Essay on Treth," Mr. published the first book of "The Minstrel" in at without his name. By this concealment he la more impartial and rigid judgment on its than in the high state of his reputation at ie he could have otherwise hoped for; and perhaps, was an experiment of this kind etwith a result more calculated to give to the e of approbation its highest sest. The best of poetical composition in the island loaded the on author with their commendations, praisier having adopted the elevated, yet difficult, men-Spenser, and for having the rare enthusiasm of iter to support and render it agreeable. The discovering in it the genuine poetry of nature ling, read it with such avidity, that before the had the second part ready, four editions of the re disposed of.

774 he published the "Second Book," with a I amended edition of the first; and now avowed as the author. The work in this enlarged state I no diminution of its popularity: edition after has ever since continued to be called for, and it who be regarded as among the standard poems of guage. The opinion which Lord Lyttelton exof the Minstrel might of itself serve to carry it mough many an age. The whole field of crimannot boast of a more enchanting encomiumatter to Mrs. Montagn he says, "I read your! last night with as much rapture as poetry in blest, sweetest charms, ever raised in my soul.

It seemed to me that my once most beloved minstrel Thomson was come down from heaven, refined by the converse of purer spirits than those he lived with here, to let me hear him sing again the beauties of nature, and the finest feelings of virtue, not with human, but with angelic strains."

Mrs. Montagu's friendship for Beattie commenced in 1771, on a visit which he then paid to London. At her house, he had the good fortune of meeting and becoming personally acquainted with Dr. Johnson, and several other of the most eminent writers of that period; with the whole of the literary society, indeed, whose conversations have been so pleasantly related by Boswell. In May, 1773, Mr. Beattie paid a second visit to London, and, on this occasion, was honored by several very flattering marks of distinction. The University of Oxford conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Laws; his majesty not only placed him on the civil list for a pension of 2001. but admitted him to the honor of a private interview at Kew; and Sir Joshua Reynolds made him a present of the admirable picture, in which he has given a portrait of Dr. Beattie, with an allegorical representation of the triumph which his "Truth" had achieved over sophistry, scepticism, and infidelity.

Soon after this visit to England, he received several flattering proposals to enter into the English church; but very prudently declined them. It could not but have derogated greatly from his character, to have seen the advocate of truth changing his religion for the sake of worldly advancement.

In October, 1773, the chair of natural and experimental philosophy in the University of Edinburgh

eg vacant, an offer of it was made to Dr. but this also he declined. In this, as in ep of his life, he seems to have weighed the consequences to his character with great ac-

He had already acquired an enviable emis a poet, a critic, and moral philosopher; mimental philosophy was all a new field to which even an ordinary reputation was not stained without a course of laborious and unting study, and new laurels were scarcely to d for by one beginning the study at so late a a life. Dr. Beattie besides, though his knowis extensive, confessedly knew little or nothe branches of mathematics, geometry, and cs; he used to say, indeed, that he not early turn for them, but that every application to zught on headaches. It is not without its ace to notice these facts; for, strange as it m, his biographers, instead of having recourse for the most natural explanation in the world, anduct in declining the chair of experimental hy in Edinburgh, have been pleased to dee Scottish capital as such a literary bearat this period, that the amiable Beattie was from removing thither from an apprehension he formation of a new society of friends ot be so easy or agreeable, in a place where nies of his principles were numerous"!! w had undoubtedly as great a share as inclin determining Dr. Beattie's choice on this ; and, to a mind so well regulated as his, it ve afforded a source of approving reflection, declining the chair, he left it open to one for

whom nature had more truly designed it, brated Professor Robertson.

In 1776, Dr. Beattie published a series o on Poetry and Music, on Laughable and L Composition, and on the Utility of Classica ing; in 1783, "Dissertations, Moral an cal;" in 1786, "the Evidences of the (Religion, briefly and plainly stated;" and and 1793, " Elements of Moral Science." these productions formed originally part of tl of prelections which he read from his cha university; and his aim, as he declared, i them, was " to inure young minds to habits a tive observation; to guard them against the i of bad principles; and to set before them su of nature, and such plain and practical ti may, at once, improve the heart and the unc ing, and amuse and elevate the fancy."

While thus delighting the world with the succession and variety of his productions, Drawas himself, unhappily, nearly all the while the severest private sufferings. A hereditary tim Mrs. Beattie to that most dreadful of a maladies, insanity, began, in a few years at marriage, to exhibit itself in caprices which er every hour of his life; and ended, at last, i of such confirmed alienation, as required should be secluded from the society of he The only offspring of their connection were to James Hay Beattie and Montagu Beattie. Bup to be every thing a father's heart could we tinguished for rising genius, sweetness of ten filial affection; but both it was his melanched.

consigned to an early grave, the eldest in his ty-second, and the youngest in his eighteenth . On the death of his son, James Hay Beattie. raght to alleviate his grief by writing an account is " Life and Character," which was afterwards ished along with some of his literary remains, is perhaps one of the most interesting and pac negratives in the language. It was the sorrow-"Minstrel's" parting effort; when he had disged this last sad duty to the memory of his son, id aside his pen, and never resumed it more. For years, however, he still continued, although intervals of depression and sickness, to deliver while lectures as usual; but, when his only surechild was also snatched from him, the blow more than his fortitude could sustain; taking a look of the dead body of his son, he said, " I now done with the world." From this period he n to withdraw from society, and brooded in siover the havoc which affliction had made in his v. until his mind seemed lost to all that was ng around him. Many times, he could not reet what had become of his son Montagu; and, searching in every room of the house, he would o his niece, Mrs. Glennie, "You may think it ge, but I must ask you if I have a son, and e he is?" When Mrs. G. on these occasions, serself under the painful necessity of bringing to recollection his son Montagu's sufferings, the ion of them always restored him to reason. He d then, with many tears, express his thankfulness he had no child, saying, in allusion to their mohereditary malady, "How could I have borne

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to see their elegant minds mangled with ma After three years passed in this melancholy string which he dropt all correspondence even dearest of his friends, he breathed his last on tof August, 1803, in the sixty-eighth year of His remains were deposited, according to his sire, close to those of his two sons, in the chur of St. Nicholas, at Aberdeen. The spot is by an elegant and classical description, wr his friend, Dr. James Gregory of Edinburgh.

The character of Dr. Beattie is one not of the mistaken. It is a character, as Cowper I which "appears in every page of his writing never, perhaps, was there a writer whose life tings were in stricter harmony. Purity in deed; great zeal for moral and religious thirst for fame through good done to societ the grand features which marked his path Among the minor or rather subordinate traits ranked his freedom from all self conceit; trally perfect knowledge which he possesse own powers and attainments; and the skill dence by which, amid the numerous literar tures which he made, he encountered only stance of decisive failure.

The Essay on Truth, notwithstanding to share which it had in contributing to his fan with safety, be pronounced as among the less ble of his productions. The work was p and there never yet was any thing polemical for immortality. As a piece of reasoning, it v

^{*} Lately deceased.

The miscellaneous "Essays" and "Dissertations," south of less pretension than the work on Truth, to probably possessed of quite as much real merit. here is something singularly pleasing in the style of mark which pervades them. The author has, in a present degree, the art of carrying his reader along its him; rarely perplexing or offending by any nice istinctions or bold paradoxes; and, at every step, aking the fancy in love with some precious truth, by to elegance of dress with which it is adorned.

It is by the poem of the MINSTREL, however, that he name of Beattie is most certain of continuing to e admired through future ages. The favour in which is universally held speaks more than volumes of niticism can do in its praise. To give specimens of hat is in every one's hands would, indeed, be idle whour; but one quotation, at least, may be permitted the sake of the criticism which it has called forth om one of the first of English bards.

, how can thou renounce the boundless store f charms which Nature to her votary yields! he warbling woodland, the resounding shore, he pomp of groves, the garniture of fields. All that the general ray of morning gilds,
And all that echoes to the song of even,
All that the mountain's sheltering bosom shield
And all the dread magnificence of heaven;
O, how can'st thou renounce, and hope to be for

In a criticism on the Minstrel, which Gray conicated to the author, he says of this passage, is true poetry; this is inspiration!"

Among the minor pieces in the first edition Beattic's poems there is an Epitaph, which evi appears to have been designed for himself, not be said to be very characteristic; all the except the last, being adapted to general naturities a curiosity of its kind, and distinguished inconsiderable share of epigrammatic excellent.

EPITAPH.

Escap'd the gloom of mortal life, a soul
Here leaves its mould'ring tenement of cli
Safe, where no cares their 'whelming billows
No doubts bewilder, and no hopes betray.
Like thee I once have stemm'd the sea of lif
Like thee have languish'd after empty joy

Like thee have labour'd in the stormy strife, Been griev'd for trifles and amus'd with t Yet for a while 'gainst passion's threatful ble Let steady reason urge the struggling oar Till thro' the murky gloom the morn, at last

Forget my frailties, thou art also frail;
Forgive my lapses, for thyself may'st fa
Nor read, unmov'd, my artless tender tale;
I was a friend, O Man! to thee and all.

Gives to the longing eye the blissful short

ROBERT BURNS.

Scotland owns no name of which it has greater reason to be proud than that of Robert Burns. He had no pretensions, by birth, beyond that of being the son of a poor, but honest, man. His father, William Burns, or rather Burnes, was a native of the north of Scotland, and the son of a farmer; but was thrown, by early misfortunes, on the world at large. He shaped his course to Edinburgh, where he sought occupation as a gardener, wrought hard when he could get work, and passed through many difficulties. From Edinburgh, he wandered into the county of Ayr, where he engaged himself as a gardener to the laird of Fairly, and afterwards to Crawford of Doonside. Being, at length, desirous of settling in life, he took a perpetual lease of seven acres of land, situated about two miles from the town of Ayr, from Dr. Campbell, physician in Ayr, with the view of commencing nurseryman and public gardener; and having built a cottage of clay upon the spot with his own hands, married, in December, 1757, Agnes Brown. The first fruit of this marriage was the poet, Robert Burns, who was born on the 25th of January, 1759.

Before William Burns had made much progress in his nursery, his attention was withdrawn from it by an invitation from a Mr. Ferguson, who had recently become proprietor of the neighbouring estate of PART 1.]

158 LIVES OF EMINENT SCOTSM Doonholm, to engage as his gardener Although he entered into the service son, he continued to live in his own the acres, once intended for the nurse two or three milch cows, the produce managed. In this state of unambiti industrious pair continued for six or had no change taken place, young bably have marched off to be one o lings about a farm house; but it w dearest wish and prayer to have keep his children under his own e discern between good and evil; ance of Mr. Ferguson, who b generosity, he ventured, in the l means, to take a lease of a sma man's estate, called Mount Oli In his early years, young P

a favorite with any body. H tive memory, a stubborn stur position, and a contemplat mind. His ear was remark: untunable; it was long, inc got to distinguish one tune seeds of poetry, however, his infant mind, and were rished by the fireside re who resided in the famil lity and superstition, and the largest collection i songs, concerning fairi tions, giants, dragons, fiction.

When in his year, Robert was sent, with a Demographic Tro. ... ert, to school, and soon became a excurent English olar; and by the time he ten or eleven ye of age, was a critic in subimiliant, verbs, and pure to The teacher to whom s owed the chief part on one education was a very withy and acute man, of the name of Murdoch. the took a degree of pains not very common with were the best of this invaluable class of men, to make b pupil acquainted with the meaning of every word stand; as the surest means of which, he was in the thelics of making him turn verse into its natural were order, to substitute synonymous expressions for section words, and to supply all the ellipses. From his excellent system of tuition, Robert became early emarkable for the fluency and correctness of his exwession, and for the profit with which he read every tek which came in his way. All, indeed, that may called the machinery of thinking he had acquired; d this was ten times more than our self-taught untryman, Edmund Stone, the mathematician, used think was necessary for the purpose, as may be allected from his well-known answer to the Duke Argyle, when asked, "How he had come by the wledge of so many things?" "A servant taught to read ten years since; does any one need to r more than the twenty-four letters, in order to every thing else that one wishes." e passages of his school books, in which Burns

e passages of his school books, in which Burns the greatest pleasure, shewed, at once, the bent mind. The Vision of Mirza, and Addison's beginning, How are thy Servants blest, O Lord! is earliest favorites. One half stanza of the 160 LIVES OF EMINENT SCOTSMEN. latter was, in particular, music to his boyish will be instantly recognized by many, as havi a similar impression on them at school.

" For though on dreadful whirls we hun High on the broken wave."

The first two books which he read in priv which he used to say gave him more pleas any two books he ever read after, were The Hannibal, and The History of Sir William W

In consequence of the distance of Mount (from school, William Burns found it necessar after removing thither, to take his boys ho became himself their future preceptor. An lous one they could not have had; nor, in a concerns the culture of the understanding, co have probably had a better. He was both a gent and a well informed man, and was estudious to give his boys the benefit of all I He used to converse familiarly with them on jects as if they had been men, and was at gre while they accompanied him in the labour farm, to lead the conversation to such sul might enlarge their stock of ideas, and confi in virtuous habits.

As soon as Robert had strength to work, employed laboriously on the farm. At tw could hold the plough; at thirteen, he ass threshing the crop of corn; and at fifteen, his father's principal labourer, for the family hired servant, male or female.

The only exceptions to this course of early sisted of a few weeks in the summer of 177

as sent to the parish-school of Dalrymple, to we in writing; and three weeks in the ensuing which he spent at Ayr, with his old teacher, Mr. loch, who, by that time, had been appointed er of the English school of that town, and with e assistance he not only revised his English grambut acquired as much knowledge of the French, be able to read and understand any prose aun that language.

was between his fifteenth and sixteenth year Robert Burns first committed the sin of rhyme. a custom of the country to class the male and e reapers into pairs in the labours of the harvest. s fifteenth autumn, his partner was a bewitching are, a year younger than himself, who altogeinwittingly initiated him in that delicious paswhich formed ever after the ruling influence s life. Among her other love-inspiring qualities, ang sweetly; and it was her favorite reel to Burns attempted to give an embodied vehicle yme. He was not so presumptuous as to imathat he could make verses like printed ones, osed by men who had learned Greek and Latin; is girl sung a song which was said to have been osed by a small country laird's son, on one of ther's maids, with whom he was in love; and w no reason why he might not rhyme as well as or, excepting that the laird's son could smear , and cast peats, his father living in the moorhe had no more scholar-craft than Burns him-It was thus, that with Burns love and poetry 1 together; and then rhyme and song became, manner, the spontaneous language of his heart.

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The farm of Mount Oliphant proved to Buns a ruinous speculation. He struggled it, however, till he reached a breach in t availing himself of which, he gave it up, and on another farm, called Lechlee, in the Tarbolton, to which he removed at Whi 1777. For four years, the family lived con here, but a difference, at length, arose with lord as to the terms of occupation, and, a years' litigation, William Burns was only say the horrors of a jail, by a consumption which he stepped in and carried him away to "where the cease from troubling, and the weary are at a

The seven years of Burns' residence with at Lochlee, were marked by little literary ment, but the foundation was during this of certain habits, which strongly marked h character through life. He had early felt : rings of ambition, but they were the blind of Homer's Cyclops round the walls of his loathed the situation in which fortune had pla but was without any other direct aim or life; a situation more ruinous, perhaps, t other that can possibly happen to a young towering genius and susceptible heart. Me a strong appetite for society; a constitutions choly, which made him fly solitude; a for observation and remark; a certain wild logic and some reputation for bookish knowledge: bined to make Burns a welcome guest wh visited, and to make it rare for two or three together, without his being of the number. beyond all other impulses of his heart was a softer and fairer objects of nature's creation; never at ease, without being the victim of air enslaver. "If any thing on earth," says MS. of observations written about this period, was the name of rapture or transport, it is the of green eighteen in the company of the sof his heart, when she repays him with an arm of affection." And yet, with all this deplease, Burns was, for some time, the most unaukward lad in the parish; nor, until he had, eventeenth year, taken some lessons at a councing school, and mixed a good deal in social did this aukwardness wear away.

is nineteenth summer, a new circumstance octo give some alteration to his mind and man-He was sent by his father to the parish-school oswald, a good distance from home, to learn ation, surveying, dialing, &c. The trade of mg was, at this time, carried on to a great exng this part of the western coast, and it someappened to Burns to fall in with those who it on. Scenes of swaggering riot and roaring ion were, till this time, new to Burns; but enemy to social life, and it being the joy of t " to study men, their manners, and their he was not deterred from mixing in them. first learnt to till his glass, and to mix, without bacchanalian orgies. It was mixing, however, participating; for it was long after ere his habits said to have deviated at all from the line of riety. He went into these scenes not to give his own passions, but to see and observe the s of the passions of others; he had early

conceived an idea, that he was as one sent world for no other purpose but to mark the c of others; and it was enough to recommend to his society, that there was something about him, which exhibited human nature in a light from any thing he had met with before. darling habit of observation, Burns, indeed, s almost every other consideration. Long t quitted Lochlee, or was at all known to the 1 tells us that he made no scruple of even " the acquaintance of that part of mankind, co called blackguards; those who by thoughtle gality or headstrong passions have been c ruin. Though disgraced by follies, may so stained with guilt, he yet found among then a few instances, some of the noblest virtues,nimity, generosity, disinterested friendship, modesty."*

While making this progress in the know mankind, Burns did not neglect the more in objects for which he had been sent to Kirl but pursued his geometrical studies with grill the sun entered Virgo, a month which wa a carnival in his bosom; when a charming glived close by the school, overset his trigor and set him off at a tangent from the sphe studies. It was in vain to think of doing a good at school. One week more which he did nothing but rave about her, or steal out her; and, during the two last nights of his

^{*} Burns, of himself-written March, 1

Kirkoswald, had sleep been a mortal sin, the image of his fair charmer would have kept him guiltless.

Burns returned home somewhat wiser, and perhaps not worse, than when he left it; but he was still without any definite plan for his future guidance. While all his school-fellows and youthful compeers were striking off, with eager hope and earnest intent, in some one or other of the many paths of busy life, he alone was " standing idle in the market-place," or only left the chace of the butterfly from flower to flower, to hunt fancy from whim to whim. Vive Pamour et vive la bagatelle! were, for the moment, his sole principles of action. Poetry was still an exercise in which his mind delighted, but it was only indulged in according to the humour of the hour. He had usually half a dozen or more pieces on hand at a time, and took up one or other as it suited the tone of his mind, dismissing it again as the work bordered on fatigue. His passions, when once lighted up, raged with violence till they got vent in rhyme, and then the conning over his verses, like a spell, soothed all into quiet.

About the end of the year 1780, Burns and his brother Gilbert having heard that a debating society had been established in Ayr, resolved to try how such an institution would succeed in the village of Tarbolton. Joining themselves to five other young peasants of the neighbourhood, they formed what they chose to call the Backelor's Club of Tarbolton; the declared objects of which were to relax themselves after toil, to promote sociality and friendship, and to improve the mind. The laws and regulations were furnished by Burns; and, in the last of them, we have the fol-

lowing happy designation of the qualification

sary for becoming a member.

"Every man proper for a member of this must have a frank, honest, open heart, abt thing dirty or mean, and must be a profess of one or more of the female sex. No hang conceited person, who looks upon himself as to the rest of the club, and especially no mea ed worldly mortal, whose only will is to I money, shall upon any pretence whatever be ted. In short, the proper person for this soc cheerful, honest-hearted lad; who, if he has that is true, and a mistress that is kind, and wealth as genteelly to make both ends meet, i happy as the world can make him."

This society never exceeded the number of but continued its meetings regularly for som Burns took a leading part in its discussions, & he did not disdain to make considerable preand and thus improved greatly in that fluency of sion, for which he had been remarkable from

liest years.

In his twenty-third year, partly through wipartly from a wish to set about doing some life, he thought of turning flax-dresser, and of or a time in that employment at Irvine; but trial of six months, abandoned it as agreeing with his health nor inclination.

The melancholy to which Burns was cons ally subject now increased upon him to su gree, that he began to grow sick of life. W his father before he left Irvine, he thus despo expressed himself: "I am quite transporte st, that est long, perhaps very soon, I shall bid snal adieu to all the pains and uneasiness, and studes, of this weary life; for I assure you I stily tired of it, and if I do not very much myself, I could contentedly and gladly re-

The soul, uneasy and confin'd at home, ests and expatiates in a life to come.

is for this reason I am more pleased with the 16th, and 17th verses of the 9th chapter of tions, than with any ten times as many verses whole bible, and would not exchange the noble issue with which they inspire me, for all that ald has to offer."

Therefore as they are before the throns of God, we him day and night in his temple; and he that on the throne shall dwell among them.

They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any neither shall the sun light on them nor any heat.

For the Lamb that is in the midst of the throne ed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains rs; and God shall wipe away all tears from their

relancholy of this description, as those who tudied the affinities of mind must know, is er a while, to seek relief in the endearments ety, and has no distant connection with the cheerfulness, or even the extravagance of A youth of so susceptible a disposition as

^{*} Currie.

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Burns had not to wander long after consolation new divinity rekindled the flame of love in his be and a lover's hopes soon revived all nature as him.

How sweetly bloom'd the gay, green birk,
How rich the hawthorn's blossom!
As underneath their fragrant shade,
I clasp'd her to my bosom!
The golden hours on angel wings,
Flew o'er me and my dearie;
For dear to me as light and life,
Was my sweet Highland Mary.

The gleam of bliss, unhappily, was but train The object of this passion died early in life Burns was again thrown into the profoundest in choly. None of all his early attachments equation that to his Highland Mary, and years after, the membrance of it was still so vivid, as to give be the beautiful lines which he has addressed to Milleauen.

Thou lingering star with less'ning ray,
That lov'st to greet the early morn!
Again thou usher'st in the day,
My Mary from my soul was torn.
O, Mary, dear, departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his bre

The claims on Burns as a son and a brother h broke in upon the indulgence of his personal? The embarrassments connected with the fa į

Lochlee were now drawing near to a crisis, and his father, the victims of a consumption, was fast hastening to his end. With a view of providing an asylum for the family in case of the worst, Robert and his brother Gilbert, the two eldest of seven children, took a lease of the farm of Mosageil; in the vicinity, from Mr. Gavin Hamilton, writer in Manchline. The farm was stocked by the property and individual savings of the whole family; it was, in fact, a joint concern among them; and thither they all removed at Martinmas, 1783. William Burns survived this removal only a few months, and left Robert, them in his twenty-fifth year, at the head of the family.

Burns entered on his new undertaking with a full sublation to go to and be wise. He read farming books, issociated crops, attended markets; but, unfortustily, the first year from buying bad seed, the second from a late harvest, they lost half their crops. Disheartened by these failures, Burns gave up his part in the farm to his brother Gilbert; and resolved to go to the West Indies to push his fortune. The idol of his heart was, at this time, Jean Armour, afterwards Mrs. Burns; and as consequences existed from their connexion, which could no longer be concealed, it was agreed, in order to shield her from the consequences of their imprudence, that they should make a written acknowledgment of an irregular private marriage, and that she should remain with her father till it might please Providence to put the means of supporting a family in his power. Burns accordingly entered into an engagement to go out to Jamaica as an assistant overseer or book-keeper to an estate. Not

having money enough, however, to pay his I he, at the suggestion of Mr. Hamilton, the I of Mossgiel, who had always shewn a strong ship for him, published a volume of his po subscription, as a likely way of supplying t ciency. "My vanity," says Burns, "was gratified by the reception I met with from the and besides, after all expences deducted, I p nearly twenty pounds. This sum came very seas as I was thinking of indenting myself for want o to procure my passage. As soon as I was m nine guineas, the price of wasting me to th sone, I took a steerage passage in the first si was to sail from the Clyde, for

Hungry ruin had me in the wind.

I had for some days been skulking from c covert, under all the terrors of a jail; as som vised people had, (on account of his about-to-l nal relation,) uncoupled all the merciless pacl law at my heels. I had taken the last farewe. few friends; my chest was on the road to Gr I had composed the last song I should ever me Caledonia, The gloomy night is gathering fast : letter from Dr. Blacklock to a friend of mir threw all my schemes, by opening new pros my poetic ambition. The doctor belonged of critics for whose applause I had not dared His opinion that I would meet with encourage Edinburgh for a second edition, fired me se that away I posted for that city without a sir quaintance or a single letter of introduction baneful star that had so long shed its blastin

POETS .- ROBERT BURNS. ence in my zenith, for once made a revolution to the nadir; and a kind providence placed me under the patronage of one of the noblest of men, the Earl of Glencairn. Oublie moi, grand Dieu! si jamais je l'oublie."

At the time when Burns arrived in Edinburgh his poems had attracted the notice of the gentlemen who were then publishing the periodical paper called the Lounger. The 97th number was devoted to "an account of Robert Burns, the Ayrshire Ploughman, with extracts from his poems," and was written by the elegant pen of Mr. Mackenzie, author of the Man of Feeling, &c. The Lounger having an extensive circulation among persons of taste and literature, and being much regarded for the weight of its decisions, Burns could not have had a more favorable introduction to the notice of the world. His society was immediately sought after by persons of all ranks and classes; he was feasted, caressed, and flattered, as if it had been impossible to reward his merit too highly; and whether absent or present, the Ayrshire Ploughman and his genius were the objects which engrossed all attention and all consideration. Had Burns been merely a poet, the public curiosity having gratified itself might have soon left him to sink into comparative neglect; but his natural talents for conversation, and strong and various powers of mind, made on very circle so captivating an impression, that the ore he was known he was only the more prized. The best friends of Burns began to tremble for the asequences which so sudden and extraordinary a ange in all his habits and hopes in life might have his character; but his conduct ought quickly to e set their fears at rest. Burns, though but a

ploughman, had been too diligent an observer man life, and knew too well where the strengt own character lay, to be dazzled by the glitter greatness, or overset by the careases of mul His manners continued as they were at first, an ceased to be to the last hour of his life, simple, and independent; strongly expressive of co genius and worth; but without any thing the cated forwardness, arrogance, or vanity. He t share in conversation, but not more than belo him; and listened with attention and defere subjects where he was in want of information. asked about his future prospects he spoke with ration, good sense, and firmness. "The app of a Scottish bard is by far my highest pride; tinue to deserve it is my most exalted as Scottish scenes and Scottish story are the tl could wish to sing. I have no dearer aim than it in my power, unplagued with the routine ness, for which heaven knows I am unfit en make leisurely pilgrimages through Caledonia on the fields of her battles; to wander on the banks of her rivers; and to muse by the statel or venerable ruins, once the honored abode heroes. But these are all Utopian thoughts dallied long enough with life; 'tis time to be nest; I have a fond aged mother to care for, a other bosom ties, perhaps, equally tender. the individual only suffers by the consequenc own thoughtlessness, indolence, or folly, he excusable; nay, shining abilities and some

^{*} Professor Stewart.

r virtues may half sanctify a heedless character; here God and nature have entrusted the welfare iers to his care; where the trust is sacred and the re dear; that man must be far gone in selfishness, angely lost to reflection, whom these connections of rouse to exertion."

e Earl of Glencairn, of whose patronage Burns seed bimself in the fervent terms of gratitude e quoted, introduced the bard to the meetings of 'aledonian Hunt, an association of the principal ity and gentry of Scotland. Burns repaid the ous attention which they bestowed upon him by ating to them an enlarged and improved edition s poems. The consciousness of desert swelled r now in his bosom than it had yet done; and in ing of himself in this dedication he thus boldly ed his station in renown.

he poetic genius of my country found me, as the etic bard Elijah did Elisha, at the Proven; irew her inspiring mantle over me. She bade me he loves, the joys, the rural scenes, and rural ires, of my native soil, in my native tongue: I my wild artless notes as she inspired."

the first profits of this edition Burns was enabled tify a desire, which he had long entertained, of ng those parts of his native country most attractive eir beauty or their grandeur, but more especially chosen spots which the muses had consecrated pastoral scenes on the banks of the Tweed, the k, the Yarrow, and the Nith, first attracted his footsteps; returning westward from which he ted, with elated heart, his Coila's native haunts. In 8th June, 1787, he arrived at Mossgiel, after

an absence of six busy and eventful monthseasily be conceived with what delight he was r by his mother, his brothers, and sisters. He them poor; he returned to them easy in his stances and high in reputation. He returned unchanged in his ardent affections, and ready with them, to the last farthing, the pittance that had bestowed.

After a few days spent at Mossgiel, Burns pre again to Edinburgh, and immediately set out o to the west Highlands. From this journey he r to his friends in Ayrshire, with whom he sp month of July. In August he again visited Edi whence, in the course of the same month, he n excursion to explore the banks of the Forth, an mantic tributary the Devon.

In September he again set out from Edinbur more extended tour to the north; passed thro heart of the Highlands; stretched northward ten miles beyond Inverness; then bent his com ward across the island, and returned by the ; the German sea to the capital.

Every step which Burns took in the coursevarious peregrinations was directed by poetic siasm. Not a spot which has become the sul song was passed unsought after or unexplored. used to say, indeed, when speaking of our songs, that as far as the locality either from to or the air, or the subject, could be ascertained, visited the individual spot from which every them had taken its rise, Lochaber and the Bruss lenden excepted.

It is almost unnecessary to say, that at ever

he visited he was treated with the same flattering attention which he had experienced at the capital, and received as a welcome guest by the noble, the learned, and the gay.

The winter of 1787 1788, he spent at Edinburgh, and in February, 1788, on settling with his publisher, found himself in possession of nearly five hundred pounds. With this sum he hastened to Ayrshire, and immediately advanced 200l. to his brother Gilbert, who, with their mother and the rest of the family, was struggling with many difficulties in the farm of Mossgiel. His generous heart next turned to the object of its still dearer attachment, whom he found, on account of her constancy to him, "literally and truly cast out," by her parents, "to the mercy of the naked elements;" and listening to no considerations but those of honour and generosity, he repaired, by a public marriage, the momentary ills which he had caused her to endure.

With about 300l., a wife, and a young family, Burns was now, in a domestic sense, to begin the world. He was not a little perplexed, however, about the course of life which it was best for him to pursue; his mind appears to have wavered between returning to the labours of the plough, and employing the interest of the friends he had acquired to procure him some situation under government; and in the end, instead of chusing between them, he stumbled on an unfortunate combination of both speculations. In a letter, written at this period, to Mr. Graham, of Fintry, one of the Commissioners of Excise, soliciting his official patronage, he says: "I had intended to have closed my last appearance

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on the stage of life in the character of a country. farmer; but after discharging some filial and paternal claims, I find I could only fight for existence in that miserable manner which I have lived to see throw a venerable parent into the jaws of a jail; whence death, the poor man's last and often best friend, rescued He wrote to the same effect to his early patron, the Earl of Glencairn. While expatiating thus sensibly, however, on the folly of undertaking a farm without adequate capital, styling it most justly "a fight for existence;" Burns was, nevertheless, in treaty with Mr. Miller, of Dalswinton, for the lease of one of his farms in Nithsdale, and actually concluded an agreement for that of Ellisland about the time that he received a favorable answer to his application for an appointment in the excise.

The inconsistency of this conduct was, after all, more seeming than real. The letters of Burns to the Earl of Glencairn and Mr. Graham may be regarded (they will be so by posterity) as a significant intimation to the gentlemen of Scotland, that there was something yet remaining for them to do, to save the greatest poet their country had ever produced, from falling back into the sphere of humble and laborious life. They had extolled him, they had caressed him, but as yet they had taken no step to place him permanently above the necessity of daily toil, and thus to secure to the country the benefit of the full and free exercise of that matchless mind which he possessed. Driven at last to solicit, the proud nature of Burns disdained soliciting more than any person, without the slightest pretensions, might have asked; in irony rather than in good carnest he requested to be made an exciseman, an ocon not only the lowest which he could have but actually odious in the eyes of the people, ad not yet accustomed themselves to bear with cace the system of inquisition of which it is a A proposal which ought to have filled with every breast sensible of his value as a poet, or n the honor of the country, instead of stirring up ading men of the day to find some more honorrovision for the indignant supplicant, was comtily listened to, and to the everlasting disgrace of e, a commission was sent to Coila's bard to be a r! Need we be surprised that Burns, on disme the extent of what he had to hope from the age of the great, should, in spite of all that his ace and experience told him of the difficulties to sountered in any farming project, have resolved hazards to make the experiment, rather than arily sink at once to the ignoble station to his generous patrons had agreed to shove him

In a letter written at this period, he says, mixture of scorn and humility: "the commisses by me, and at any future period on my simple in can be resumed. I thought five and thirty a a year was no bad dernier resort for a poor if fortune, in her jade tricks, should kick him from the little eminence to which she has lately him up."

ms entered on possession of the farm of Ellisin June, 1788. In this situation he did not and not prosper. A small tenant with a trifling

To Mrs. Dunlop.

LIVES OF EMINENT SCOTSMEN. capital, he could only purchase success by personal labour and a frugality approaching to penury; but both were alike in opposition to perament and to the habits of Burns. "The the man and the fancy of the poet," says he, it written from Ellisland, in December, 1788, two grand considerations for which I live; ridges and dirty dunghills are to engross the 1 of the functions of my soul immortal, I had be a rook or a magpie at once." Both "the hea man and the fancy of the poet" had soon amy for indulgence. His fame naturally drew u the attention of his neighbours, and he formed a general acquaintance in the district i he lived. Far and near he was a welcome gu on every occasion of festivity among the genti Nithsdale, the company of the bard was eas licited. The farm in the meanwhile, for want attention which he could not or would not pr and which he was unable to purchase from othe ed a thriftless concern, and ere long he began it with despondency and disgust. His min turned to the "dernier resort" which the rable generosity of his country had secu him, and applying to the Commissioners of to be employed, he was appointed to be of the district in which Ellisland was s His farm was after this, in a great measure doned to servants, while he betook himself duties of his new office; and, at last, prude not necessity, compelled him to relinquish it ther, after having occupied it three years and

It was while residing at Ellisland, that

ote his "Tam o' Shanter," one of the best of all productions. The circumstances which gave rise it are worthy of a place in literary history. The ebrated Captain Grose having, on his tour through otland, stopped some time at Carse House, in the ghbourhood of Ellisland, with Captain Riddel, of n Riddel, a particular friend of Burns, the antirian and the poet became " unco pack and thick gither." Burns requested that Captain Grose, en he should visit Ayrshire, would make a drawof Alloway Kirk, as it was the burial place of his her, and where he himself had some claim to lay on his bones; adding, by way of encouragement, t it was the scene of many a good story of witches apparitions, of which he knew the captain was d. The captain agreed to the request, provided poet would furnish a witch story to be printed ng with it. Tam o' Shanter was accordingly proed, and was first printed in Grose's Antiquities of land.

he first appointment which Burns had in the exproduced about fifty pounds per annum; but ing acquitted himself to the satisfaction of the ard of Commissioners, he had, about the time of leaving Ellisland, been appointed to a new dist, the emoluments of which rose to about seventy uds per annum. This humble income was now hat he had to trust to for the support of himself and family, with whom he removed to Dumfries, about end of the year 1791.

During the ensuing year, Burns was solicited by a er from Mr. George Thomson of Edinburgh, to I him his aid in perfecting a select collection of

Scottish airs and songs, of which the projected the publication. Mr. T that " some charming melodies w nonsense and doggrel, while other dated with rhymes, so loose and in could not be sung in decent compa to say, " To remove this reproach task to the author of the Cotter's S for the honour of Caledonia I we may be induced to take up the pe at the same time added, of " pavir price" he might demand for his con acceded to the proposal with enthus subject of pay, thus generously e " As to any remuneration, you ma either above or below price; for the either be the one or the other. In t asm with which I embark in you talk of money, wages, hire, &c. we prostitution of soul. A proof of e that I compose or amend, I shall re

For the four succeeding years, to may be said to have been almost the success of this undertaking; as every one must know, has been songs which he furnished to this nearly all he wrote during the period with the correspondence connected occupy two thirds of one of the very some said to be a succeeding the said to be a succeeding the said to be a succeeding to the said to be a succeeding the said to be a succeeding to the said to t

See some explanation of this in Itamsay.

lition of Burns' works. The correspondence with the following affecting and memorable.

(Mr. Burns to Mr. Thomson.)

Brow on the Solway Firth, 12th July, 1796.

AFTER all my boasted independence, eccesity compels me to implore you for five . A crael **** of a haberdasher, to whom I s account, taking it into his head that I am has commenced a process, and will infallibly into jail. Do, for God's sake, send me that nd that by return of post. Forgive me this ness, but the horrors of a jail have made me stracted. I do not ask all this gratuitously; on returning health, I hereby promise and enfarnish you with five pounds worth of the song genius you have seen. I tried my hand this morning. The measure is so t, that it is impossible to infuse much genius e lines; they are on the other side. Forgive, me!

(Answer.)

dear Sir,

14th July, 1796.

EVER since I received your melanetter by Mrs. Hislop,* I have been ruminating

ated three months before. A letter not conany request for money, but a most moving of suffering. "I close my eyes," he says, isery, and open them without hope. I look on nal day, and say, with poor Ferguson,

wherefore has an all-indulgent heaven
t to the comfortless and wretched given?" A. s.
T 1.]

B

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in what manner I could endeavour to alleviat sufferings. Again and again I thought of a niary offer, but the recollection of one of your on this subject, and the fear of offending your is dent spirit, checked my resolution. I thank you is therefore for the frankness of your letter of the and with great pleasure inclose a draft for t sum I proposed sending. Would I were Chane the Exchequer but for one day, for your sake!

The verses to Rothemurche will answer fine am happy to see you can still tune your lyre.

Poor Burns! How liberally for others, how na for himself, was his generous disdain of pec considerations interpreted! Year after year been contributing, by the noblest efforts of to establish a valuable property for another; a that property had never yielded a single shill assist him in the severe struggle which he mu gone through to support a young and numer mily on the small income which his situation excise afforded! When, at last, compelled by horrors of a jail" to "implors" five pounds, account of all he had done, but of somethin; to which he was still willing to task his strength, how must every feeling mind be pai learn, that the paitry sum was transmitted w assurance from his generous correspondent, tl had been three long months "ruminating" something of the kind, and that the sum now is was " the very sum he proposed sending!" Mr. ' son may be a very respectable man; his corr ce with Burns shews him to be a sound critic and an of taste; and his country is indebted to him the best collection existing of the Scottish airs and gs of past and modern times; but* Vhen Burns wrote this last letter to Mr. Thomson " Brow on the Solway Firth," he had retired her to try the effects of sea-bathing in renovating institution never strong by nature, and much reed by a course of life, marked, since his residence Jumfries, by irregularities to which his constituwas unequal; but which his most unsuitable ation rendered almost unavoidable. Though of athletic form, he had in his constitution all the uliarities and the delicacies that belong to the perament of genius. He was liable, from a very y period of life to that interruption in the process digestion, which arises from deep and anxious ught. Connected with this disorder of the stoch, there was a disposition to headache, frequently ompanied by violent and irregular movements of heart. Possessed of great sensibility of nerves, rms was in his corporeal, as well as in his mental, tem, liable to inordinate impressions, to fever of ly as well as of mind. This predisposition to dise, which strict temperance in diet, regular exerand sound sleep, might have subdued, habits a different nature strengthened and inflamed. e inordinate actions of the circulating system bene, at length, habitual; the process of nutrition



[•] The author will excuse the suppression here of ne comments which verge on undue severity; the t besides is one which requires none.

was unable to supply the waste, and life began to fail.*

For more than a year before his de an evident decline in his personal a though his appetite continued unim himself sensible that his constitution At first, he imagined that the sea ba of benefit to him, but a new attack of brought him to a full sense of his hop He spoke of his death without any of of philosophy, but with firmness as w as an event likely to happen very se gave him concern, chiefly on accoun and unprotected family which he mus him. He expressed, at the same tim gree of concern about his literary fam larly the publication of his posthume said, he was well aware that his death some noise, and that every scrap of hi be revived against him to the injury o putation; that letters and verses, wr guarded and improper freedom, and wi ly wished to have buried in oblivion, w about by idle vanity and malevolence, of his resentment would restrain them. censures of shrill-tongued malice, or sarcasms of envy, from pouring forth : to blast his fame.

He returned to his own house, at Du 18th of July, 1796, no longer able to

^{*} Currie.

d on the fourth day thereafter expired, in the irty-eighth year of his age.

The death of Robert Burns made a deep impresmen the town and county in which he had spent e latter years of his life, and, indeed, throughout e whole of Scotland. His countrymen, now that ey had lost him, seemed, for the first time, to have sense of his inestimable worth.

The remains of the ill-fated bard were honored by splendid public burial; subscriptions were opened the relief of his family, and liberally filled up; we editions of his works were called for; and the

ess groaned with tributes to his memory.

He died in great poverty, but he died " owing no an." The independence of his spirit, and the explary prudence of his wife, had preserved him from bt, and from every sort of pecuniary meanness. om his first entrance into life to his dying moments, had been a strict economist; not as he says in a ter written to his old schoolmaster, Mr. Murdoch, early as January, 1783, " for the sake of money; t one of the principal parts in my composition is a ad of pride of stomach; and I scorn to fear the e of any man living." In another letter, written a gentleman ten years afterwards,* enclosing yment of a debt, which he says had been owing iger than he owed money to any man, he adds, th honest pride, " And now I don't owe a shilling man or woman either."

It is true, that " the horrors of a gaol" haunted n at last; that they drove him to make the humble

^{*} To John M'Murdo, Esq. Dec. 1793.

appeal which he did to the generosity of Mr. son. But what were the circumstances which b on this sad reverse? It has only recently or the light, that small as the salary was which derived from the excise, that little all was unc edly diminished one half, in consequence of a lation of the board of commissioners, that all s shall suffer a diminution to this extent, when are incapacitated by illness from attending t dutics. Heartless, unfeeling regulation! Wi half of his usual resources thus cut off; with le the hire of the meanest labourer, to supply the of a wife and four children, to supply his own while in the last stage of mortal anguish and ing: is it surprising that Burns should haveing some few obligations, which filled his proudly tive mind with alarms? Is it not rather aston that such a trifle, as that which he implored a ceived from Mr. Thomson, should have suffice discharge the only demand which pressed up in his dying moments?

If there could be any doubt as to the di which attaches to the gentlemen of Scotland, f fering a man of Burns's talents to descend at the station of an ordinary exciseman, to toil daily bread, there can be none whatever as everlasting shame which they incurred by all him to remain for years in that degraded When Burns at first applied for a contingent at ment in this service, intending to hold it as som in reserve against the worst that might befal his suppressed the feelings with which it was imp for a man of his noble and aspiring soul not to

it; but when necessity had, at last, thrust the situation upon him, and when he had seen years pass away without any generous offer to raise him above it, he scrupled not to avow how much he felt it had degraded him. In a letter, written to Mr. Grahame of Fintry, to vindicate himself from some injurious representations which had been made to the board of excise, respecting his conduct, he has the following eloquent passage:

often, in blasting anticipation, have I listened to some future backney scribbler, with the heavy malice of savage stupidity, exultingly asserting that Burns, notwithstanding the fanfaronade of independence to be found in his works, and after having been held up to public view, and to public estimation, as a man of some genius, yet quite destitute of resources within himself to support his borrowed dignity, dwindled into a paltry erciseman, and slunk out the rest of his insignificant existence in the meanest of pursuits, and among the lowest of mankind.

"In your illustrious hands, sir, permit me to lodge my strong disavowal and defiance of such slauderous falsehoods. Burns was a poor man from his birth, and an excisman by necessity: but I will say it, the sterling of his honest worth poverty could not debase, and his independent British spirit oppression might bend but could not subdue."

It has been said, and too often repeated, that Burns, during his latter years—nay, from the very moment of entering into society—gave himself up to habits of intemperance, and died its victim. How little to be cavied are the feelings of those who can take pleasure in drawing aside the veil from the social follies

or weaknesses of such a man as Burns! Wer fact even as represented, does it become that co which so cruelly neglected him, to speak with se of any alleviation which his wounded spirit may sought from the state of humiliation and mise which he was ungenerously consigned? Does come those who imposed upon him one of meanest of pursuits," and an association with lowest of mankind," to talk of the excesses to he may have fled to lull, for the moment, the r ing sense of his degradation? But the fact has mistated. Burns was never the dissolute man he has been represented. He mingled much i ciety, because it was the only sphere in whi could gratify that strong, and certainly not injupassion which he possessed for observing the and manners of men; and because the active i gence of this passion was the only chance whi had of escape from that constitutional melanc which never ceased to pursue him. He was force most enthusiastically fond, of the social hour was spent in communion with men of souls cons to his own; and, when seated with such over the ing bowl, it is not to be wondered, that he was a times slow to rise. Yet, whatever might be the pleasures of Burns, he was never the man to sac to them either his business, his independence. self respect. The supervisors of his conduct, officer, testify, that he performed all the duties situation with exemplary regularity; the state of affairs, at his death, shew, that small as his in was, he kept rigidly within it; and his most inti associates allow, that however freely he may

aken in company, he never sunk into habits of ary indulgence. It is not possible, either morally physically, that the man who was thus regular, economical, thus privately abstinent, could have the habitual slave of intemperance which some ers would have us to believe. That his constitu-, naturally delicate, may have been unequal to the limited indulgences which he permitted himand that his death may have been hastened by n, is but too likely. But how much does it not to his country's shame, that possessing a man of us, whose loss they could never repair, who could have lived long, by living with exceeding tempee, that he was not placed in a situation where the forts of life, the refinements of elegant society, pursuits of a literary nature, might have reed every temptation to live otherwise than the of his health demanded. Burns, as he tells us, only " for the heart of the man and the fancy ne poet;" he could not exist without a plenitude motions; and it was not his fault, that he was id to seek them where alone he could find them. is deeply to be regretted, that his amiable bioher, Dr. Currie, should, by lending too open an o idle rumours, have contributed more than even nost professed enemy could have done, to give ncy to the prejudices which have prevailed with ct to Burns's private habits. Dr. C. appears evily to have been much fortified in his erroneous ession, by the extravagant warmth with which s, in the course of his works, frequently breaks n praise of our Scottish vin du pays; as, for exe, when he exclaims:

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O whisky! soul o' plays an' pranka! Accept a bardie's humble thanks! When wanting thee, what timeless cranks Are my poor verses.

It seems, unfortunately, not to have occurre Dr. C. that nothing is more common with poets, to support an ideal character in their writings, opposite to what they possess in real life; and as Thomson has sung an Amanda whom he never it was as possible the Nanse Tinnock of Burns n be a hostess who never knew him as a guest. would the supposition have led him far from real fact. When the first edition of Burns's po issued from the Kilmarnock press, Nanse Tinnoc whom he alluded, and who kept a public hour the village of Mauchline, being congratulated or conspicuous figure which she made in the poet collections, the good woman shook her head and that " the chief had scarcely ever spent a shilling her house."

The external appearance of Burns was most; ingly indicative of the character of his mind. form was tall and manly; his action energy; His features bore the hardy character of independ with a strong expression of conscious though not gant pre-eminence. "Strangers who supposed is selves approaching an Ayrshire peasant, who make rhymes, and to whom their notice was an h found themselves overawed by the presence of a

who bore himself with dignity, and who possessed a singular power of correcting forwardness and of repelling intrusion. He was open, at the same time, to every advance of kindness or benevolence. His dark and haughty countenance easily relaxed into a look of good will, of pity, or of tenderness; and as the various emotions succeeded each other in his mind. assumed, with equal ease, the expression of the broadest humour, of the most extravagant mirth, of the deepest melancholy, or of the most sublime emotion." The rapid lightnings of his eye were always the harbingers of some flash of genius, to which his happy command of language never failed to give irresistible potency. "Many others," says a lady, with whom he had been connected in friendship by the sympathies of kindred genius, " may have ascended pronder heights in the region of Parnassus, but none certainly ever outshone Burns in the charms, the sorcery, I would almost call it, of fascinating conversation, the spontaneous eloquence of social argument, or the unstudied poignancy of brilliant repartee."t So, also, Professor Stewart: "The idea," he says, " which his conversation conveyed of the powers of his mind, exceeded, if possible, that which is suggested by his writings." In the company of women, the witchery of his conversational powers was more especially apparent. "Their presence charmed the fiend of melancholy in his bosom, and awoke his happiest feelings; it excited the powers of his fancy as well as

Currie.

[†] Character of Burns, by this lady, inserted in the Dumfries Journal shortly after his death.

the tenderness of his heart; and, by restrainic vehemence and the exuberance of his langua times, gave to his manners the impression of tas even of elegance, which in the company of mes seldom possessed. This influence was, doubtle ciprocal. A Scottish lady, accustomed to the society, declared, with characteristic naiseté, to man's conversation ever carried her so completely feet as that of Burns."

The splendour with which he shone in conver has even dazzled some into an idea that poets actually not his forte; but though so much can ac be conceded, there seems, at least, reason to agre Professor Stewart, that "his predilection for 1 was rather the result of an enthusiastic and i sioned temper, than of a genius exclusively ad to that species of composition." The late D bertson, the historian, used to say that his prose positions seemed to him even more extraordinar his poetical ones. Among his most elaborated ductions in the former class-elaborated at least compared with his familiar correspondence—is ter on the celebration of the anniversary of the ous Revolution, which he addressed in Nove 1778, to the publisher of the London Evening As it presents not only a favorable example prose style, but contains a most satisfactory de tion of his political principles, which, during h were the object of much foul misrepresentation, extracts from it may not be out of place.

^{*} Currie.

i introductory paragraph, not altogether proceeds:

last Wednesday to my parish church, most o join in grateful acknowledgment to the Ill Good, for the consequent blessings of the volution. To that auspicious event we owe n our liberties, civil and religious; to it we e indebted for the present royal family, features of whose administration have ever ess to the subject and tenderness of his rights. and educated in revolution principles, the of reason and common-sense, it could not y political prejudice which made my heart ie harsh abusive manner in which the reveeman mentioned the House of Stuart, and m afraid was too much the language of the may rejoice sufficiently in our deliverance evils, without cruelly raking up the ashes of se misfortune it was, perhaps, as much as , to be the authors of those evils; and we God for all his goodness to us as a nation, t the same time, cursing a few ruined power-, who only harboured ideas and made atit most of us would have done had we been nation.

simple state of the case, sir, seems to be that period the science of government, the of the true relation between king and sublike other sciences and other knowledge, infancy, emerging from dark ages of ignobarbarity.

Stuarts only contended for prerogatives

which they knew their predecessors enjoy which they saw their (royal) contemporarie ing; but these prerogatives were inimical to piness of a nation and the rights of subjects.

"To conclude, sir, let every man who has a the many miseries incident to humanity, feel mily illustrious as any in Europe, and unfortu yond historic precedent; and let every Brit particularly every Scotsman) who ever lool reverential pity on the dotage of a parent, or over the fatal mistakes of the kings of his fore

This, it must be allowed, is vigorous writing a just from the plough; it is such, indeed, as all t ing of colleges could not have materially imp

Professor Stuart informs us, that Burns used with indifference of the simplicity of style obseranklin and Addison, when compared with the antithesis, and quaintness, of Junius. The I have now quoted certainly partakes a good detaste; and it may not improbably have been this, that his prose style was thought so muc Dr. Robertson, to whom, if we may judge from compositions, Junius must have been as great rite as he was with Burns.

On the poems of Burns it is almost super offer a single observation. They are in the all the world, and in spite of the Doric dialect, they are expressed, have found general circu England, and been studied wherever the Eng guage is known. His elegant biographer, Dr. justly pronounces him to be one of the few purchase at once excelled in humour, in tenderness

sublimity; a praise unknown to the ancients, and which, in modern times, is only due to Aristotle, to Shakespeare, and, perhaps, to Voltaire. Whether he strings his lyre to a moral and devotional theme, as in that sublimest of pastorals, The Cotter's Saturday Night, or to one humourous and fantastic, as in Tam o' Shanter, we see him running with the same ease from the lowest to the highest keys; and from the rare option which he possessed of using either the Scottish dialect or the purer English, as best suited his purpose, he may be said to have extended his scale by, at least, two additional notes beyond any poet that ever wrote.

We have seen that, in his dying moments, Burns was tremblingly apprehensive that much that he had anguardedly written and wished buried in oblivion would be revived to the injury of his future reputation. His fears have proved but too well founded; though in candour it must be allowed, that a veneration for every thing which can be traced to the pen of Burns has had as great a share in such revivals as any enmity that can be supposed to exist to his reputation. It will not, it is hoped, be regarded as erring in either sense, to present you with a small copy of verses by Burns, which have not, it is believed, yet found their way into any of the collections of his works. They were transmitted by Burns himself to the same newspaper which contained his letter on the commemoration of the revolution, in a letter, of which the following is a copy.

MR. PRINTER,

If the productions of a simple ploughman can merit a place in the same paper with

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Sylvester Otway, and the other favorites of the Muses who illuminate The Star with the lustre of genius, your insertion of the enclosed trifle will be succeeded by future communications from

Ellisland, near

Yours, &cc. R. BURNS.

Dumfries, May 18, 1789.

The following were the lines enclosed.

Delia.

Fair the face of orient day, Fair the tints of op'ning rose; But fairer still my Delia dawns, More lovely far her beauty shews.

Sweet the lark's wild warbled lay, Sweet the tinkling rill to hear; But Delia, more delightful still, Steal thine accents on mine ear.

The flower-enamour'd busy bee, The rosy banquet loves to sip; Sweet the streamlet's limpid lapse To the sun-brown'd Arab's lip.

But Delia, on thy balmy lips
Let me, no vagrant insect, rove;
O, let me steal one liquid kiss,
For oh! my soul is parch'd with love.

W. (

A name now lost to the lists of fame. Among the Memoirs of Ancient Scots, however, there is one Sylvester Otway, which will be given in Part IL of the work.

A. S.

s it may be interesting to the reader to know g of the fortunes of the family of Burns, the information is transcribed from a note apv Mr. Gilbert Burns, the brother of the poet. t edition of Dr. Currie's " Works of Burns." profits of these volumes, so judiciously seed advantageously introduced to the world, urrie, together with an additional subscripome gentlemen in India, transmitted to Sir aw, of London, (the indefatigable friend of mily) increased by a very handsome addition self and some friends, in London, and vested ids, in the name of the magistrates of Ayr, s for the family, afforded the means of mainid educating the boys, and fitting them out everal destinations, and leaving as much as a moderate annuity for the support of Mrs.

ne sons of the poet, Francis Wallace, the sed in 1803; Robert, the eldest, was, in 1804, a clerk in the Stamp Office, London, where ntinues.

am Nicol, the third son, and James Glenyoungest, went out in 1811 and 1812; in the India Company's service, where remain, William on the Madras, and the Bengal, Establishments. The conduct se young men has, hitherto, been creditable lves, and pleasing to those who take an inflam. By the kindness of the Marquis of James, three years ago, got a good appoints commercial department; and the first use of his good fortune, was to settle on his mo-

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ther an annuity, perhaps, more comme feelings of maternal regard, than to the s of worldly prudence."

Let it be added, to the honor of a gent a native of the town of Dumfries, and wit to its institutions, and kindness to every a with it, are but incidental features of a disposition, never restrained by local lim good is to be done, that the cadetship bestowed on the two younger sons of Bounsolicited and spontaneous gift of Thon present Chairman of the Honorable to Directors of the East India Company.



MAURICE, PRINTER, PENCHURCH-ST





. 13-namentai part ar pougos) -

LIVES

OF

EMINENT SCOTSMEN.

Poets.

JAMES THE FIFTH.

Redoubted roy, your ragment* I have red, Proclaiming you the prince of poetry. SIR DAY, LINDSAY.

PRINCE of the roving eye, and winning tongue! most gallant and generous of knights! "gude man o' Ballangeigh!" "KING OF THE POOR!" Immortal honor to thy name! Although short was thy term of being, and melancholy its end, yet splendid as the meteors was its course; in life as in death thou wert all a Stuart.

When the fatal field of Flodden numbered among its victims the chivalrous James the Fourth, his suc-

* Discourse.

PART 2.]

cessor, James the Fifth, was but an infant of and half old. Among the persons who had the cipal charge of his education, were the cele poet, Sir David Lindsay of the Mount, and the gant translator of Boethius' History, John Bell The works of both authors abound with passage ferring to the share which they had in the for of the young sovereign's character. It would that to Lindsay the task had chiefly failen of a ing the prince in his hours of amusement.

And ay quhen thou came from the schule, Than I behufft to play the fule.

Lindsay's Comple

On no man of his age could the superintende moments of such susceptibility have more pro tially devolved. Lindsay was a man of elegan and grand ideas; as great a philosopher as he poet; a detester of abuses and prejudices; as secret projector of some of the most importa provements which soon after took place in the tion of his country. How many a valuable p how many a striking lesson, must have imperce mingled in those scenes of amusement, in wh enlightened a mentor was actor and guide! parted from Lindsay too soon to have acquire him much of that skill in the art of government he subsequently displayed; but to his influen may safely ascribe a large share of that rega justice, that taste for literature and the arts. ar love of poetry, music, and romance, for which V. became no less remarkable.

In 1524, when James was in his twelfth ye

dissentio ailed among the mobiles of the to call, by common consent, country, mudbou upon the young king, to take the reins of government into his own hands. J s. who developed at an intrepidity of character. unusually early age eagerly embraced the position; but, on repairing and been educated, to the from Stirling, where capital, he found that ne was to be shatkled in the authority by four tutors or exercise of the soverei governors, in the persons of the Earl of Lennox, the Earl of Angus, Lord Han 1. and Archbishop Beaton; and that he mus rues part with Sir David rs, who had been the Lindsay, Bellenden, a preceptors and amon degreet friends of his 1 a king of his years to youth. It was not for quarrel with conditions; Landsay was districted with a pension; Bellenden with a preferment in the church: James consented to all that his governors desired, and, for " the space of ane year," says Pitscottie, there was " great triumph and merriness" at the palace of Holyrood.

The division of "the loaves and fishes" produced, at length, a division among the king's governors, which ended in the ascendancy of Angus, and the earlie of the others from court. The young prince, however, became speedily provoked at the state of nallity in which he was held by Angus; ere two years more had passed away, he had secretly stirred up two rebellions against the ostensible government, is order to get himself out of the earl's hands; and states, in a moment of intermitted watchfulness, he contrived, in his fifteenth year, to escape from his keepers, and fled to Stirling Castle. Shutting himself

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up there, he sent for a number of the chief lords of the kingdom, to whom he laid forth the state of odious subjection in which he had been held by Angus and his kinsmen, and "vowed that Scotland sould not hold thame both." At the recommendation of the lords, Angus and his kinsmen were regularly summoned to abide the result of a legal trial; and, having failed to make their appearance, an edict of perpetual banishment was passed against the whole Douglas race for treason to the king's majesty.

James, now that he was his own master, shewed that he stood in no need of instruction how to rule the rod of empire. The vigour and rapidity with which he proceeded to recover the country from the state of anarchy and oppression into which it had fallen during his boyhood; the wisdom of his measures, and the firmness of their execution; appear altogether astonishing, when we consider his extreme youth and the difficulties which he had to encounter. Collecting a large body of nobles and their followers around him, under the pretence of enjoying, in more kingly style, the pleasures of hunting and hawking, he made progresses into all the more unsettled parts of the kingdom; made many signal examples of local tyrants and plunderers; and, even to the most distant isles, spread the dominion of the law.

The most memorable victim, in the course of these progresses, was the famous freebooter Johnie Arm strong, whose name is still so familiar to all the lover of song in the south of Scotland. The story of h fate is affecting; nor is it in the power of all the mal reflection we can bring to the subject, to reconcus to it entirely. "When he entered in before t

eave Pitacottle, " he cam verrie reverentlie xxiiij well bossed able gentlmen with him, very sangerelled, trusting that in respect he had cum s kingis grace willinglie and voluntarilie, not tain nor apprehendit be the king, he sould obne mair favour. Bot when the king saw him and en so sorreous in their apparell, and so many men under ane tirrantis commandement, throwhe termed about his face, and bad tak that tyut of his sight, saving ' Quhat wants you know king sould have?" Bot when Johne Armp perceaved that the king kindled in ane furie # him, and had no hop of his lyff, notwithstand-' many great and fair offerris quhelk he offered king, that is, that he should sustene himself burty gentlemen ever readie to awaitt upon his lies service, and never to tak a neuric of Scotfor Scottisman; secondlie, that their was not abject in England, duik, earle, lord, or baron, thin ane certain day he sould bring ony of to his majesty aither quick or dead; he, siehope of the kingis favour towards him, said proudlie, 'I am bot ane fool to seik grace at aceless face. Bot had I known, sir, that ye have takin my lyff this day, I sould have upon the borderis in despyte of King Harrie on baith; for I know King Harrie would down my best hors with gold to know that I war mned to die this day." So he was led to the d, and he and all his men hanged. "Quhilk," he same historian, " monie Scottisman heavilie red, for he was ane doubtit man and als guid

ane chieftain as evir was upon the bore Scotland or England. And albeit he leivand man he nevir molested no Sc tis said, that from the Scottis border te Ingland thair was not ane of qubatso payed to this John Armstrange ane tr of his cumber, he was so doubtit in In

In order the more effectually to diabuses, and no doubt to gratify, at the strong passion for romantic adventuroften to travel through the country in on these occasions, when questioned vways answered, "the gudeman of Baname which he borrowed from a steep which leads from the north-west of down to the town. Of his adventures ter, many instances are floating upon

It is related, that once before setting gress into the southern counties, a wis on the water of Annan, complained in a late incursion of the English, the off her only son and two cows, which support and comfort on earth; that si made complaint to Sir John Charter Warden of the West Marches, infor the party were then ravaging a few m praying him to send and retake her but that Sir John refused her request, with the greatest rudeness and contertold her, he would shortly be in Ann

^{*} More properly, Ballochg

a to ut ! in the woman retur a snort time, å m James set out on his progress, and, when he arrived at the head of Niths ale, r woman's complaint. Lea his guards and attent vanced, with great secrecy, to BCOW; where, disguising himse ants, except two or the ue proceeded to the Castle of a merd, warden. When he came to use small prook near the house, he left all his suite, and coming alone to Amisfield gate, requested the porter to tell Sir John Charters, he came express to inform him of an inroad then making by the English. The porter was loth to disturb his master, saying, he was gone to dinner; but the king bribing him with a silver groat, he went, and returned with an answer, that Sir John was going to dinner, and would not be disturbed. The king hribed the man again with two groats, and desired him to tell his master, that the general safety depended upon his immediately firing the beacons, and alarming the country. Sir John, upon this second microsage, flew into a great rage, and threatened to punish the importunate messenger for his temerity. The king now bribed another servant with gold, to go to Sir John and tell him, that the gude man of Ballangoigh had been waiting a considerable time at his gate • for admittance, but in vain. At the same time, throwing off the mean garment that covered his rich attire, he sounded his bugle horn for his attendants to come up. Sir John appears to have been no stranger to the title of " gude man of Ballangeigh," for, as soon as he received the third message, he came in a great fright to the king, who harshly reprimanded him for this great abuse of the trust committed to his charge, and bringing to his recollection the case of the poor widow, commanded him to indemnify her for her lost tenfold, adding, that if her son was not ransomed within ten days, he, Sir John, should be hanged. As a farther token of his displeasure, the king billoted upon him his whole retinue, in number two thousand knights and barons, obliging him to find them in provender during their stay in Annandale. The heavy expense which was thus incurred, is said to have brought the Amisfield family under a load of incumbrance, which they never could afterwards entirely throw off.

The Amisfield family were not, however, singular in this last respect; for what they incurred as a just punishment, many others were involved in from more generous motives of hospitality. Indeed, a progress-making king, like James, could not have been otherwise than an expensive one to a prond-spirited, yet poor nobility, like that of Scotland. Among other instances, which might be mentioned in illustration of this remark, there is that of Gilbert, the eighth Lord of Somerville, who is said to have reduced himself so much by the cost to which he went in entertaining James and his court at his Castle of Cauthally,* that

Since called Condoily, a name bestowed upon it in consequence of the extravagancies of the last lord, of the name of Somerville, who possessed it, who had every day at his table a bullock dressed entire. A. s.

he was oh to Lords of A small property in Lothi of his eldest son's wife,

the whole estate to the and betake himself to a which was the patrimony

It is due, however, to the Scottish applify to mention, that however costly a guest James may have been to them, he seems never (if we except the cases of such delinquents as Sir John of Amislieki) to have been an unwelcome one. The hospitality with which they every where received him was as cordial as it was spontaneously magnificent. An example of this is preserved in some of the histories, of so splendid and romantic a description, that, but for historic authority, it would scarcely be believed. The king having announced his intention of going on a hunting excursion into the wilds of Athol, " the Earle of Atholl heiring of his coming, maid great and surgeous provision for him in all things pertaining to ane prince. He caused mak ane curious palace to the king, his mother, and the pope's ambassador (who accompanied his majesty.) Quhairby they wer als weill eised as if they had been in ony pallace either of Scotland or Ingland, and equivalent for the tyme

To sell with power of redemption.

[†] James the Sixth seems to have profited by his grandfather's experience in this respect, when he came to administer the affairs of England. There is a story, in the Percy Anecdotes of Hospitality, of an English nobleman whom his majesty was graciously pleased to ruin by the frequent visits which he paid him, and with no other intention.

A. S.

of thair hunting; quhilk was biggit in the middle of ane greine medow, and the wallis thairof was of grene timber wovin with birkis and biggit in four quarters as if it had been ane palace." This palace "was hung with fyne tapistrie within, and weill lighted in all necessar pairtes with glassin windowis." Here "the kyng was verrie weill intertained for the space of thrie dayes with all sik delicious and sumptuous meattes as was to be hade in Scotland for fleachis. fischis, and all kyndis of fyne wyne and spices requisit for ane prince. Fardder thair was no fisches that could leive in fresch watteris but war thair swimming in ane fossie about the palace (of sixteine fute deep and thirttie fute broad of water, over quhilk thair was ane great portcullis of trie.) It is said by the space of thir thrie dayes that his grace was thair the Eric of Atholi was everic day ane thousand pundis of expense. The pope's ambassador seeing so great ane triumph in ane wilderness quhair thair was no toun neir be twentie myllis, he thought it ane great marvell that sik ane thing could be in Scotland, that is so court lyk and delicious intertainment in the highlandis of Scotland, quhaer he saw nothing but woodis and wilderness. But most of all did this ambassadour when the king was cuming back from the huntis marvel to see the highlanderis sett all this palace on fire, that the king and ambassadour might see it. Then the ambassadour said to the kyng. 'I marvel. sir, yee late burne yon palace quhairin ye war so weill eased.' The kyng answerit, 'It is the use of our highland men, that be they nevir so weill lodged all the nycht they will burne the same on the morne."

Ere James had attained the age at which other men

he part of men, he had already, y as vigoro an administration as would have done onour to the maturest age, restored the country to a legree of peace and quiet to which it had long been stranger. The people began to prosper and be appy under his care, and in the appellation by which hey delighted to distinguish him, shewed how truly hey estimated the worth of a patriotic king. Other vinces have been called great, and bold, and mighty; but it was the far nobler pride of James V. to be tyled The King of The Poors.

In 1535, James, being year, sent his old precept . and Sir John Campbell of Lo into Germany, to treat of a r of the imperial family. The ba WIL two ladies, nieces of the imperor, who all te have been " both lustie, guid lok personages of women ; out, ugu y wrought home with them portraits of the radies, which were "veive lyk" (to the life) neither of them appears to have caught the fancy of the young king, whose attation had probably been drawn to the greater usefilness of a connection with France. The Duke of Vendome had a daughter, of whose charms fame moke highly; and on this lady, James now turned h matrimonial speculations. More serious, however. han kings usually are in such matters, he resolved not to wed on the faith of any canvass likeness, but a see with his own eyes the lady whom he should take for better and for worse. Having dispatched an embassador to Vendome, to announce that he was coming to woo," James soon followed himself, at-

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tended by a numerous and splendid retinue and gentlemen. The landing of this gallan Dieppe was attended with a singular effect; beyond any thing perhaps ever heard or rea redoubtable the very name of Scotsmen w cient as in modern times. The Emperor an France were, at this time, at war; and the tive armies, of 80,000 and 60,000 mien, camped opposite each other in the neighbo Calais. "Now word," says Pitscottie, "c emperor, that the King of Scotland was lam Newheavin besyd Deip, with ane army to th of twentie thousand warlyk men, and that t the King of France contrair the emperor. perour heiring of this, he tuik sic fear of th Scotlandis cuming, that he lifted his armiturned home againe!" Only think of eig sand heavy Germans flying helter-skelter a Rhine, at the report of a "King of Scotla ing"!!

From Dieppe, James hastened to the se Duke of Vendome. Wishing, however, to fair expectants, "pulchritude and behavious be hir," he had recourse to one of his fawer querade devices. Dressing himself in a pla made one of a small party who posted forwing duke's castle, and presented themselves as a nounce the King of Scotland's approach, gave them welcome, and introduced them to and daughter, seeming thus to afford James opportunity which he desired. The fair curiosity, however, had, by means of a procured from Scotland, acquired so complete

ledge of the features of her royal suitor-his oval face, aquiline nose, blue eyes, and yellow hair-that she almost immediately recognized him among the pretended squires of low degree, and, stepping up to him, took him by the hand, saying, " Sir, why stand you so far aside !- If it please your grace to show yourself, it will pride my father or me to do you honour." James, finding to his no small confusion that his disguise had failed him, frankly avowed himself, embraced the duke, kissed the duchess, kissed the daughter, and then, as the chronicles tell, " thair was nothing bot mirriness, banqueting, and great cheir, and lovelie commoning betwixt the kingis grace and the fair ladies, with great musick and playing on instrumentis and all uther kynd of pastime for the feildis, with lutis, shalmes, trumpettis, and organes, with all kynd of melodious instrumentis; with justing and runing of great horss; quhilkis pastimes were all to deliht the Kyng of Scotland."

James passed eight days with the Duke of Vendeme; but, though many love tokens passed between him and the duke's daughter, nothing was said of marriage. It was thought to be a mark of respect due to the King of France, to consult with his majesty before offering to deprive his dominions of so fair an ornament. James accordingly repaired to the court of the French king; but circumstances immediately arose there, to make him forget the purpose with which he had visited it. Magdalene, the eldest daughter of the French monarch, a lovely but sickly maiden, in the last stage of an early decay, became, at first sight, deeply enamoured of the Scottish paince; her wishes were not concealed; the genero-

sity of James was appealed to in a manner which hi love for another could not resist; the fair Vendom was sacrificed, and the Princess Magdalene becam the Scottish queen.

The nuptials of the young pair were solemnized with great pomp at Paris, and celebrated throughou the kingdom by the most extravagant rejoicings. Through all France that day thair was justing an runing of horse proclaimed with all uther manife exercise, as also skirmisching of schippis through all the coastis and firthis; so that in tounes, landis, sees firthis, villages, castles, and toures, thair was no mainthat might have hard for the reard and noyse of can nones and uther munition, nor acarslie have seine for the vapouris thairof."

With greetings equally general and enthusiastiwere James and his bride welcomed home to Scotland; but ere a short month had elapsed, the joy o
both king and people was turned into deepest mouraing. In vain had the sickly Magdelene sought to
escape in the arms of Hymen from the gripe o
Death; she arrived in Scotland only to breathe he
last. To aggravate the stroke of affliction to James
tidings arrived, almost at the same moment, fron
France, that the fair Vendome, rendered inconsolable
by his desertion, had expired of a broken hear
Melancholy situation! The bride of his compassion
and the love of his choice, laid at the same instant is
the grave!

It was some time before the grief of James, for this sorrowful termination to his first schemes of do mestic happiness, would allow him to think of a second marriage; but he, at length, yielded to the important consideration daily pressed upon him by his denticellors, of providing an heir to his sceptre. His. wishes still inclined him to a connection with France; but whether it was, that marriage was now has an affair of the heart with him than formerly, or that his secollections of the French court were sufficient to guide him in making a suitable choice, he did not think it necessary to make it a second visit on a lever's extend. He sent an ambassador to demand, at the object of his preference, Margaret, daughter of the Daile of Guise; and, in a few weeks after, he had the pleasure of saluting this lady as his bride.

James still continued to show the same commanding famous in the administration of his public duties which had marked his early career; but, at last, opposition began to thwart, and misfortunes to crowd in apon, him. His persistance in the religion of his anciestors, which was that of the majority of the nafice, procured him the enmity of all who were favorers of the Reformed system, then spreading fast in Scotland, as it had already done in England; and hence, many calumnies with which his memory has been ungenerously loaded by some protestant historians. James is said to have fallen under the influence of a crafty and licentious priesthood, and to have been cajoled by them into a rupture with his uncle, Henry VIII. contrary to the true interests of Scotlead; and for no other purpose, but to prevent the spread of that ecclesiastical reformation of which Henry had set so signal an example, by the dissolution of the monasteries. The rupture with Henry was, indeed, unwise; but was a rupture with Englend so rare a thing in the antient history of Scotland,

that the present can be accounted for on no other supposition than that of priestly domination? Were other wars with England generally so consistent with sound policy, that this must be looked upon as so extraordinary an exception? And is the manly and intrepid James V. to be the only prince of Scotland who is not to be allowed the benefit of an error of indoment in this respect, but set down as acting under the despicable guidance of a worthless priesthood? Now that time may be supposed to have extinguished party prejudices, candour, I think, must allow, that James, in going to war with England, may have probably thought that he was only following out the same line of policy which had been observed by his predecessors for ages, and as uniformly commended by the nation, with whom hostility to England was, for a long time, a test of the purest patriotism. That the clergy may, from corrupt motives of their own, have been forward to stimulate and assist James in his enterprize against Henry, is likely enough; but every one must see, that all this may have easily occurred without the existence of any undue influence over the king's ideas of prudent government. The supposition, indeed, is strangely at variance with the whole tenor of James's character. the master feature of which was a dignity of self-will, which made him, even in boyhood, obeyed, respected, and feared. It is still more strangely at variance with some particular facts, which shew, beyond contradiction, that James, though certainly no friend to ecclesiastical innovation, was as little a friend to priestly degeneracy; and, far from being the blind instrument of his clergy, took an active part in the

ethicuse of their profligate and magodly practices. He patronized and protected his early tutor, Sir David Lindmy, the John-the-Baptist of the Scottish Reflection, whose works were one continued succession of attacks on the vices of the clergy; and it was by distinct in the vices of the clergy; and it was by distinct stated command, that the celebrated Buthatian wrote his Franciscous, one of the severest attacks ever written against the Romah priesthood, a late proved by Buchanan's declaration, when afterticals thrown into prison on account of it by the flasty Tribunal at Lisbon. "Unum enting its exemplate regi Scoterum qui scribenti actor fuerat erat datam." How abourd to imagine, that the patron of tack in thors as these could have been, at all, under saligatily influence or controu!

It is certain, notwithstanding, that the emissaries of the Reformed religion, whose hopes of success all easted on the support of England, did contrive, by means of the injurious pretext the war against England was merely a war of the priests—to cause a degree of backwardness in its support, which James, Left for the first time in a state of partial alienation from his nobles and people, felt most severely. He was of too proud a spirit to give way, even when all but openly abandoned; and persisted in the contest, with means which could lead only to defeat and dis-The battle of Solway Moss, one of the most finelorious in our annals, formed the closing scene of this short and heartless adventure of warfare. When the tidings of it reached James, who had retired in disgust to Lochmaben, he was struck to the heart with mortification and grief; he hastened to Edinburgh, but only to shut himself up from all comfort

and consolation; after eight days, he passed over to the palace of Falkland, in Fife, where he became so ill, that he took to his bed. Life was now ebbing fast. when intelligence was brought him that Queen Margaret, by whom he had had two sons, both of whom died in infancy, but who had become again pregnant, was delivered at Linlithgow. James inquired, whether it was of a boy or a girl? The messenger answered, that it was a fair daughter. The king, on this, mournfully said, "Then farewell, it (the kingdom) cam (to the Stuarts) with ane lass, and it will pass with anc lass." After this, he spoke little, but smiled on the lords who were standing around his bed, held out a hand to each of them to kiss, and then, clasping his hands as if in pious ejaculation to Heaven, breathed his last. He died on the 14th December, 1542, being then only in the thirtieth year of his age.

The infant daughter, on whom his sceptre devolved, and of whom his dying words were, indeed, prophetic, was the celebrated and unfortunate Mary.

The mere narrative of such a life as James's, makes any summary of his character unnecessary: there are no incongruities to reconcile, no great faults to be put in proper balance; it is throughout vigorous, splendid, and consistent. It still remains, however, to fill up the sketch, which a feeble hand has attempted to present, of the leading events of his history, with some traits, which, though not less interesting, rest, as it were, in shadow. It has been seen how inflexible James was in the administration of justice, but it has yet to be told, that he was the first of the Scottish monarchs who took care to make

known to the people what their rights were. In 1540, his milesed the whole Acts of Parliament of his reign to be juinted in the vulgar tongue; a measure quite heatile to the arbitrary claims of the feudal barons. se the same secent translation of the Scriptures into figure was to the exclusive pretensions of this Blowish clergy. It cannot be said, that James gifter encouragement to the latter; but he set an exwhich essentially prepared the way for it. Al such not possessed of any of that religious ferwhich began to distinguish the age in which he Boul, and apparently little sensible of the importance and saligious liberty to the spread of knowledge, James ardently desirous for the information of his subfiles in all other respects. Of the elegant and usearts, and of all branches of what was called profrom learning, he was a liberal patron and active neomoter. "He furnisched the countrie," says Pitscottie, a writer not the most charitable to his memory, with all kyndis of craftismen, sik as Frenchmen, Spainvardis, and Dutchmen, quhilk ever was the finest of thair professioun that culd be had; quhilk brought the countrie to great policie." Lindsay, Buchanan, Bellenden, Maitland, Montgomery, Henryson, and many others of inferior fame, were among the men of letters who contributed to shed a lustre on his reign, and who, in an age when there was no reading public, could live on the patronage of the court alone. Bellenden he employed to translate, into the Scottish tongue, the History of Scotland by Hector Boëthius, an anthor to whom Dr. Johnson has done the justice of saying, that he "may be justly reverenced as one of the revivers of elegant learning;" and, subsequently, he gave the same author a commission to execute a translation of Livy, the first of Roman historians. In a poetical prologue which Bellenden has prefixed to the latter version, he pays a just tribute of praise to James for his encouragement of our native literature, and farther speaks of him, as being himself distinguished for his literary productions.

And ye my soverane be lyne continewall Ay cum of kyngis your progenitouris,
And writis in ornate style poeticall
Quick flowand vers of rethorik cullouris,
Sa freschlie springand in youre lusty flouris,
To ye gret comforte of all trew Scotsmen;
Be now my muse and ledare of my pen!

Prologus, stanzs 3.

The only reputed specimens of James's poetical

talent, which have survived the wreck of time, are the two ballads of the Gaberlunzie Man and the Jollis Beggar. The former stands ascribed to him by universal tradition down to the present time; the latter, if really the production of James, has been, at all events, greatly modernized. That James was him-

if really the production of James, has been, at all events, greatly modernized. That James was himself the hero of both ballads, there can be little doubt. The adventures they describe are precisely of that description in which this sprightly prince delighted; for it is not to be concealed, that James was a rover who sipped from many flowers. The following verses of the Jollie Beggar will bring forcibly to the recollec-

Only five books of this translation were completed, and they still remain in MS.

tion of the reader the adventure at the Castle of Amisfield, which has been already related.

He tuik a horn frae his side, and blew baith loud and shrill,

And four-and-twenty belted knights came skipping our the hill.

And we'll gang nae mair a roving, &c.

And he tuik out his little knife, loot a' his duddies fa,
And he was the brawist gentleman that was among
them a'.

And we'll gang, &c.

The Gaberlunsie Man, which is least unquestionably the production of James, is of such eminent merit in the class of poems to which it belongs, that there can be no risk of tiring even those who know it best, by reciting it at length. The truth of description, genuine humour, and ease of style, by which it is distinguished, have been rarely surpassed.

ı.

The pauky auld Carle came o'er the lee, Wi' mony gude eens and days to mee, Saying, gudewife, for zour courtesie, Will zee ludge a silly poor man. The night was cauld, the carle was wat, And down azont the ingle he sat; My dochter's shouthers he 'gan to clap, And cadgily ranted and sang.

II.

O Wow! quo' he, war I as free, As first whan I saw this country,

LIVES OF EMINENT SCOTSMEN. How blythe and mirry wad I be! And I wad never think lang. He grew canty, and scho grew fain; But little did her auld minny ken What thir slee twa togidder war sayen, Whan wooing they war sae thrang.

And O! quo' he, ann zee war as black, And O quo ne, am acc daddy's bat, Tis I wad lay thee be me bak, And awa wi thee I'd gang. And O! quo' sho, ann I war as whyte As er the snaw lay on the dyke, I'd cleid me braw and lady like, And awa wi thee I'd gang.

Between the twa was made a plot, They raise a wee befor the cock, And wylily they shot the lock, And fast to the bent ar they gane. Upon the morn the suld wyf raise, And at her leisure pat on her claime, Syne to the servants' bed scho gaes, To speir for the silly poor man.

She gaed to the bed what the beggar The strac was cauld, he was away; Scho clapt ber hands, cry'd, dulefu For some o' our gier will be g Sume ran to coffers, and sume to kists, But nought was stown that cou'd be mist; She dancid her lane, cry'd, Praise be blest! I have ludg'd a leil poor man.

VI.

Since nathing's awa, as we can learn,
The kirn's to kirn, and milk to earn,
Gae butt the house, lass, and waken my bairn,
And bid her come quickly ben.
The servant gaed quhar the dochter lay,
The sheits war cauld, scho was away,
And fast to her gudewife 'gan say,
Scho's aff wi' the Gaberlunzie man.

VII.

O fy gar ride, and fy gar rin,
And haste ye find these traiters agen!
For scho's be burnt, and hee's be slean;
The weirifou' Gaberlunzie-man.
Some rade upo' horse, some ran a-fit,
The wife was wude, and out o' her wit;
Scho cou'd na gang, nor yet cou'd scho sit,
But ay scho curs't and scho bann'd.

VIII.

Mein tym far hind out ow'r the lee, Fu' snug in a glen whar nane cou'd see, Thir twa, wi' kindly sport and glee,

Cut frae a new cheese a whang. The prieving was good, it pleas'd them baith, To lo'e her for ay, he gae her his aith, LIVES OF EMINENT SCOTSMEN. io' she, to leave thee I will be laith, My winsom Gaberlunzie-man.

O kend my minny I wat wi you, Ill-fardly wad she crook her mou, Sic a pure man she'd nevir trow, After the Gaber naiceman. My dear, quod he, zere zet ow, zoung, An' hac na learn'd the beggar's tongue, To fallow me frac toun to toun, And carry the Gaberiunaic on

Wi' kauk and keel I'll win zour bread, And spinnels and quhorles for them wha need, Whilk is a genule trade indeed, To carry the Gaherlungie on. I'll bow my leg and crook my knee, An draw a black clout ow's my eye, A cripple or blind they will ca' me, While we will sing and be merric. T. C.

WILLIAM DUNBAR.

llage of Salton, on the coast of the Forth in othian, is supposed to have given birth to n Dunbar, one of the greatest of our antient h poets. In the piece, called *The Flyting* be-Kennedy and Dunbar, the former tells Dunbar,

ny geir and substance is a widdy teuch n Saltoune Mount, about thy craig to rax; nd yet Mount Saltoune gallows is our fair or to be fleyt with sic a frontles face, &c.

bar himself, in the same piece, says, haif on me a pair of Lowthiane hipps.

date of his birth is uncertain. His Thistle and which was certainly written in 1503, bears eviarks of being the composition of an experienced and he says of himself in it, that he was a ho had already written "mony sagis." If we e him to have been then in the prime of life, th must have fallen about the year 1460 or

Dunbar's parentage, youth, and education, nosknown. The first character in which we meet im, is that of a travelling noviciate of the Fran-Order of Friars. In one of his pieces, en"How Dunbar was designed to be ane Friar," he iddresses St. Francis:

Gif evir my fortoune was to be a The dait thairof is past full mony For into every lusty town and pl Of all Yngland, from Berwick to I haif into my habeit maid gud of In freiris weid full fairly haif I fin it haif I in pulpit gane and p In Derntoun kirk, and eik in Ca In it I past at Dover on'r the fer Throw Picardy, and thair the pe

This mode of life appears not to agreeable to his inclination; he confest pelled him to have recourse to many from the guilt of which no holy water him. He returned to Scotland, as is posed, about the year 1490; and, now abandoned the character of mer rant friar, his hopes appear still to promotion in the church. His smalle with allusions to this effect.

I knaw nocht how the kirk is gy Bot beneficis ar nocht leil devyd Sum men has sevin, and I nocht Quhilk to consider is ane pane. And sum, unworthy to brouk ant Wald clym to be ane cardinall: Ane bishopric may nocht him ga Quhilk to consider is ane pane. Unwourthy I, amang the laif, Ane kirk dois craif, and nane cat On the Warld's Instabilitie, addn

May, so humble were his expectations, and so great must have been his corresponding disappointment, that he afterwards adds :

Great abbais grayth I nill to guther Bot one kirk scant coverit with hadder. For I of lytil wald to fame, Quality to consider is time plane.

Quein's Wardrep," shev terms at the palace. I that his interest appears ther with the queen the " Prayer that the King man," that is, that his as Joan Thomson's man

It does not appear, that any ecclesiastical benefice was ever conferred on him; a fact the more remarksble, that it is certain he became a favourite at the Scottish court. His " Dance in the Quene's Chalmer," and his lines on " James Doig, Keper of the t be was on very familiar st be confessed, however, ne been established rame kings and blente, his ohne (Jour) Thibuson's ty were as hen-pecked

> For war it so, than weill war me; But benefice I wald nocht be: My hard fortoin wer endit than.

God gif ye war Johne Thomsounis man!

To be John or Joan Thomson's man, was a proverbial expression for being a hen-pecked husband. Thus, Colville in his Scottish Hudibras:

> We read in greatest warriour's lives They oft were ruled by ther wives;

^{*} Covered with heather, thatched; a poor indicaof the state of some of our churches in antient

The world's conqueror, Alexander,
Obey'd a lady, his commander;
And Antonie, that drunkard keen,
Was rul'd by his lascivious queen.
So the imperious Roxalan

So the imperious Roxalan

Made the Great Turk Johns Thomson's man,

The queen, in whose favour Dunbar held so high place, was Margaret Tudor, sister to Henry the VI of England, whose marriage with James the Four Dunbar celebrated in his "Thistle and the Ros She was a lady of a warm and joyous temperame as a fine whole-length portrait of her, to be se in Hampton-Court Palace, sufficiently indicat and it is probable, that the qualifications which commended Dunbar to her esteem, may not he been of that nature which a sovereign of the st and martial character of James the Fourth might co sider the best calculated to do honour to the sacen tal function. Dunbar, though he has left many me pieces, which are not excelled by any productions the age in which he wrote, has left others, of wh no age, pretending to the least delicacy in amatsentiment, would wish to boast. If it was by se lines as those, "To the Quene," or a "Dance in Quene's Chalmer," or by the tale of his "Twa M Wemen and the Wedo," that Dunbar gained the of Henry's gallant sister, no person need be surpris

^{*} To pay rent to John Thomson is still a common pression in some parts of Scotland, for being h pecked.

that a virtuous husband should have been slow to listen to the claims of so licentious a rhymer for preforment, and above all, preferment in the church. James the Fourth had many failings, though strong in them all; but a disregard for the decencies of life was certainly aone of the number. He loved decorun, and observed it. Dunbar, indeed, possessed poetic merit, which might have atoned for a thousand talts; but James was no critic, and it is rather to he credit of his judgment that he did not mistake peric licentiousness for poetic beauty. Let it not be ght, that I speak with uncharitable severity of blemish in the poet's character. The grossness the pieces alluded to is really not to be conceived Those who only know Dunbar through his other productions, the moral elegance of which is above all ite. It has been attempted to find an apology the poet, in the taste and manners of the age in which he wrote; but it is an excuse which would erve for the Little of our own times as well. The major part of his productions shew, that no man could have had a finer sense of what was truly delicate both in thought and expression; and when we find him transgressing so egregiously as he has done, it would be flying in the face of all consistency to ascribe it to any thing else than an unfortunate, yet wilful, perremion of the great powers he possessed.

^{*} Even the chaste Pinkerton, to whom the fame of Dunbar is chiefly indebted for the resuscitation of these parts of his works, prints what, he says, " I do not wish to explain."

A. S.

It appears, that Dunbar entertained gard for a certain "Maestris Musgraeffi attendants of the queen; and at the pe he lived, the vow of celibacy, exacted mish clergy, had ceased to be of such m as to require that he should make any passion. In his "Dance in the Quee he says, speaking of himself,

For luff of Musgraeffe men full

A verse in the same piece, which is a description of Maestris Musgraeffe, i only one in it which can be safely quot

> Then in cam Maestris Musgraef Scho might haff lernit all the la When I saw her so trimlye dans Her good conwoy and contenan Than for hir saek I wissit to be The grytast erle, or duke, in Fra A merrear dance micht na man

Among Dunbar's minor pieces there ing one addressed "To a Ladye," whi venture to appropriate it to Mistres would complete her picture in very fav

To a Ladye.

Sweit rose of verteu and of gentilne Delytsum lyllie of everie lustynes,*

^{*} Of old, synonymous with con

Bickett in boutle and in bowtle cleir, had every vertee that to hevin is dele, Risease, only that ye ar mercyles !

Riso year garthe this day I did persew,
Thick is w I flouris that freeche wer of hew;
Enythe quhyte and rid most lustye wer to seyne:
Aid inhum herbis upone stalkis grene,
Yet leif nor flour fynd could I nane of rew.;

I don'te that Merche with his cauld blastic keyne
Hes siene this gentil berbe, that I of mese
Quito persons delt dois to my hart sic pane,
That I wald vizik to it his rute againe.

He-comfortand his le unto me bene.

From the strain of these lines, it would seem, that Dumber, like Petrarch, sang an unrequited passion. Then supposition is corroborated by his "Meditatioun, written in Wyntir;" and when he appears to have seen sinking into the vale of years. The want of fenale converse holds here a prominent place among a sultitude of circumstances, which, he says, united to express his spirits during the long nights of winter, ad to make his heart forlorn " for laik of symmer ith hir flouris."

No gold in kist, nor wyne in cowp; No ladeis bewtie, nor luifis blis, &c.

Dunbar appears to have continued, to his dying r, in a state of miserable dependence on a thank-

^{*} Garden.

[†] Emblem of Pity.

32 · LIVES OF EMINENT SCOTSMEN.

less court; and while shedding glory on the a which he lived, by his productions, was often wi the means of satisfying the wants of the ps hour.* Whatever may have been the errors of muse, in hea days of youth and jollity, it is lit the honour of James the Fourth, that he could allowed such a muse as Danbar's to sue to him after day, year after year, for a mere

----sum thing quhairon to leif,

without being at last touched by the appeal.

It must have been a pure priesthood, index which Dunbar would not, in his maturer years, done honour; but even allowing that "the Mariet Wemen and the Wedo" had for ever a the doors of the church upon him, was there no sort of preferment in the power of the cour which to place the brightest genius of his age: the hazard of starvation?

Of the time or manner of Dunbar's death, the no trace on record. From one of his poems, en "Lament for the Death of the Makkares," (poet appears to have outlived most of his contempora and if, as we have before supposed, he was in the of life about the year 1503, the period of his may, with some probability, be fixed somewhere tween the years 1530 or 1540.

ڙ.

A new feature in Dunbar's history, found presume, on a line in Dunbar's "Meditation Winter;"

[&]quot; How glad that ever I dyne or soup."

Warton thinks that the natural complexion of a's gendus was of the moral and didactic cast: adoubtedly, he partakes more of this character ry other poet of the age in which he flourished. miterion, who cautions us not to take this restop strictly, admits, at the same time, in r place, (Ancient Scott. Poems, vol. II. page that this was "a walk which Chancer never and in which Dunbar is superlative." "His noral pieces," he adds, " have a terrement, eleand force, only inferior to those of Horace," the poetry of Dunbar," says Dr. Irving, "we ine the emanations of a mind adequate to id and varied exertion; a mind capable of . g into the higher regions of fiction, or of ding into the humble walks of the familiar and rus. His imagination, though highly prolific. afficiently chastened by the interposition of sent. In his allegorical poems we discover dity and even sublimity of invention; while of a satirical kind present us with striking of real life and manners. As a descriptive ne has secured superlative praise. nism of poetry he evinces a wonderful degree 1; he has employed a great variety of metres; s versification, when opposed to that of his eminent contemporaries, will appear highly ented and poetical."

ong the varieties of style which Dunbar eml, he has the honour of having presented us se earliest, if not the only, example of blank in the Scottish language. This occurs in the which stands obnoxious to so much censure; "The Twa Mariet Wemen and the Wedo constructed according to the alliterative rule ally observed in this sort of verse, that at le words in each line should begin with the sam as for example:

Of ferliful* fyne favour war their faces meik, All full of flurist fairhead,† as flouris in June.

The morrow myld was and meik, the mirri upsprong,

And all removit the mist and the waveand we Silver schouris down schuik

And birdis schoutit in the schaw with thair sch The golding glitterand gleme so glaid thair is Thai maid ane gloreus gle amang the grene be The soft south of the swyre,; and sound of the The sweit savour of the swairde, and singing a Micht comfort ony creature of the kyn of Ac

Dunbar's chief productions were the "R Thistle," and the "Golden Terge," of the disting merits of which Dr. Henry presents us following discriminating sketch.

"Dunbar, an ecclesiastic, or, at least, an er of church preferment, seems to have languithe court of James the Fourth, whose marris Margaret Tudor, of England, he has celebrate Thistic and the Rose, a happy allegory, in will vulgar topics of an epithalamium are jud

^{*} Wonderful.

[†] Blooming fairness.

t Breeze of the hill.

avoided, and exhortation and eulogy delicately insinuated; the versification of the poem is hermonious, the stanza artificial and pleasing, the language copious and selected, the narrative diversified, rising very often to dramatic energy. The poem, from its subject, is descriptive, but Dunbar improves the most luxuriant description, by an intermixture of imagery, sentiments, and moral observations.-The Golden Terge is another allegorical poem of Dunbar's, constructed in a stanza similar to Spenser's, but more artificial, and far more difficult. In description, it, perhaps, excels, in sentiment, it scarcely equals, the Thistle and Rose. Its narrative is not intercharged with dialogue; its allegory refers to the passions, the dominion of beauty, the subjection of reason, and is less fortunate than the Thistle and the Rose; whose occult and secondary signification is an historical truth that subsists apart, and however embellished cannot be obsessed by the ostensible emblem. When the passion of the mental powers are personified or involved in action, we marsue the tale, forgetful of the abstraction to which it is relative; but to remedy this, the Golden Terge has a merit in its brevity which few allegorical poems possess. The allegorical genius of our antient poetry discovers often a sublime invention; but it has intercepted what is now more valuable, the representation of genuine character, and of the manners peculiar to antient life. These manners, Dunbar has sometimes delineated with humour in poems lately retrieved from oblivion, and from them he appears in the new light of a skilful satirist and an attentive observer."

Is 1548 or 1549, a work was published at drew's, called the Complaynt of Scotland. It republished within a few years ago by Dr. a work of extreme rarity, and scarcely kneept through an abstract of it, given by Machis Lives of Scottish Writers. Few of our and ductions, however, had probably stronger clair republished, as there is none which contain nute an account of the manners, customs, an lar literature of Scotland at the early period it was written. It is, in fact, the only memhave of the existence of many tales and son have been long ago irretrievably lost.

The author of this poem is said, by Mack have been a Sir James Inglis, who was bor reign of James IV; was educated at St. A went to Paris; returned in the minority of J into whose favour he ingratiated himself by try; took arms against the English invade Somerset, and so distinguished himself, tha knighted on the field; retired, towards the

but, in the Oxford Catalogue, it is mentioned and, in both instances, referred to as Wedden-Compleyet of Scotland. Only three other anpies of the work are known to be in existence if which belongs to the Duke of Roxburgh; to Joha M'Gowan, Esq.; and the third to Paton; but none of these possesses an originancept the first, of which, however, no more two first words, "The Comp." are preserved. mannes of Inglis and Weddenburn both occur sts of our ancient poets; and both about a shich might admit of either being the author lamplayat.

Hailes has published, from the Maitland folio "General Satyre," which bears, at the end, to soduction of "Schir James Inclis;" and , in his Prologue to the Papingo, printed in hus alludes to the same individual:

can say mair than Schir James Inglis sayis Ilatis, farsis, and in plesand playis? 'ulros has his pen maid impotent.

minister of Perth, a contemporary of Lindntions, in a MS. History of the Estate of the Scotland, along with "Sir David Lindsay's ""WEDDERBURNE'S Psalms and Godlie Balnd in the Bannatyne MS. occur three poems, we the name of Wedderburn attached to

ere was therefore both an Inglis and a Wedexisting about the time when the Complaynt s appearance, all that we have to consider is, we ought to believe Mackenzie, who ascribes 2.] it to Inglis, or the Oxford Catalogue, which & to Wedderburn?

Mackenzie, it must be confessed, is a wri whose testimony it is hard to believe any thing he is the older authority by far, and, in a quer this kind, age ought to have some weight in the The work, it is necessary to remark, has every a ance of having been, at first, published anonys "Is it not," says Mr. Herbert, "highly pre considering the subject and the time, that the should be printed privately, and, if the print in danger, was it not necessary for the author (ceal his name? If the author's name was mer on the title-page, what occasion was there to at the end of the Dedication (which is extant the copies?)" To the end of the work, too, the the following sentence appended from Cicero. has no connection with the text, and would be out any apposite signification, were it not des by the author, as an apology for the concealn his name: " Nihil est turpius, quam sapientis vil insepientium sermone pendere." Assuming the the work was published anonymously, is it r more likely, that Mackensie, whose labours peculiarly among the relics of Scottish bios surviving in his day, should come at a right ledge of the author, than the compiler of a cat which did not exist for more than a century Mackenzie's fault, as a biographer, consists rat a prodigious appetite for fables, than in a habit venting them; and it would be erring in the on extreme of incredulity to suppose, that he could given the Complaynt to Sir James Inglis withou

ving the sanction of some anthority, written or tra-

ditional, existing at the time he wrote.

That Sir James Inglis was really the author, appears the more probable from a circumstance in his reputed history, which has been hitherto unnoticed. In the lines before quoted from the Papingo, it has been seen, that Lindsay, after asking who can say more than Sir James Inglis, makes this remark:

Bot Culros has his pen maid impotent.

The word Culros has been generally supposed to stand here for some poet of that name, who silenced Inglis by his pen, but of whom nothing else is known. Ought we not rather to understand by it the town of CULROS, to which Inglis is said to have retired towards the close of his life? And is it not the more obvious meaning, that Inglis, who once wrote so much " in ballatis, farsis, and in plesand playis," had, on retiring to Culros, laid his pen aside, and given himself up to the quiet pleasures of a country life? Nothing could have been more natural than such a conclusion on the part of his contemporaries, to whom he had long ceased to appear in his proper person as an anthor; but if we adopt the supposition, which ascribes to Inglis the authorship of the Complaynt, a work which, being published anonymously, must have been written secretly, we shall be at no loss to account for this seemingly unoccupied space of his life, in a manner more consistent with his literary reputation. Is it not, indeed, a strong circumstance in favour of that hypothesis, that there is such a space to fill up? And can it be more probably filled up than by sup-

LIVES OF EMINENT SCOTSMEN. ig, that, while all the world thought that he was ding his days in rural indolence, he was occu-I in lashing the vices and follies of the three an manny on vices and somes or the realm, in a satire, which a dread of eir resentment withheld him from avowing? Dr. Leyden has adroitly got rid of both Inglis and Vedderburn, as claimants to the Complayat, by start. ng a new fancy of his own namely, that it was my a new fancy of his own. This is not cuting written by Sir David Lindsay. the Gordian knot, but tying a new one. The spece. lations by which he supports his theory are ingenious; but not of weight enough to counterval the fact, that our more weight chough to to fight with his vices on the contrary, rather ostentations, down, but was, on the contrary, in the inscription of his name, to his works, and arowed and boasted of many, which contained muc severer and more dangerous truths than the Complays It has been usual to speak of the Complaynt a prose work, and certainly, if every thing is to be c

prose work, and certainty, it every uning is to be e number of syllables, long and short, it can have claim to exemption. But if we allow to the definition of the claim to be supposed to the definition of the claim to exemption. of poetry a wider and freet range—if fancy, if gery, if decomlive expression, have any claim t among its most essential attributes—then is the playnt quite as much of a poem, as either t of Temora or the Song of Solomon. No on events, will deny it the merit of being mos. prose; and, considering how much it contr the poetry of former days, it may well se firm the title which Sir James Inglis has a other productions, his " ballatis, farsis, playis," to a place among the poets of Sc

he Complaynt is divided into twenty chapters, most interesting of which, now-a-days, is one that originally least business there, being professedly e monolog recreative of the actor (author.)" In chapter (VL) he says, that being fatigued with v, he " past to the greene hoilsum feildis, situat t commodiously fra distemprit ayr and corrupit tione, to resave the sucit fragrant smel of tendir is ande of hoilsum balmy flouris maist odorefe-In his ramble, he met with a party of sheps, their wives and children, seated on " the end ne leve rig," partaking of their morning repast; they had finished, " tha began to talk of grit ynes that vas rycht plesant to be hard." First, hief shepherd made an oration to his companions aise of the pastoral life, from which, happening inder into a most conglomorating discourse on ronders of the heavens, the secret of thunder ghtning, &c. he is stopped by his good wife, ery sensibly observes, " My veil belovit hus-I pray the to decist fra that tedious melancolic quhilk surpassis thy ingyne* be rason that it t thy facultee to disput in ane profund mater, ilk thy capacity can nocht comprehend."for," adds the dame. I think it best that ve ourselfis with joyus comonyng," " and to c recreatione I thynk it best, that evyrie ane ane guide tayl or fabil to pas the time quhil The proposition gives universal satisfaction;

us—intellect, from L. ingenium. rening.

The Taillis of Cantirberrye (Chaucer.)
Robert le Dyabil, Duc of Normandy (rep
in 1798 by Herbert.)

The tayl of the Wolf of the Warldis End (Ferrand, Erl of Flandris, that mareit the (lost.)

The tayl of the reyde Eyttyn (Giant) thre heydis (lost.)

The tayl quhou Persius savit Andromeda i Cruel Monster (lost; version of the classic sta The Prophysic of Merlyne (part probabl thour and Merlin, No. 27, Auchenleck MS.)

The tayl of the Giantes that eet quyk (li-

On fut by Forth as I culd found (lost.)
Wallace (by Henry the Minstrel.)

The Bruce (by Barbour.)
Ypomedon (a translation from a French 1

from which Mr. Warton has given some extrac The tayl of the three futtet Dog of N (lost.)

The tayl quhou Hercules sleu the serper that had vii. heidis (lost version.)

The tayl quhou the King of Estmureland the kingis dochter of Westmureland (supp Leyden, to be the original of the romantic King Estmere in Percy's Reliques.)

Skail Gillenderson the kyngis son of Skelknown.)

The tayl of the Four Sonnis of Aymon (lost.)
The tayl of the brig of the Mantribil (lost.)

The tayl of Syr Euan Arthour's Knycht (preserved in the Pescy and Auchenleck MSS.)

Reaf Collyest (printed at St. Andrew's in 4572, though no copy is known to be extant.)

The Siege of Milan (unknown.)

Gauen and Gallogras (in Pinkerton's Ancient Poems.)

Lancelot du Lac (a celebrated hero of romance, though no piece under this title is preserved.)

Arthur Knycht—he raid on nycht

With gyltin spur and candil lycht (unknown.)

The tayl of Floremond of Albanye that sleu the Dragon be the see (lost.)

The tayl of Sir Walter, the bald Leslie (lost.)

The tayl of the Pure Tynt (unknown.)

Claryades and Maliades (preserved in the New Hailes' Library.)

Arthour of Litil Bretagnye (originally an Armorican romance, of which Lord Berners, the translator of Froissart, made an English version.)

Robene Hude* and litil Jone (in Ritson's Robin-hood.)

The Mervellis of Mandiveil (printed by Wynken de Worde, 1499.)

The tayl of the yong Tamlene (republished in the Minstrelsy of the Border.)

The Bald Braband (unknown.)

^{• &}quot;Indeed an arch robber, but the gentlest thief that ever was born."—Major.

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The Ryng of the roy Robert (in the Maitlan and also in Watson's Collection of Scottish Poe Syr Eggir and Syr Gryme (long very pop

Syr Egeir and Syr Gryme (long very pop Scotland; republished at Aberdeen in 1711.)

Bewis of Southamtoun (Syr Bevis of Har No. 23 Auchenleck MS.)

The Golden Targe (by Dunbar.)

The Paleis of Honour (by Dunbar.)

The tayl quhou Acteon was transformit i hart, and syne slaen be his auen doggis.

The tayl of Pirramus and Tesbe.

The tayl of the Amours of Leander and Her The tayl quhou Jupiter transformit his den Yo, in ane cow.

The tayl quhou that Jason van the golden fle
[These last five are lost versions of well-known
fables.]

Opheus, King of Portugal (probably the §

The tayl of the Goldin Appil (lost version classic story.)

The tayl of the three Weird Systers (lost.)

The tayl quhou that Dedalus maid the labto keip the monster Minotaurus (lost version.)

The tayl quhou King Midas gat twa asse lug his hede, becaus of his avereis (lost version.)

The party, having finished their round of telling, "then began to sing sueit melodious so natural music of the antiquite;" and among the following:

Pastance with gude companye (conjectured the English, "Past tyme in good companye.") The briers binds me sair.

Still under the leyvis grene (preserved in the Maitland MS.)

Cou thou me the rashis grene (common also to England—Ritson's Ancient Songs, p. 93.)

Alace I vyt your twa feyr ene.

Goete you gude day vit boy.

Lady help your prisoneir.

King Vilgamis Note.

The lange nounenou.

The Cheapel Valk.

Faytht is there none.

Skald abellis nou.

The Aberdenis non.

Brume brume on hil (English.) Allone I veip in greit distress.

Trolee lolee Lemendou (English, printed in Ritson.)
Bill vilt thu com by a bute and belt the in Saint

Francis cord.

The Frog cam to the Myl dur.

Gillquhiskar.

Rycht sorily musing in my mynde.

God sen the duc had bydden in France.

An' Delaubaute (de la Beauté) had neuyer cam

[•] This and the following are, by running the titles, erroneously quoted by Pinkerton as forming the burden of one song.—Select Scot. Bal. vol. 2, p. xxxi.

[†] The sense of these lines, as presented to us, is not very obvious. "De la Beauté" is Leyden's ver-

All musing of mervellis amys hef I gane.

Maestris fayr ye vill forfayr.

O lusty Maye with Flora Queen (preserved Bannatyne MS.)

O myne hart hay this is my sang. The battle of Hayrlau (extant.)

The huntis of Chevit (extant.)

Sall I go vitht you to Rumbelo fayr.

Greit is my sorrow (English—"The Dying:

en's Complaint" of Ritson.)

Turn the suit, Ville, to me.

My lufe is lyan sick; send him joy, send hin Fayr lufe, len thou me thy mantil joy.

The Perse and the Montgumrye met that day gentil day (extant.)

sion. Ought we not rather to read Tillibatie, what Vice Regent of Scotland during the absence of Duke" (of Albany) in France? And for "may we not farther read "harm?" the assassi of Tillibatie having been the cause of the duk turn from France? Tillibatie, though but a time in power, appears to have given promiss vigorous administration. The history of it, in cottie, is so interesting, and occupies so small a that I hope to be excused for transcribing it. this mean time thair was ane gentlman in Edin namit Williame Meldrum, Laird of Bines, whan faire ladie with him, called the ladie Gle who was ane dochter to Mr. Richard Lawsong

My lufe is laid upon an knight. Allace that samen sueit face. In an myrthfu morrou. My hart is leinit on the lad.

Of this goodly collection of songs, no less than wenty-eight are now either lost or unknown. Paddies or adaptations of six of them are to be found a "A Compendious Book of Godlie and Spiritual sangis and Ballatis, printed by Andro Hart, 1621," iz. "Allone I veip in greit distress." "Rycht sorily nusing in my mynde." "O myne hart, hay this is my sang." "Greit is my sorrow." "Allace that amen sueit face." and "In ane myrthfu morrou."—In nore recent times, "Alace I vyt your twa feyr ene,"

e might purchase the Pope's license, becaus they vere sib (relations.) Notwithstanding ane gentlman, alled Lues Stirling, invyed the love and marriage bewixt thir tuo personages, thinkand to have the gentlvoman in marriage to himselff, becaus he knew the aird of Bines might not hav hir richtlie be the Pope's awis. Thairfoir he solisted his brother sone the Laird of Keir, with ane certane companie of armed men, o set upon the laird of Bines, to tak his ladie from nim by way of deid; and to that effect followed him netwirt Leith and Edinburgh, and set on him beneath he Rid Chappel, with fytie armed men, and he againe lefendit himselff with fyve in number, and fought vith him, and slew the laird of Keir's principal serrand, and hurt the laird of Keir to the pereil of deid, and twentie-sax of his men hurt and slaine. But has probably furnished the idea of "I gaed a gate yestreen," by Burns; and the "Frog cam

myl dur" is undoubtedly the original of "F would a wooing go."

Among the very few that have been preserved of "Lustie Maye" deserves distinction for its be and, as a specimen of the treasures we have I have been tempted to transcribe it.

T.

O lustie Maye, with Flora queen
The balmy drops from Phebus sheen,
Prelusant beams, before the day,
Before the day, the day.
By thee, Diana groweth green
Through glaidness of this lustie Maye,
Through glaidness of this lustie Maye.

this Williame Meldrum of Bines was evil mart for his hochis war cutted, and the knoppis of h bowis war strikin off, so thair was no signe of him; yitt be the mightie power of God he esci the death, and leived fyftie yeeres therefter. I meane tyme Monseour Tillibatie gatt word, quh was in the Abbey of Hallirudhoos, that sic ane n man was murthered at his hand, so he incont caused sound his trumpetis, and rang the comoun commanding all men to follow him both on hors foott, that he might revenge that villanous fact: cam presentlie forward to the place quhair the t was foughten, and fand this Williame lyan for and his men about him, and followed very ferclie

II.

Then Aurora that is so bright
To woful hearts she casts great light,
Right pleasantly, before the day,
Before the day, the day;
And shows and shades furth of that light,
Through glaidness of this lustic Maye,
Through glaidness of this lustic Maye,

III.

Birds on their boughs, of every sort, Send furth their notes and mak great mirth, On banks that bloom; on every brae, On every brae, on every brae;

hair enemies and overhyed thame at Linlithgow, and orced them to tak refuge in the feill (religious) house a Linlithgow for saiftie of thair lyves, thinkand tham-elffis suir thairin. Bot this noble regent lap manlie bout the hous, and seidgit it evir till be constrained hame to render the same, and thairefter tak thame and brought thame eltogether to Edinburgh, and gave hem ane fair assyse; and thairby condemned thame or the said cryme, and war put in the Castle of Edinburgh to be in sure keeping, to be at the governouris vill.

"Efter this Mons. Tillibatie went to the Mers and of the town of Dunce, to hold ane justice court, and as conveyed be the lairdis of Sesfoord and Pherneirst, who said to him, that they sould give him the convoy saiflie to Edinburgh againe. Bot the laird f Wedderburne and his companie invyed Mons.

And fare and flie o'er field and fyrth Through glaidness of this lustic Maye, Through glaidness of this lustic Maye.

IV.

All lovers that are in care
To their ladies they do repair
In fresh mornings before the day,
Before the day, the day;
And are in mirth ay mair and mair,
Through glaidness of this lustie Maye,
Through glaidness of this lustie Maye.

v.

Of every monith in the year To mirthful Maye there is no peer,

Tillibatic, for the Duik of Albaneis caus, and siew that he was left in sic ane place, he thought he sow be avengit him, and watched Tillibatic, regent for tyme, quhill he gat him at ane outsyd, and sett Tillibatic. But Tillibatic fearing ane conspiracie spurred his hors and fied towardis the castle of I bar, thinking to have wone away becaus he was horsed. But being ane stranger, and not kas the ground weill, he laired his hors in ane mos thair his enemies cam upon him, and slew and thered him verrie unhonestlic, and cutted aff hi and carried it with thame. And it was said thad long hair plett in his neck, quhilk David of Wedderburne knitt to his saidle bow, ar it."—Chronicles of Scotland, vol. 2. 305-7.

Her glistering garments are so gay, Garments so gay, so gay. You lovers all make merry cheer Through glaidness of this lustie Maye, Through glaidness of this lustie Maye,

he "scheipherdis and there vyvis," says the for of the Complaynt, " sang mony uthir melodi s the quhilkis I hef nocht in memory. Then this sucit celest armonye the began to dance in ryng; evyrie ald scheiphird led his vyfe be the d, and evyrie your scheiphird led hyr quhome he t best." Eight of the shepherds, he tells us, had ruments on which they played in succession to dancers. "The fyrst had ane drone bag pipe, next had ane pipe maid of ane bladder and of ane the thrid played on ane trump (Jew's harp) the i on ane corne pipe (probably Chancer's " pipe of grene corne,") the fyft playit on ane pipe of ane gait horne (the stock and horn or buck) the sext playt on ane recordar (flagiolet,) the playt on ane fiddil, and the last playt on ane il." And so sweetly did they play, that, acg to the author, not " al the scheipherdis that makkis mention in his Bucolikis culd be comto them; nor even Orpheus " that playt sa then he socht his vyf" in the shades; nor yet heiphird Pan, that playt to the goddis on his The description of the manner of dance I by the shepherds, is extremely characterismusing. "First thai began vitht twa bekkis nd vitht a kysse," and then when they pro-"ther lycht lopene, galmouding (gambol-

formerly a favourite in the south of Scotlance row gone into de actude. It was the common the Kern or feast, of cutting down the grain, always danced with peculiar glee by the r that farm where the harvest was first finish these occasions, they danced on an eminenc view of the reapers in their vicinity, to the the Lowland bagpipe, commencing the da three loud shouts of triumph, and thrice to their hooks in the air. The intervals of labo harvest were often occupied in dancing the the music of the piper who formerly atter reapers. The custom of the piper playing the reapers, which has now fallen into desu alluded to in Hamilton's Elegy on the Pipe barchan:

1

"Or wha will cause our shearers shear? Wha will bend up the brays of weir?"

This dance is still retained among the Highlanders, who frequently dance the Rii open fields, when they visit the south of Sci land. Huntis up. The Comont Entry. Lang plat fut of Gariau. Robene Hude. Thom of Lyn. (Tamlene, an air, says Leyden, extremely similar to that of "the Jew's Daughter.") Freris al. Ennymes. The Loch of Slene. The gossep's dance. Levis grene. Makky. The speyde. The flail. The lammes wynde. Sontra. Cum kytill me nakit wantounly. Schayk leg. Fut befor gossep. Rank at the rute. Bag lap and al (a well known air preserved in Oswald's Collection.) Johne Ermistrangis dance. The Alman haye. The bace of Voragon. Danger. The beye. The dede dance. The dance of Kylrynne. The wod and the wal. Schaik a trot."

Many of these airs are doubtless still in being, for, though words vanish quickly, music is slow to depart; but not more than three or four of them continue to be known by the names here ascribed to them. The dancing being done, the shepherds collect their flocks and drive them tumultuously to the folds. The author wanders into a meadow, where he lies down and falls into a deep sleep, during which old mother Caledonia appears to him in a vision, and makes that Complaint against her three sons, the three estates of Scotland, which forms the subject of the remainder of the work.

"That the Complaynt is well written," says Dr. Leyden, "and franght with great learning, will be admitted by every one who compares it with compositions, in prose, of the same period. As neither reading nor the practice of composition had become either a fashion or an amusement, at the early period when the work was composed, he who should expect ele-

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gance or taste in so ancient a Scottish classic be highly disappointed. But if he expect a manners to be delineated with rough and impenergy, if he expect the economy of civil polit characterized, and the state of factions and pabe forcibly described, he will probably be dispelass this work with those authentic monu which throw a certain and steady light upon and manners."

In this generally correct estimate of the m the Complaynt, its ingenious editor has abar its pretensions to "elegance" and "taste," sweeping precipitancy for which there seems lic casion. A reader, I think, may look for bo not "be highly disappointed." He will encor great deal of quaintness and affectation, faults are common to all carly productions, but he pleased with the love of nature which predon through the work, and the gay imagery in will abounds.

Of "the ballatis, farsis, and plesand playis," Sir James Inglis wrote, not one is known to be a The "General Satire," published by Lord I is the only other relic of this author which tir left us.

HENRY THE MINSTREL.

* Han it not been for music and poetry," say the Welch, " even the deeds of Arthur had inevitably perished.20 . With equal truth, we may say, that had it not been for the voice and harp of Henry the Minstrel, the deeds of Wallace, the Champion of Scottich freedom, though they were probably in no danger of perishing, would never have been so familiar to the Scottish people as they are, nor the remembrance whis example have had such powerful influence in imating the flame of patriotism in their bosoms. The history, by Henry, of "Ye Actis and Deidis of ve Hiuster and Vailseand Championn Shyr William Wallace," has, for centuries past, shared with the Brucz, a similar metrical history by Barbour, the honour of being the most treasured among the cottage classics of Scotland. Many individuals are to be found even at this day, who can repeat the greater part of them, and it is rare, indeed, to meet with one who, either from having read them or heard them recited, is not acquainted with their more remarkable and interesting passages.

The personal history of Henry is almost lost in bacurity. We are not even in possession of more an half his name; and have no means of telling hether Henry was a Christian or a surname, or, if the former, what the latter was. Dempster says, he was living in 1361; Major, who is supposed to have been born about 1446, that when he was in his infancy, Henry the Minstrel wrote his "Actis and Deidis" of Wallace. Major farther informs us, that he was blind from his birth, and that he gained his food and clothing by the recitation of histories or "gestes" before the nobles of the land. And here ends all that survives of "Blind Harry," as our Scottish pessents familiarly call him, beyond the work which they so much admire.

"That a man born blind," says Mr. Ellis, "should excel in any science is sufficiently extraordinary, though by no means without example; but that he should become an excellent poet is almost miraculous, because the soul of poetry is description. Perhaps therefore it may be safely assumed, that Henry was not inferior, in point of genius, either to Barbour or Chaucer, nor, indeed, to any poet in any age or country."

Any estimate founded on the assumption of what a man might or would have been, in comparison with some other person, if he had had the advantages which that other person possessed, takes of course so

[•] It has been asked, why not Henry Minstrel, if Thomas Rhymer is to be admitted? See observations in Life of the latter, Part I. The reason is obvious: Minstrel is not known as a family name, though Rhymer is.

much for granted, as to leave nothing to contend with; but as the fact stands, the praise of Mr. Ellis must be allowed greatly to exceed that which is due to Henry the Minstrel, deservedly popular as his effusions are. As to mere story-telling, he may possibly surpass even the author of the Cantesbury Tales; but in all that constitutes true poetry, (for, with due deference to Mr. Ellis, " the soul of postry" is not description,) in strength and vivacity of thought, in new perceptions, new combinations, new ideas, new imagery, Henry is inferior to Chaucer, and to many poets of many ages and countries. Contrasted with Barbour, as extant in his " Bruce," Henry will be found still lighter in the scale. The "Brace," says a late critic, " is evidently the work of a politician as well as poet. The characters of the king, of his brother, of Douglas, and of the Earl of Moray, are discriminated, and their separate talents always employed with judgment; so that every event is prepared and rendered probable by the means to which it is attributed; whereas, the Life of Wallace is a mere romance, in which the hero hews down whole squadrons with his single arm, and is indebted for every victory to his own muscular strength. Both poems are filled with descriptions of battles; but, in those of Barbour, our attention is successively directed to the cool intrepidity of King Robert, to the brilliant rashness of Edward Bruce, or to the enterprizing stratagems of Douglas; while, in Henry, we find little more than a disgusting picture of revenge, hatred, and blood,"

But here, too, we may see the zeal of argument leading a just suggestion to excess. The effects of

individual prowess are underrated; and the causes of the " revenge, hatred, and blood," overlooked. If Henry has erred in ascribing too much to physical strength, the same observation will apply, with equal force, to Homer, the first and perhaps greatest of ancient poets, whose heroes are all giants in this respect; and to no Scotchman could it be necessary to state, why "revenge, hatred, and blood," were the battle cries of the "Scots wha' had wi' Wallace bled." Henry is doubtless inferior to Barbour: not because moral are, at all times, superior to physical causes, but because, in the one case, these causes are exhibited for the edification of posterity, while, in the other, they are suppressed as unnecessary to the information of persons who knew and felt, and perhaps more than poetically felt, them all. Henry is inferior to Barbour, inasmuch as the praise of a day is an inferior prize to the praise of succeeding generations; but to say, that any part of Henry's Wallace is "disgusting," can only shew an ignorance of the work on which the criticism is passed.

The history of Wallace, which Henry has left us, undoubtedly partakes much of the marvellous; it is full of exaggerations, anachronisms, and absurdities. But, as a poem, it is simple, interesting, and exciting; and, as a narrative of facts, it must always be remembered, that we have it not through the medium of the author's own pen, but through oral recitation, to the corruptions of which there are no limits.

It appears from the work itself, that the author had acquired many particulars of it from the immediate descendants of Wallace's contemporaries; but be-

this, he informs us, that he followed very strictly ok of great authority, being a complete history Vallace, written in Latin partly by John Blair, partly by Thomas Grav, of which, however, s is now no trace. The fact, that the poet had such attention to authorities, should induce us tender in ascribing to him, rather than to the ers of his work, the errors in which it abounds. enry is perhaps the only one of the early Scotpoets who has a claim to the kindred character ninstrel: for though, among the Celtic tribes, the of minstrels was more numerous, more respectaand of more extensive influence, than in any naof Gothic origin, Henry is the only one whose has outlived the wreck of ages; and, when he shed, the order had sunk from a station of high ctability to one of comparative meanness. In elby's Sow, an anonymous poem of as old a date e "Actis and Deidis" of Wallace, a bard is iniced in the following contemptible company.

> A lunatyk, a sismatyk, An heretic, a pursyk, A Lumbard, a Lolard, An usurer, a bard, &c.

r was it contempt alone which the minstrel had to encounter. In an ancient Scottish law which ributed to Achaius, it is ordered, that "all vadis, fuilis, bardis, skularis, and sic lyke idill ill, sal be brynt on the cheik and skurged with lis, bot gyf they fynd sum craft to wen thair g." It is extremely probable, however, as Leyobserves, that "this regulation extended only



to wandering minstrels, whose vagra had a natural tendency to lead the various irregularities." "The laws adds, "prescribed the manner in wh required to wear the arms of his prin as the nobility of a great part of Norman extraction, and frequently both in Scotland and England, it suppose, that they would not imitate the northern barons in so important a of maintaining minstrels attached to families."

The only MS. known to be extant and from which all the printed c taken, is now in the Advocates Libra and bears the date of 1488. The fix was that of Edinburgh, 1570; an most correct, that of Perth, 1790.

Sir David Lindsay's

^{*&}quot; It is to understand, yat na m his lord or princis arms as anc herr sall beir it ewin on ye middis of his round circle about ye scheild, qlkis sigell in armes, and yat is ye differen of armes and menstrallis quhairby y

SIR DAVID LINDSAY.

Ielliflui cantus Syren dulcissima qualem cotigenæ Aönides, et scinunt et amant. Johnston's Heroës Scoti.

avid Lindsay, of the Mount, so called from an of that name in the vicinity of Cupar, in Fife, ch he was proprietor, was a descendant of the of Lord Lindsay, of Byres, in Haddingtonshire, is born in 1490; studied at the University of drew's;* and in 1512 was engaged to assist in ring of James the Fifth, then an infant. He was ate in acquiring the affections of his royal pupil, ad an important and beneficial share in the ion of his character; but, after twelve years' attee upon the young prince, he incurred the dister of the queen-mother, and was dismissed pension.

a the Biographical Dictionary, it is conjectured; "received his early education, probably, at ighbouring school of Coupar." Unfortunately; conjecture, there happens to intervene, between art of Haddingtonshire and this neighbouring of Coupar, a Firth of twelve miles wide, and day's journey of dry land besides.

1. 2. 3

his late pupil, though but in his sixteenth ye taken the bold step of emancipating hims thraldom of the Douglasses, and was ente career of vigorous administration, whiel years, restored order and growing prospe country, and which, if we consider the you is perhaps unrivalled in the history of yo reigns. As far as the hands of governmenthat period, be strengthened by the exer press, the satire of Lindsay could not fail availing influence; and, to Lindsay, it m forded a double gratification, to reflect that the preceptor of the prince, whose able eithe good of his people, he was now as a stributing, by his pen, to encourage and for

In the year following, Lindsay wrote playnt" to the king. While reforming the the nation, his Majesty had, it appears, the claims of his old tutor; who, therefor self under the necessity of bringing to his how well he had served him in the days of and intimating his house of being yet and

:

The complaint thus successfully made for himself, was succeeded by a "Complaynt of the King's Papingo," in which his Majesty's parrot is made to ridicule, in a very happy vein of humour, the vices of the catholic clergy.

In April, 1531, Sir David was appointed, by the king, one of three ambassadors, who were to repair to Antwerp, to renew the ancient treaty of commerce between Scotland and the Netherlands. They met with a most gracious reception from Charles V. and had no difficulty in fulfilling the object of their mission.

On his return to Scotland, Lindsay married a lady of the Douglas family; but this union appears to have been attended with little happiness. The joys of wedlock have no share in the praises of Lindsay;—he speaks of woman, in all his works, with a degree of ungallantry, very foreign to the poetical character.

In 1535, Lindsay produced, before the king, at the Castlehill of Cupar, a sort of drama, called "a Satire on the Three Estates." The Castlehill was a place, where, in early times, dramatic performances or moralities, as they were called, used to be performed, in the open air, after all such representations had been excluded from the churches.* In the appendix to Arnot's History of Edinburgh, there is a curious except from a manuscript of another entertainment, which appears to have been exhibited, by Lindsay, in the same playfield of Cupar. The manuscript had been

^{*} Few towns of note were then without such playfields; that of Edinburgh was at the Greensidewell. Arnot's History of Edinburgh.

in the possession of the celebrated David Garrick commences thus:—

"Here begins the proclamation of the play, me by David Lindsay, of the Mount, knight; in the pl field, in the month of June, the year of God 1: years.

Proclamation made in Cupar of Fife.

Our purpose is on the seventh day of June,
If weather serve, and we have rest and peace,
We shall be seen into our playing place,
In good array, about the hour of seven.
Of thriftiness, that day, I pray you cease,

Of thriftiness, that day, I pray you cease, But ordain us good drink against alleven.

Fail not to be upon the Castlehill, Beside the place where we propose to play; With good stark wine, your flaggons, see you f And had yourselves the merriest that you may.

COTTAGEN.—I shall be there, with God's gra Though there were never so great a price, And foremost in the fair; And drink a quart, in Cupar town, With my gossip, John Williamson, Though all the nolt should rair.

In 1535, Sir David was employed with Sir J Campbell, of Lowdon, in a mission to the cour Germany, in quest of a spouse for his young soverei but none of the portraits of German beauty, whithey brought back, pleasing the king, Lindsay was ryear sent, on a similar errand, to France. Jan however, auxious to consult his own taste, magnification, in the selection of a partner for life,

rived himself in France, soon after his ambassador; and, as it fell out, no step could have been more unfortunate for his happiness. After he had fixed his inclinations on a daughter of the Duke of Vendome, his personal appearance caught the heart of Magdalene, sickly daughter of the French king, and, out of mere compassion, he gave his hand to a lady, whom no worldly power could save from the grave, while his desertion caused the death of her whom he more truly loved, and who might, had love been true, have lived a long and happy life, the grace and ornament of the Scottish court. Within two months after Magdalene became queen of Scotland, she expired; an event which produced Lindsay's next poem, the "Deploration of the Deith of Queen Magdalene."

In 1538, the king repaired his loss, by a marriage with Margaret, the daughter of the Duke of Guise; and, in some public welcomings or spectacles, which took place on the occasion of her arrival in Scotland, Sir David's genius appears to have supplied both poetry

and design.

In 1542, he lost his prince and pupil, whose death he, more than in common with the bulk of the Scottish people, deplored. The friends of the Reformation, then making great progress in Scotland, looked upon James as one of its greatest enemies, and did not hesitate, in the fanaticism of their zeal, to pronounce his death to be "a judgement of Providence;" but Lindsay, who had the nursing of the prince's mind; who had been countenanced and encouraged by him in the production of "The Satire on the Three Estates," and other works, all strongly satirizing the corruptions of the Catholic clergy;

Lindsay, who was himself not liest, but one of the warmest, formation; entertained no suc that James had been guilty of the persecuting spirit of the pre aids in money, which he could nobles, whose arrogance that m keeping down; he had found i gaiety and pleasure, greatly gloomy enthusiasm of the early religion; but he could not, at that James had gone farther in posure, and was disposed to go tion, of the practical corruptio any monarch who had preceded opening the eyes of the peopl the way would probably never those improvements in doctrine all, the chief point of separat and the Reformers.

In 1544, Sir David sat in a at Edinburgh, as representative par in Fife. He represented t parliaments which met at Linli Edinburgh in 1546.

In 1548, he was sent as an King of Denmark, to solicit to protect the Scottish coasts at to negotiate a free trade for t particularly in grain. The si but the free trade, as it was ext a staple commodity of Denm ceded.

indsay had now the satisfaction of seeing his rite work of Reformation advancing with rapid les; but when the question of ascendancy came n issue between the reformers and the government, appears to have avoided taking any active part, tent with having assisted in so material a degree tir up his countrymen to the assertion of the truth. probable, that, besides the share which the coolof age may have had in this determination, a ke to the doctrinal puritanism of the covenanters. some apprehension for the excesses to which r zeal might lead, had also no inconsiderable influ-His pen, however, was still at the service of reformers; and for one of their most ruthless ls, the assassination of Cardinal Beaton, he wrote pology, which was too much in the spirit of that ticism which he affected to lament.

As for the cardinal, I grant He was the man we might weil want; God will forgive it soon. But of a truth the sooth to say,

Although the loun be well away,

The fact was foully done.

he murderers on this occasion "were religious ots, and they were long employed in prayer to before they ventured to commit this act of asnation. The pernicious doctrine, that what was d 'righteous judgment,' might be executed by ate men, had been taught by some zealots in these appy times; but happily, though it terrified er Cromwell, it gained few partisans in the ish nation."

In 1550, Lindsay produced his "History : Testament of Squire Meldrum," and in 1553, "Monarchie," the one the most poetical, and other the largest, of his works.

The period of Sir David Lindsay's death, a indeed, every thing respecting the close of his do is a matter of uncertainty. Although one of greatest literary characters of his time, and the hol of a dignified public office, there is no memoria tell either when he expired or where his remains v interred. The fact is singular, and not to be counted for even by the confusions which t prevailed.

Besides the productions which have been identally mentioned, Lindsay wrote an "Answe the King's Flyting;" "The Complaynt of Basthe King's Hound," 1536; "The Justing of Wa and Barbour;" "The Supplication against S Taillis," (a part of female attire,) 1538; and "Ki Confession," 1541; written in ridicule of auric confession.

The whole of the productions of Lindsay were his native tongue, for the use of which he takes casion, in the first book of his last work, "The harchie," to give an abundance of very sensible sons. Neither Aristotle nor Plato, he says, wroth Dutch; neither Virgil, "The Prince of Poetry," Cicero, "The Flower of Oratory," wrote in Arabut each in his own mother tongue. He has no jection that those who have the opportunity ableam the dead languages, and that matters of 1 speculation may be discussed in them.

Lat doctouris write thair curious questiounis And argumentis sawin full of sophistrie; Thair logick and thair heigh opiniounis; Thair dark judgementis of astronomie; Thair medicine and thair philosophie: Lat poetis schaw thair glorious ingyne,* As euer thay pleis, in Greik or in Latyne.

In matters, however, of vital concern,

To common weil and our saluation,

e insists on the necessity of having them in that lanuage which every man can understand. The catholic ogma, with respect to the shutting up of the scripares from the vulgar eye, he sets at rest by the folwing quaint but apt illustration.

Saint Hierome, in his proper toung Romane,
The law of God trewlie he did translate;
Out of Hebrew and Greik in Latine plane;
Quhilk hes bene hid from us lang time, God wait
Unto this time; bot efter my conceit
Had St. Hierome bene born into Argile
Into Irish toung his buikis had done compyle.

Lindsay says truly that he did not write for "cun-

[&]quot;Ingyne," imagination; a saving clause for indsay's friend, George Buchanan, but which has ot saved him. Had the poetic talent which Buchana wasted in a dead tongue been employed as Linday's was, in Scottish verse, he would have lived to osterity as a poet; but it is as Buchanan, the histoian, that we know him.

A. S.

ning clerkis;" he wrote to expose the impostures of cunning clerks to the eyes of the people at large, and it was necessary, therefore, that he should write in a language which the people knew.

Quhairfoir to colzearis, carters, and to cuikis To Jok and Thom, my ryme sal be directit, With cunning men howbeit it will be lackit.

The subjects of all his pieces were of a sombre and satirical cast; some vice which was to be reprobated, some folly to be chastised, some prejudice to be removed, some misery for which there was no remedy to be lamented. "I write," he says,

With sorrowfull sichis ascending from the splene And bitter teiris distelling from mine ene."

But Lindsay was not a mere complainer. He every where combines the soundest advice with the most poignant satire, and abounds with moral sentences, many of which have become proverbial. So much this the case, indeed, that the common people of Scotland used of old, when they heard a proposition started of a doubtful character, to observe "there is na sic a word in a' Davie Lindsay."

Of Lindsay's judgement in pointing out how the abuses, by which the industrious classes of the community were oppressed, might be remedied, we have a remarkable and memorable example in the efforts which he made to introduce the system of lease-holding, till then unknown among the landed proprietors of Scotland.

On this subject the old editor of his works, Charteris,

has spoken in terms so forcible, and, indeed, pathetic, that they well merit quotation.

"Quhat labouris tuik he that the landis of this countrie micht be set out in fewis efter the fashioun of sindry uther realmes, for the incres of policie and riches? Bot, quhat hes he profitet? Quhen ane pure man with his haill race and ofspring, hes labourit out thair lyfis on ane litel peice of ground, and brocht it to sum point and perfectioun, then must the lairdis brother, kinsman or surname, have it, and the pure man, with his wyfe and bairnis, schut out to beg thair meit. He that tuik lytill labouris on it, man enjoy the frutes and commoditeis of it; he man eit up the sweit and labouris of the pure man's browis. Thus the pure dar mak na policie nor bigging, in cais they big themselves out. Bot althoch men wink at this, and overluik it, yet he sittis abone that sees it, and sall judge it. He that heiris the sichis and complaints of the pure oppressit sal not for ever suffer it unpunischit."

In this recapitulation of Lindsay's claims to remembrance, it may, perhaps, be wondered, that that of poetry, in the strict sense of the term, should be the last to swell the throng. But if the opinion of an individual may be listened to for a moment, in opposition to long established prejudices, he would venture to say that it is less as a poet than as a moralist and reformer, that Sir David Lindsay deserves to be regarded. That he could write poetry he has left sufficient proofs; but that the bulk of his works is any thing more than excellent prose shaped into lines of equal syllabic length is a position which it would probably not require much critical skill to demonstrate.

here, too sweeping a disavowal; but, in the no more than the simple truth. Strong semmark, and forcible expression, swell his lial that is more peculiarly characteristic invention, imagery, harmony of numbers striking deficiency. Warton, who was modern times to revive the recollection of a poet, does not venture farther than to some of his pieces" many nervous, terse, a lines;" and to this extent of praise there

The "Song of the Lark," which Lindsa duced into his "Dreme," may suffice, I shew that he possessed the true poetic vei it was more from choice than inability tha oftener indulge in it.

exception.

Song of the Lark.

Allace, Aurora! the sillie lark can cry Quhair hes thou left thy balmy liquor. That us rejoisit, we mounting in the sl Thy silver droppis are turnit into sloit

5

Quhair art thou May, with June, thy sister schene, Weill bordourit with daseis of delyte; And gentill July with thy mantil grene, Enamilit with rosis reid and quhyte? Now, auld and cauld Januar, in dispite Reiffis from us all pastime and plesure, Allace, quhat gentill hart may this endure!

Oursylit* ar with cloudis odious
The golden skyis of the orient,
Changing in sorrow our sang melodious,
Quhilk we had wont to sing with gude intent,
Resoundand to the hevinnis firmament;
Bot now our day is changit into nicht.

J. L

^{*} O'ercast.

When we find different places contendistinction of having given birth to an ir need require no better proof to convittere must have been much in his charac affinity with it an honor. Such rivalry which we pay to worth and greatness a first poet of a country, the first found to a Homer or to a Guttemberg.

Mackenzic affirms, that the subject of memoir, Alexander Barclay, was a Scots apparently for no better reason known that Alexander is a Christian name, potish. Bale contends, that he is an Eng of the county of Somerset, because the cleys in Somersetshire; on the same primacedon is like Monmouth, because the in Macedon and a river in Monmouth, that he was born in Devonshire, on no a seemingly, than that his first preferment was in that county. And Mr. Warton is that he as probably belonged to Glouces.

Amid so many empty conjectures, it is pleasant to be able to produce some solid evidence on the subject; and to a Scotsman not the less so, that the evidence is in favor of his country's claim to rank Alexander Barclay among the number of eminent men whom it has produced. The authority which gives Barclay to Scotland ought to be of the greater weight, that it is not that of a Scotsman, but of an Englishman, Dr. William Bulleyn, well known to the learned as a physician and botanist, of great eminence, about the middle of the sixteenth century. Bulleyn was a native of the isle of Ely, and Barclay was a monk of the monastery of Ely, at the period when Bulleyn was a youth. Whether they were personally acquainted or not is uncertain; but from living in the same neighbourhood, Bulleyn had an opportunity of knowing, better than any contemporary whose evidence on the subject is extant, to what country Barclay was, by all about him, reputed to belong. Now to the evidence. In an allegorical description of the early English poets, by Dr. Bulleyn, he states positively, that Barclay was "born beyond the cold river Tweed." As the whole passage possesses considerable elegance, and has been so universally overlooked by the critics, the transcription of it here will not probably be deemed out of place.*

"Witty Chaucer, who sat in chair of gold covered with roses, writing prose and rhyme, accompanied

It is scarcely necessary to observe, that the orthography, as I find it in the MS. of this memoir, is modernized.

A. s.

falsehood in lawvers, no busary in men rebellion in the commons, and unity among doms, &c. There appeared also Lydgate among the lilies, with his bald sconce, and of willows about it. Booted he was after St guise; and a black stammel robe, with a: hood, hanging backward; his body stooping bewailing every state with the spirit of Pr foreseeing the falls of wicked men, and th seats of princes; the ebbing and flowing, and falling of men in authority; how virtue the simple, and vice overthrows the most no world. Skelton sat in the corner, with a fre face, frowning and scarcely yet cooled o burning choler kindled against the cankered Wolsey, writing many a sharp disticon wi pen against him, which he sent through th Styx, Phlegeton, and Acheron, by the fer hell, called Charon, to the said cardinall. clay, in a hooping russet long coat, with a pret his neck, and fine knots upon his girdle, after tricks. He was born bewond the cold river 1

Barclay, as born beyond the Tweed, is not a little strengthened by the accuracy with which even in allegory he delineates his peculiar characteristics, "He lodged upon a bed of sweet camomile." What figure could have been more descriptive of that agreeable bitterness, that pleasant irony, which distinguishes the author of the "Ship of Fools?" "About him many shepherds and sheep with pleasant pipes, greatly abhorring the life of courtiers." What could have been a plainer paraphrase of the title of Barclay's "Eclogues," or " Miseries of Courtiers and Courtes, and of all Princes in general"? As a minor feature, " the fine knots upon his girdle after Francis's tricks" may also be noticed. Hitherto, the fact of Barclay having been a member of the Franciscan order has been always repeated as a matter of some doubt; "he was a monk of the order of St. Benedict, and afterwards, as some say, a Franciscan." Bulleyn knows, and mentions, with certainty, what others only speak of as the merest conjecture. In short, every thing tends to shew a degree of familiar acquaintance with the man, his habits, and his productions, which entitles the testimony of Bullevn to the highest credit.

Although the country of Barclay is thus fixed with sufficient certainty, nothing farther respecting his nativity or early youth is known. The first trace we have of him is at Oriel College, Oxford, about 1495, where he was patronized by Thomas Cornish, then provost of that house. After finishing his studies at the university, he travelled through Holland, Germany, Italy, and France. On returning to England, he found his patron, Dr. Cornish, had become Bishop of Tyne, and received from him an appointment to be

chaplain in the college of St. Mary Ottery, in Devonshire, founded by John Grandison, Bishop of Exeter.

It was while resident here, that Barclay wrote his great work, the Ship of Fools; this we learn from the title as it is to be found in Pynson's, the parent edition. "This present boke, named the Shyp of Folys of the Worlde, was translated i' the College of Sayat Mary Ottery, in the Counte of Deuonshyre, out of Laten, Frenche, and Doche, into Englyshe tonge, by Alexander Barclay, Preste; and at that tyme chapten in the said colledge."

Some time after this, Barclay entered into monastic orders; first, into that of St. Benedict; next, into that of St. Francis; and, at the dissolution of the monastery of Ely in 1539, we find him among the

number of its ejected monks.

Barclay appears not to have been without friends in this emergency. He was appointed successively to the vicarage of St. Matthew, at Wokey in Somersetshire, and to that of Much-Badew or Badew-Magna, in the county of Essex and diocese of London; nor were these, as Wood supposes, his only preferments; for the dean and chapter of London, in April 1552, presented him to the living of Allhallows, Lombard Street. The last appointment, however, he lived to enjoy only a very few weeks; he was now far advanced in years; and, in the month of June, 1552, died at Croydon, in Surrey, in the church of which place his remains were interred.

Barclay had the reputation, among his contemporaries, of being a man of rare wit and learning; and the numerous editions of his works, which have been

since called for, is a proof that his merits were not merely of a temporary description. Mr. Warton, who in his History of English Poetry has given a full account of Barclay's writings, observes: " All antient satirical writings, even those of an inferior cast, have their merit, and deserve attention, as they transmit pictures of familiar manners, and preserve popular customs. In this light, at least, Barclay's "Ship of Fools," which is a general satire on the times, will be found entertaining. Nor must it be denied, that his language is more cultivated than that of many of his contemporaries, and that he has contributed his share to the improvement of the English phraseology."-If this be not to "damn with faint praise," it is something very like it. "His share" is a very large share; larger, perhaps, than that of any other author of the same period. A few extracts, taken from the work at random, will convince any person of this, who is in the least versant with the writers of the beginning of the sixteenth century. It is impossible, indeed, to read some of the stanzas without surprize, at the ease and elegance of diction which they display.

In the introductory part, called "The clamour to the Fooles," after noticing that the ship is full, and can hold no more, though "there is great number that fayne would aborde," he says:

But I pray you, readers, have ye no disdayne, Though Barclay have presumed of audacitie This ship to rule as chiefe master and captayne, Though some thinke themselves much worthier than

he;

SO LIVES OF EMINENT SCOTSMEN.

It were great marvell forsoth, sith he hath be A scholer longe, and that in divers scholes, But he might be captayne of a ship of fooles.

But if that any one be in such maner case, That he will chalenge the mastership fro me, Yet in my ship can I not want a place, For in every place myselfe I ofte may see: But this I leave, beseching eche degree To pardon my youth and too bolde enterprise, For hard is it duely to speake of every vice.

For if I had tonges an hundred, and wit to fele
All thinges naturall and supernaturall,
A thousand mouthes, and voyce as harde as stele,
And sene all the seven sciences liberall,
Yet coulde I never touche the vices all
And sin of the world, ne their braunches comprehende.

Not though I lived unto the worlde's ende.

But if these vices which mankinde doth incomber Were cleane expelled, and vertue in their place, I could not have gathered of fooles so great a number, Whose folly from them outchaseth God's grace: But every man that knowes himselfe in that case, To this rude booke let him gladly intende, And learn the way his lewdenes to amende.

The following stanzas on the mutability of fortune are of a still higher order of poetry:

We dayly prove, by example and evidence, That many be made fooles, mad and ignorant, By the brode worlde, putting trust and confidence In fortune's wheele, unsure and unconstant; Some assay the wheele, thinking it pleasaunt; But, whyle they to climbe up have pleasure and desire, Their feete them fayleth, so fall they in the mire.

Promote a yeoman, make him a gentleman, And make a bayliffe of a butcher's sonne, Make of a squire, knight, yet will they, yf they can, Coveyt, in their minds, higher promotion; And many in the world have this condition, In hope of honour, by treason, to conspire, But oft they slide, and so fall in the mire.

Suche looke so hye, that they forget their fate, On fortune's wheel, which turneth as a ball, They seeke degrees, for their small might unmeete, Their foolish hearts, and, blind, see not their fall. Some fooles purpose to have a rowne royall, Or climbe, by fortune's wheele, to an empire, The wheele then turneth, leaving them in the mire.

O blinde man say, what is thine intent,
To worldly bonours so greatly to intende,
Or here to make thee hye, rich and excellent,
Since that, so shortly, thy life must have an ende:
None is so worthy, none can so high ascende,
For mought is so sure, if thou the truth enquire,
But that he may doubt to fall down to the mire.

There is no lorde, duke, king, nor other estate, But dye they must, and from this world go; All worldly thinges, which God hath here create, Shall not aybide, but have an ende also. What mortall man hath bene promoted so, In worldly wealth or uncertayne dignitic, That ever, of life, had houre of certaintic.

In stormy windes, lowest trees are most sure, And houses surest which are not builded hye, Whereas hye buildingss may no tempest endure, Without they be founded sure and stedfastly: So greatest men have most feare and jeopardie, Better is povertie though it be hard to beare, Then is a high degree in jeopardie and feare.

The hills are hye, the valleys are but lowe, In valleys is corne, the hills are barrayne, On highest places most gras doth not ay growe: A mery thing is measure and easy to sustayne, The hyest in great feare, the lowest live in payne. Yet better lye on grounde, having no name at all, Then hye on a cliffering, always to fall.

Nor is the comparative elegance of the style the sole merit of this curious work. Its satire is, generall as just as it is poignant; and the purpose of the auth appears uniformly to be, to do good by his exposure. The work, it is true, claims only to be a compose translation from the Latin, French, and Dutch; but is a translation, made with great freedom, and enrich with considerable additions of Barclay's own. The ground-work of the translation was a book under the same title, written by Sebastian Brandt, a Germs better known as the reputed discoverer of phosphore.

The "Ship of Fools" was first printed at Londo by Richard Pynson, in 1509, in small folio; again, the same size, in 1519; and in quarto, in 1570. T. tion, which is adorned with a variety of cud cuts, bears a high price; no less than one ruineas, being about ten times more than any ter old editions sell for. A copious descripmay be found in Dibdin's edition of Ames, 431.*

clogues" of Barclay are ranked, by Warton, the earliest pastoral productions in the

lessrs. Longman and Co's. Bib. Ang. Poet, ion of the Ship of Fools is very ingenuously ied with the following quotation from the ich hits with some smartness the folly which ch an inordinate value on works, merely on f their antiquity, and not of what they con-

in this shyp, the chief place I governe, his wide sea, with foles wanderinge. cause is playne and easy to dyscerne, am I besy bok assemblynge, to have plenty it is a pleasant thynge, by conceyt, and to have them ay in hande, what they mene do I not understande.

yet I have them in great reverence honoure, savynge them from filth and ordure, aften brushynge, and moche diligence; goodly bounde in pleasant couverture amas, satyn, or els of velvet pure, pe them sure, feryng lest they shoulde be lost, n them is the cunnynge wherein I me boast.

English language. They were also translations, finely made; five of them from Mantoanus, and three from Eneas Silvius.

The "Castle of Labour" was another work, by Barclay, translated from the French; the purpose of which is to shew-

" That Idleness, mother of all adversity. Her subjects bringeth to extreme poverty."

At the request of Sir Giles Alyngton, Barclay also translated, from the Latin of Dominicke Mancini, "The Mirrour of Good Manners," which he styles "a Right Fruitful Treatise" on the four cardinal virtues.

The Duke of Norfolk, another of Barclay's patrons, employed him to make a translation of Salinst's Jugurthine War, which he executed, not only with accuracy, but with considerable elegance.

Barclay was also the author of several " Lives of Saints;" a book, entitled "The figure of our Mother Holy Church oppressed by the French King;" and s Treatise against Skelton, the Poet Laureate, a great enemy to the priesthood, a circumstance which is supposed to have turned his brother satirist's pen against him.* T. B.

In consequence of a satire, which Skelton wrote against the "cankered Cardinal Wolsey," he was obliged to take refuge, from his vengeance, in the sanctuary of Westminster Abbey. It was a spirited reproduction of the barons of England for their mean compliances with the arrogance of that haughty prelate; and does a degree of honor to the courage of the poet, which the sa-

of even so able a writer as Barclay cannot dimib. A few lines will shew the nerve with which it s written.

Our barons are so bold,
Into a mouse-hole, they wold
Run away and creep;
Like as many of sheep;
Dare not look out a door,
For dread of the maistiff cur,
For dread of the butcher's dog,
Would worry them like a hog.

For all their noble blood, He plucks them by the hood, And shakes them by the ear, And brings them in such fear, He baiteth them like a bear.

And, beneath him, they're so stout, That no man of them dare rout, Duke, earl, baron, nor lord, But to his sentence must accord; Whether he be knight or squire, All must follow his desire.

I

PART 2.]

ALEXANDER MONTGOMERY.

Few of our Scottish poets have been treated more unkindly or more unjustly by the critics, than Alexander Montgomery. Men who have been unbounded in their praise of Allan Ramsay, have been able to discover no merit in a poet whom Ramsay both admired and studied; and one writer, indeed,* who represents Ramsay's Vision as one of the finest antient Scottish poems extant, thinks " The Cherry and the Slac," Montgomery's chief production, absolutely "beneath contempt;" although it is a fact, that the Vision was formed on the model of the Cherry and the Slac, and is indebted to it for whole lines and couplets of some of its most striking stansas. The description of the Genius of Caledonia in the Vision. which has been particularly admired t by all critics. is, after all, no more than a very literal, though undoubtedly happy, paraphrase of the following description of Cupid, by Montgomery.

> Sae myld lyke and chyld lyke, With bow three quarters scant, Sae moylie and coylie, He lukit lyk ane sanct.

^{*} Pinkerton.

[†] Sec Life of Ramsay.

Ane cleinly crisp, hang oure his eyis, His quiver by his nakit thyis, Hang in ane silver lace; Of gold betwixt his schoulders grew Twa pretty wings, quhairwith he flew, On his left arm ane brace.

Amaisit, I gaisit,
To see his gelr sae gay,
Persaiving myne haveing
He countit me his prey.

Cherrie and Slae, st. 8, 9.

The following is the parallel passage of Ramsay, the resemblance of which, both in structure and imagery, will instantly strike the most indifferent

hearer.

A man with aspeck kynd,
Richt auld lyke, and bauld lyke,
With baird thre quarters skant;
Sae braef lyke, and graif lyke,
He seemt to be a sanct.
Grit daring dartit frae his ee,
A braid sword schogled at his thie,
On his left arm a targe;
A shinnand speir fill'd his richt hand,
Of stalwart mak in bane and brawnc,
Of just proportions large.

Amaisit, I gaisit,
To se led at command,
A strampant and rampant
Ferss lyon in his hand. st. 4 and 5.

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Again, in Montgomery, we have a thirst for liberty thus expressed:

My heart ay did start ay
The fyric flamis to flie,
Ay howping, throw lowping,
To leap at libertie.

at. 20.

And in Ramsay, the same sentiment, with an alteration not to the better, of the image from a fire to a flood:

Quhase mynds zet, inclyndis zet To damn the rapid spate; Devysing and prysing Freidom at ony rate.

l'inion, st. 7.

Nor was it merely while writing a poem on the model of the Cherry and the Slae, that Ramsay fell into these imitations of its beauties; for, in others of his works, there are proofs that he kept Montgomery in his remembrance. In the Cherry and the Slae, the poet tells us:

I saw a river rin
Out owr a steipie rock of stane,
Syne lichtit in a lin.

Every person familiar with the Gentle Shepherd must be ready to repeat the well-known passage:

Between twa birks, out o'er a little lin, The water fa's, and maks a singin din.

Examples might be multiplied, but it is unnecessary: at the comparison is not instituted invidiously,

but under a feeling of reverence for Ramsay's merits as a poet. He was a writer of too fertile an invention to be grudged a few appropriations from others, and of too good a taste not to make what he borrowed his own by improvement. But is it no compliment to be imitated and followed? to have one's style, imagery, and language, adopted by such a poet as Ramsay? Is the man who can sustain a parallel for even a couple of pages with one of the first of Scottish bards, to be esteemed a writer " beneath contempt?" Montgomery, it is true, is, for the age in which he lived, a singularly moral poet, and, though he has written a poem about love, has not one indecent expression in it; and on these accounts, indeed, it might be passed over as not surprising, that he should have excited the disgust of that odd compound of critic, antiquarian, poet, and sentimental voluptuary. who makes the remark. But it is a remark which has made that impression on others, which genius is able to give alike to the best and the worst of criticisms;* it has found an echo in more than one respectable review of literature, and it is solely because of a more general prejudice, thus pruriently originating, that in selecting the biography of Alexander Montgomery as my trial-theme, I have been anxious to raise it above contempt, by shewing, at once, that the subject was not "beneath" it.

Of Montgomery, the biographical particulars are extremely scanty. His infancy and youth are alike

Not so, surely; unless by "impression" we are to understand the impression of a day.

A. s.

enveloped in obscurity. From his poem " The Navigation," he appears to have bee tish extraction, but born in Germany. Ir to his works, he is called " Captain Alexan gomery;" but from the works themselves, to have owed more to his pen than to his sy flourished in the reign of James VI., and pension from that monarch, with whom he dently, at one time, a great favorite. I " Reulis and Cautelis to be observit and e Scottis Poesie," his erudite majesty take amples of the mournful, the invective or and the irregular, styles of verse from the Montgomery; and Montgomery, in retu judgment displayed in this selection, has one of the sonnets commendatory, which, old fashion, are prefixed to the work, and happily for Montgomery's reputation, in so a pitch, that it could deceive no one into his sincerity, except the conceited sovereig it was addressed, and who has had the n publish it.

Sonnet to His Majestie.

Can golden Titan, shyning bright at morne For light of torchis cast ane greater schaw Can thunder reard the heicher for a horne? Crak cannons louder, though ane cok shoul Can our weak breath help Boreas for to bla Can candill low give fyre a greater heit? Can whytest swans more whyter mak the s Can virgin's tears augment the winter's wei

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Helps pyping Pan, Apollo's music sweit?
Can fountains small the ocean sea encrease?
No, they augment the greater nocht a quheit:
But they themselves appear to grow the lesse.
So, worthy prince! thy warks sall mak thee knawn,
Our helps, not thyne: we steynzie but our awin.

In Sibbald's Chronicle, there is another sonnet, by Montgomery, to King James, the flattery of which is quite as gross; but it possesses poetry enough to compensate, in some degree, for the nonsense of both.

Second Sonnet to His Majestie.

As bright Apollo staineth every star
With goldin rayis, when he begins to rise,
Quhais glorious glance yet stoutlie skailles the skyes,
Quhen, with a wink, we wonder quhair they war.
Before his face for feir, they faid so far,
And vanishes away in such a wayis,
That in their spheiris they dar not interpryse
For to appeir lyk planeits as they ar;
Or as the Phonix, with her fedrum fair,*
Excels all foulis in diverse heavinly hues,
Quhais nature, contrair nature, so renews
As only bot companion, or compair.
So, quintessence of kings! quhen thou compyle,
Thou stainis my verses with thy staitlie style.

The example of the mournful style " for tragicall materis, complaintis, or testamentis," which James

Plumage fair.

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has selected from Montgomery, is a stanza on Eche, of rather ordinary merit.

To thee, Echo, and thou to me agane,
In the descrt, amang the woods and wells,
Quhair destinie has bound the to remane
Bot companic, within the firths and fells,
Let us complain, with wofull zoutts and sells,
A shaft, a shotter, that our harts hee slane:
To thee, Echo, and thou to me againe.

In his selection of the specimen of the "flyting" style, King James is not much happier. It is extracted from "The Flyting of Polwart and Montgomery," which is written after the manner of the "Flyting of Dunbar and Kennedie;" and not only surpasses that, but perhaps every poem in the language, as a collection of foul and abusive epithets. The supposed wit of these verbal jousts formed part of the false taste of the age; and seldom consisted in any thing more than having the worst and the last word to say. Dunbar thus ends twenty-five stansas of railing at Kennedy:

Heretyck, lunatick, purspyck, carlines pet, Rotten crok, dirten dok; Cry cock! or 1 sall quall thee.

But Kennedy, instead of yielding to this fierce challenge, contrives, with a little unfair help, to be sure, from the Latin, to retort, by a piece of the like verbal nick-naming, twelve stansas longer than that of his antagonist. The following is Kennedy's conclusion; spite and language could not do more.

ets.—Alexander Montgomery. 93
wickit, stricket, convickit, lump lullar-dum;
, shamit, blamit, primus Paganorum;
out, I schout upon that snout, that snevils,
ieller, rebeller, indweller with the devils;
ink, with stink ad Tartara termagorum.

these champions had exhausted their strength, ald have been nothing new to say in the way ting," had not the lapse of half a century lumny time to recruit its stores; and it is the greater number of epithets that Monthas any advantage over his precursors, or roduction deserves notice as a curious specithe progress of language. The example ing James has selected from it has, singularly nothing of "flyting" in it; it is a description moonlight-gathering of witches, beginning:

inder end of harvest, upon allhallow's eve, our gude neichbors rydis (now gif I reid richt)

klit on a benwood, and some on a bene, ing into troupes fra the twylicht, &c.

pecimen which James gives from Montgomery lar verse, is part of the same passage in the and the Slae, which has been before quoted g furnished the model of Ramsay's description senius of Caledonia. In this illustration, at royal critic was fortunate.

Cherry and the Slae" is, of all Montgomery's ons, that on which his fame must rest. It is orical poem, intended to illustrate this love-hat there is no object so much above our

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reach, but may be attained by Hope and Courag guided by Reason, Wit, Experience, and Skill. The only half-true thing which the critic, who calls the poem "below contempt," has said of it is, that it allegory is "wire-drawn." The adventure proceed indeed, tediously, and the denouëment is unexpectedly feeble. The cherry drops into the lover's mout before he has done any thing but talk about the mode of getting at it. The imperfections of the story are however, compensated by many fine passages of sen timent and imagery. Some favorable specimens have been already incidentally quoted; but there are other of a still higher order. In the following address from Courage to the desponding lover, we have, in a few spirited lines, the whole philosophy of fame.

Quha speids, but sic as heich aspiris?
Quha triumphs not, but sic as tryes
To win a noble name?
Of schrinking, quhat but schame succeids?
Then do as thou wald haif thy deids
In register of Fame:
I put the case; thou not prevail'd;
Sae thou with Honour die,
Thy Lyfe, but not thy Courage fail'd,
Sall poets pen of thee:
Thy name than, from fame than,
Sall never be cut aff;
Thy grave ay, sal haif ay
That honest epitaph.

Hope also throws in her incentives in a very live manner.

POETS .- ALEXANDER MONTGOMERY. 95

Allace, man! thy case, man,
In ling'ring I lament;
Go to now and do now,
That Courage be content.
Quhat gif Melancholy cum in,
And get ane grip or thou begin,
Than is thy labour lost;
For he will hald thee hard and fast,
Till time, and place, and fruit, be past,
And thou give up the ghost:
Than sall be grav'd upon the stane,
Quhilk on thy grave is laid,
Sum tyme thair lived sic a ane,

Here lyes now, bot pryse now, Into Dishonour's bed, Ane cowart as thou art, That from his fortune fled.

But how sall it be said?

bread, Danger, and Despair, are very happily ned, by Will, to

They wald na weit their feet,
But zit if ony fisch ze gat
They wad be fain to eit.

Experience, intruding her advice, is sharply enntered by Hope.

Ha! ha! quod Hope, and loudlie leuch, Ze are but a prentise at the pleugh, 96

Experience ye prieve; Suppose all byganes as ze spak,
Ze are nac prophet worth a plak,
Nor I bund to believe;
Ze suld not say, sir, till ye see,
But quhen ye see it, say.

Experience retorts, on Hope, the innumeral stances in which she had only "flattered to be but

Quhen Hope was gall'd unto the quick, Quod Courage, kicking at the prick, We let ze weill to wit; Mak he zou welcomer than we, Then byganes, byganes, fareweil he, Except he seik us yet.

The contest is, at length, determined by an ment of all the powers, (Despair, who hangs hexcepted.) to act in concert, under the generals Wit, in obtaining for the languishing swa "cherry" of his desire. Success crowns their and Disappointment is the lot of the reader who finds one stanza sufficient for the acting of eighty-seven stanzas have been occupied in cing. The poem of the Cherry and the Slau altogether, however, be allowed to hold a high spectable rank among the elder efforts of the Smuse. It combines skilful versification, vigoro timent, and many pleasing touches of poetic fa

Prieve—try.

POETS .- ALEXANDER MONTGOMERY.

The only other work, by Montgomery, besides ese which have been mentioned and some minor eces, was entitled "The Minde's Melodie," but pies of it are so scarce, that it is uncertain whether y complete one exists.* It consisted of paraphrasof the Psalms. Ramsay, in his Evergreen, has een two of them; but they are of no particular rit.

Montgomery appears, in his latter years, to have come the victim of misfortunes. The pension tich he enjoyed from the king was on some account other withheld, and it is not certain that it was er restored. He became involved too in a law-suit, d was, for some time, the tenant of a jail. One his small pieces is entitled "The Poet's Compute against the Unkindness of his Companions en he was in Prisson."

The close of his life is involved in the same obrity as its commencement. In 1597, he revised edition of his Cherry and Slae, published by Rot Waldegrave; and his death is conjectured to have ten place between that period and 1615.

W. M.

There is one copy in the possession of Mr. Hei, and unless it is the same with that which was in assrs. Longman and Co.'s excellent Collection of glish Poetry, in 1815, there is another. The lims translated are, 1, 4, 6, 15, 19, 23, 43, 91, 101, 117, 125, and 128.

EARL OF STIRLING

WILLIAM Alexander, afterwards Earl born about the year 1580. He wa of Alexander Alexander, proprietor Menstrie in Clackmannanshire. he is said to have been distinguished ness of his parts; and, when but a v was selected, on account of his account accompany the then Earl of Argyle the continent, as tutor, or rather c his return to Scotland, he lived, for s tired life, and sighed away his tim love-sonnets to a mistress, who prov and obdurate. She was his first loappears, excited the tender passion when he was as yet but in his fifteenth; travel nor study had been able to ef sion of her charms from his heart. his suit with all the ardour of manh siasm of poetry; but though he actu wards of a hundred songs and sonne the fair enslaver was not to be mo however, to the credit of female sensi that from one of the songs which pleasing specimen of these lyrical appears to have been less of boldne observances, than is usually suppose capitulation of beauty. It is an old proverb, that "a faint heart never won a fair lady."

O would to God a way were found,
That by some secret sympathie unknowne,
My faire my fancie's depth might sound,
And know my state as clearly as her owne.
Then blest, most blest, were I,
No doubt beneath the skie
I were the happiest wight:
For if my state they knew,
It ruthlesse rockes would rue,
And mend me if they might.

But as the babe before the wand,
Whose faultlesse part his parents will not trust,
For very feare doth trembling stand,
And quakes to speake, although his cause be just:
So, set before her face,
Though bent to pleade for grace,
I wot not how I faile:
Yet minding to say much,
That string I never touch,
But stand dismaid and pale.

The deepest rivers make least din,
The silent soule doth most abound in care;
Then might my brest be read within,
A thousand volumes would be written there.
Might silence shew my mind,
Sighes tell how I were pin'd,
Or lookes my woes relate:
Then any pregnant wit,

That well remarked it, Would soon discern my state.

No favour yet my fair affoords,
But looking haughtie, though with humble eyes,
Doth quite confound my staggering words;
And as not spying that thing which she spies,
A mirror makes of me,
Where she herselfe may see:
And what she brings to passe,
I trembling too for feare,
Move neither eye nor care,
As if I were her glasse.

Whilst in this manner I remaine,
Like to the statue of some one that's dead,
Strange tyrants in my bosom raigne,
A field of fancies fights within my head:
Yet if the tongue were true,
We boldly might pursue
That Diamantine hart;
But when that it's restrain'd,
As doom'd to be disdain'd,
My sighes show how I smart.

Yet that which I conceale May serve for to reveale My fervencie in love. My passions were too great For words t' expresse my state, As to my paines I prove.

Oft those that do deserve disdaine,
For forging fancies get the best reward;
Where I, who feele what they do faine,
For too much love am had in no regard.
Behold my proofe, we see

Behold my proofe, we see
The gallant living free,
His fancies doth extend;
Where he that is orecome,
Rein'd with respects stands dumbe,
Still fearing to offend.

My bashfulnesse when she beholds,
Or rather my affection out of bounds,
Although my face, my state unfolds,
And in my hue discovers hidden wounds:
Yet jeasting at my wo,
She doubts if it be so,
As she could not conceive it.
This grieves me most of all,
She triumphs in my fall,
Not seeming to perceive it.

Then since in vaine I plaints impart
To scornfull cares, in a contemned scroule;
And since my toung betrayes my hart,
And cannot tell the anguish of my soule;
Hencefoorth I'll hide my losses,
And not recompt the crosses
That do my joyes orethrow:
At least, to senselesse things,

Mounts, vales, woods, flouds, and springs, I shall them onely show.

Ah! unaffected lines,
True models of my heart,
The world may see, that in you shines
The power of passion more than art.

The object of Alexander's passion, at last, gave her hand to another; and as the poet himself poetically tells us, "the lady, so unrelenting to him matched her morning to one in the evening of his age." Alexander sustained his disappointment with great philosophy; he neither drowned himself nor burnt his sonnets; but, reserving the latter for future use, became again a wooer. In his next attachment, he was more fortunate, and, after a brief courtship, obtained in marriage the hand of Janet, the daughter and heiress of Sir William Erskine.

Shortly after his marriage, he became a frequent attendant at the court of James VI., where his accomplishments, and especially his poetical talents, speedily raised him into a high degree of favour with his sovereign. James loved flattery, and was surrounded by poetical flatterers; but Alexander did not make his court by adding to their number. The themes to which he chose to string his lyre were such as are rarely heard in courts; not the grandeur but the vanity of ambition; not the pleasures of wealth, but the sweets of virtue; not the pride of conquest, but the glory of making nations and individuals happy, the clouds of incense in which he was constantly enveloped, he could discern any merit in truths so

able, yet lowly and unobtruding, as these. His sty characterised Alexander well, by calling him philosophical poet."

the first work which he published was a tragedy, d "Darius," printed at Edinburgh in 1603. It dedicated in a poetical epistle to the king, and ded by two complimentary sonnets from two iduals, of whom we now know little, John my and Walter Quin: it was also recommended e following ingenious anagram in indifferent Latin.

> Eiusdem in nomen Authoris Gulicimus Alexander, Anagramma, J. Largus Melle erunda, Tetrasticon.

m tibi det Genius, Musa, Ingeniumque, Poësis Floribus è variis Attica mella legas; LAROUS MELLE EXUNDA, mellit atque funde Carmina: sic facias nomine Fata jubent.

a the accession of James to the English throne, ander followed the court to London, and there, 104, he published a quarto volume of poems. It inned,—1. Darius, printed at Edinburgh the year 12; 2. Another tragedy, called Crossus; 3. Some 14, congratulating His Majesty on his arrival in 12 and; 4. The "Aurora," or "first fancies of his h," dedicated to "the Right Honorable and 1000 Ladye, the Lady Agnes Douglas, Countess 12; including one hundred and two somets, 15, and 16 arrenessis to the Prince," in which he

gives some excellent instructions for the education of a prince; points out the use of history, and shew how the lives of great men are to be read with most advantage. The prince for whom the last piece was designed was Prince Henry, so celebrated for his early promise of talents, and then heir apparent to the throne; but, in consequence of the death of that interesting youth, in 1612, the work came afterwards to be applied to Prince Charles, (afterwards Charles I.) and in a folio edition of 1637, we accordingly find it dedicated to that Prince.

In 1607, Alexander reprinted the Darius and Crosus, with the addition of two new tragedies, one called "The Alexandrean Tragedy," and the other "Julius Cæsar;" the whole forming what have been since called "The Monarchic Tragedies" of the author. Is this publication he styles himself "William Alexander, gentleman of the Prince's Privy Chamber," which is the first notice we have of his being promoted at court He dedicated this collection to the king in a poem of thirteen stanzas; and also prefixed a copy of verse by Sir Robert Ayton, which declared that his majesty himself had graced the author's labours with his illustrious name, "so that patron, subject, style, and all made him the Monarchick Tragedian of the Island."

On the lamented death of Prince Henry in 1612
Alexander wrote an Elegy on his death, which is not however, to be found in any of the collections of his works.*

There is a copy of this Elegy in the University Library of Edinburgh, which is supposed to be the only one extant.
A. B.

In 1613, he published a completion to the third part of Sir Philip Sidney's celebrated Arcadia, which may be found in the genuine fourth edition of that work, as well as in the subsequent editions, with the nitials W. A.

In July of the same year, Alexander was appointed one of the gentlemen ushers of the presence to Prince Charles.

The occupations of a court did not, however, repress the ardour of his muse. In 1614, he produced a sacred poem, entitled "Doomesday; or, The Great Day of the Lord's Judgment." It is divided into twelve parts bours, as the author calls them, each hour containing apwards of a hundred stanzas. Prefixed were some complimentary verses by the celebrated Drummond of Hawthornden, which thus conclude:

"Thy phoenix muse still wing'd with wonder flyes Praise of our brookes, staine to old Pindus' springs, And who thee follow would, scarce with their eyes Can reach the sphere where thou most sweetly sings,

Though string'd with starres, heavens, Orpheus' harpe enrolle,

More worthy thine to blaze about the Pole."

Shortly after the publication of this work, the king appointed him Master of the Requests, and conferred upon him the honour of knighthood. From this date we lose sight of Alexander as a poet; but find him very busily engaged in a succession of worldly projects and employments. Although now only in his thirty-fourth year, it does not appear that between that and the end of a pretty long life, he made any addition to

his poetical productions beyond the first book of an intended heroic poem, to be called "Jonathan," which he added to an edition of his works printed in 1637.

The object which first drew aside his attention from the muses, was a project for the settlement of a colony in Nova Scotia. He proposed to embark his own fortune in the speculation, and was joined by a number of other adventurers, who were willing, on the same terms, to seek this way to aggrandinement. The king favoured the design, and by royal deed of the 21st of September, 1621, gave Sir William a grant of Nova Scotia, to be apportioned at his own discretion, and for his own profit, among his followers. In consequence, however, of the factious broils which began to disturb the latter years of James's reign, the execution of the design stood over till the succeeding reign.

Immediately on the accession of Charles I., Sir William published a pamphlet under the title of "Encouragement to Colonies;" the object of which was to state the progress which had been made in the scheme of colonizing Nova Scotia, to point out the advantages which would accrue from it to the nation. and to invite new adventurers. Charles, who had inherited from his father the most favorable dispositions towards the scheme and its projector, was powerfully confirmed in them by the arguments of this tract. To promote its success, he not only made Sir William his Lieutenant of Nova Scotia, with the power of coining small copper money, but founded an order of knights baronets, of Nova Scotia, which was to be conferred on any number of individuals, not exceeding one hundred and fifty, who would embark with sufficient in the settlement of a specified portion of the olony. The order was besides endowed with extraordinary privileges; the title was to be tary; the knights were to take precedence of all ts, called equites aurati, all lesser barons, called and all other gentlemen except Sir William nder, his Majesty's Lieutenant of Nova Scotia; vere also to have place in all his Majesty's and ccessors' armies near the royal standard for its ce, and to enjoy other honorable distinctions of nd precedency for themselves, their wives, and teirs.

nay at first be thought singular, that such an acation of honours and privileges should have deemed necessary to attract adventurers to an taking in itself sufficiently promising; but er will cease when it is recollected how cheap, almost contemptible, the order of knighthood een rendered by the disgraceful profusion in it had been conferred during the preceding

"At this time," says Osborn, in his Tradi-Memoyres of the reign of King James, 1658, "the trof knighthood, which autiquity reserved sacred a e chepest and readiest jewel to present virtue was promiscuously laid on any head made addle, ad but a court friend and money to purchase the r of the meanest, able to bring him into an outroome when the king, the fountaine of honour, downe, and was uninterrupted by other businesse. ich case it was then usual for him to grant a comnor the Chamberlaine, or some other lord, to But experience soon informed him that this airy treasure was inexhaustible, to great profit, seeing the sheate troutes that gaped after it. By temple of honour, a common the basest were suffered to enterfor the see that to give value to baronets, of Nova Scotia, it we special privileges, that they shof all knights called equites aurations.

Notwithstanding, however, as circumstances of encouragemes succeed. It became an object considerable portion of the put attacked through the press by and other writers. After many a carry it into effect, Sir William a hopeless adventure; but he aphave received a sum of money finder the grant of Nova Scotia that territory being ceded to the between Charles I. and Lewis X.

The order of knights baronet tive enterprize gave birth, was s came afterwards an honorable di conferred at the king's pleasure tion of numbers. In all the pa abandonment of the scheme

Virgil appears to have antic a tinsel tribe :

[&]quot; Surget gens aux

iginal considerations, for which the order was instiated, were of course omitted, and the more ordinary yle of preamble substituted in their place.

Sir William, himself, found ample compensation for is disappointment, in the undiminished regard which is sovereign continued to evince towards him. In 626, his majesty appointed him to fill the very important situation of Secretary of State for Scotland; in 630, he created him a peer of that kingdom, by the tle of Viscount Canada, Lord Alexander of Menrie; and in 1630, advanced him to the title of Earl f Stirling.

On his accession to honours so rare in a poet's istory, he was thus happily complimented by a rother poet, Dr. Arthur Johnston, in his Epigramata.

Confer Alexandros! Macedo victricibus armis Magnus erat; Scotus carmine: major uter?

The Earl continued in the office of Secretary for the ong period of fifteen years. It was a period rendered of peculiar delicacy, by the struggle for pre-eminence, which was then waged with no ordinary bitterness between episcopacy and presbytery; but his lordship is allowed to have acquitted himself with so much ability and discretion, as to be respected if not esteemed by all parties. From a poetical authority we farther learn, that in the discharge of his official duties he was singularly indefatigable, and in all his views of policy cruated by an earnest desire for the improvement and prosperity of his native country. The tribute to these virtues occurs in the Parerga of the same poet, whom we have just quoted, Dr. Arthur Johnston.

PART 2.]

Sæpe tuos poscit nox intempesta labores,
Et dare te somno publica cura vetat.
Ut Vetus exercet, Nova sic te Scotla curis
Distrahit, ignoto quæ plaga sole tepet.
Hæc tibi servit humus, te dignum, et principe manus;
Teque pharetratus nuncupat Indus herum:
Hanc opibus, populisque novis, hanc instruis armis,
Accipit et leges barbara terra tuas.
Hic delubra Deo surgunt et civibus urbes
Hic mare navigiis, frugibus arva reples.
Hæ tibi sunt artes: urget nova cura priores
Semper, et antiquam sollicitudo recens.

In 1637, Lord Stirling superintended a republication of all his poetical works, the Aurora excepted, and added the specimen of Jonathan, an epic poem, before alluded to, as being the only offspring of his muse, during the latter part of his life. The whole collection was published under the title of "Recreations with the Muses, by William, Earl of Stirling." Some copies of this edition, supposed to have been presents to particular friends, were embellished with a portrait of the author, engraved by Marshal, in his best style; but so rarely are any of these copies to be met with, that they command no less a price in the market than 50k.

His lordship survived this publication only three years. He died on the 12th of February, 1640, in his sixtieth year. He left by his lady two sons and two daughters; but the title of Earl of Stirling has since become extinct.

The place which Stirling holds among the elder poets of our country is one of very enviable eminence. s works, along with those of his contemporary ummond, are all that Scotland has to sustain its etical reputation for nearly a century, which psed between the time of Montgomery and Ram-After James had transferred his court to Engd, and the Scottish tongue had ceased to be court guage, the learned of Scotland, too disdainful of the k of writing for the mere people, would compose no ore in the language of the people; and for a long d dreary period we had, with the two splendidceptions of Stirling and Drummond, nothing of etry to boast of but a mass of indifferent sentiment still more indifferent Latin. It is true, that neither rling nor Drummond wrote in their native tongue. t they wrote in what was so much akin to it, that ery Scotsman could read, understand, and apprete their compositions. The Darius of Stirling, leed, according to the edition first published at linburgh, was more Scottish than English; and was not till his removal to England that it was ipped of its native dress, and presented in that aglicised form in which we meet with it in the later

The title by which King James was pleased to disiguish Stirling is as expressive as any one that could employed, of his quality as a writer. He was a philosophical poet." All his works, with the exption of his Aurora, were in fact treatises of illosophy in verse; distinguished by vigour of ought, depth of feeling, and richness of expression, it not very remarkable for their share of fancy or sament.

His tragedies appear evidently to have been de-

signed only for the closet; they neither present any thing of stage effect, nor any effort to produce it. Sentiment predominates over action too much to allow them to possess much interest; and yet they are far from being without it; that of Crossus is seria affecting. The most regular of the pieces, in respect to the unity of the plot, is Julius Cesar, but Stirling has fallen into the same error as Shakspeare, of not closing his piece with the death of his hero.

Chalmers, in his Apology for a celebrated error, charges Shakspeare with some "adoptions" from Stirling; but the adoptions seem limited to one passage in the Tempest, rendered memorable by the choice which has been made of it for a motto to Shakspeare's monument; and the merit of first pointing out its resemblance to a parallel passage in Stirling is due to Mr. Steevens. It is to be found in the play of Darius:

Let greatnesse of her glassie scepters vaunt, Not sceptours, no, but reeds, soon bruised, soon broken: And let this worldly pomp our wits enchant, All fades, and scarcely leaves behind a token.

The initation turns chiefly on the two last lines, where it is evident enough.

And like this insubstantial pageant, faded,

Leave not a wreck behind.

TEMPEST.

A new edition of Stirling's works was begun to be edited in 1720, by A. Johnston, but never completed. The editor in his preface states, that he had submitted the whole of them to Mr. Addison for his opinion of them, and that, that very competent judge

POETS .- EARL OF STIRLING.

113 as pleased to say, he had read them over with the reatest satisfaction, and found reason to be connced that the beauties of our ancient English poets ere too slightly passed over by the modern writers, who, out of a peculiar singularity, had rather take ains to find fault with, than endeavour to excel, em."

WILLIAM DRUMMOND.

FROM the Drummonds of Carnock, afterwards Earls and Dukes of Perth, were descended the Drummonds of Hawthornden, a branch rendered as celebrated by one poet, as the other has been by many warriors and statesmen. William Drummond, the poet, was son of Sir John Drummond, usher and knight of the black rod to James VI., and was born on the 13th December, 1585. He was educated at Edinburgh, and being designed by his father for the legal profession, was at the age of twenty-one sent to Bruges in France, to prosecute the study of the civil law. Dry as the science of right and wrong is commonly, though perhaps erroneously, reputed to be, it appears to have been not without its charms to Drummond, who studied it with assiduity, and not only took copious notes of the lectures which he attended. but wrote observations of his own upon them. When these manuscripts were afterwards communicated to President Lockhart, he declared that they presented such proofs of judgement and proficiency, that if Mr. Drummond had followed the practice of the law. "he might have made the best figure of any lawyer of his time." After a residence abroad of nearly four vears, he returned to Scotland in 1610.

Shortly after Drummond's return his father died, and having thus come into possession of an independent inheritance, he abandoned the intention of practising the law, and resolved to seek for happiness in a life of rural quiet and the cultivation of

the literature. It was a resolution worthy of the er of Hawthornden, a spot consecrated by nature ontemplation and the muses. A more romantic bination, within a small space, of all the elements ublime scenery is no where to be found, than is ented by the banks of the Esk, within an hour's of Hawthornden. The murmuring stream, the ly dell, the cliff towering to the skies, the wildly nantling wood, the desert pile crumbling to dust; are the objects which, at every step, meet a want's view.

ow blest who, led by Solitude, repair a dells remote, and breathe a purer air! 'ho, tir'd in noisy life's perplexing chase, est from its tumult in the vale of peace!

is theirs to feel (what treasures ne'er impart)
h' ingennous wish that warms the feeling heart;
heirs, near some darkening cliff, or haunted stream,
melt entranc'd in Thought's luxurious dream.*

this delightful retreat Drummond gave himself to the study of the poets of Greece and Rome, of ern Italy and France; and to the formation upon to fan English style of his own. The earliest ication of works by Drummond himself, of which is any trace, is a volume of occasional poems, of late of 1616, when he was in his thirty-first year. volume, however, is stated in the title to be the d edition. It is certain, therefore, that there

^{*} Ogilvy.

must have been a previous edition, though no copy of it is known to be extant.

The next work composed by Drummond was produced after his recovery from a dangerous illness, and was entitled "The Cypress Grove." It was a procent rhapsody on the vanity of human life, and the solemn accessity of preparing for a better. If tradition may be credited, this work was composed in one of the caves in the lofty precipice on which the House of Hawthornden stands, and which is, to this day, called "The Cypress Grove."

Sublime of thought; he from the airy brow Ey'd the dim forms that veil'd the fields below.

All these he mark'd; then musing on the tomb, That house of silence, sought th' involving gloom.

About the same time, and in the same frame of mind, Drummond wrote, what he called, "Flowers

The caves, of which there are a number besides that of the "Cypress Grove," are artificially hewn out of the rock. It is supposed that they were originally intended as places of refuge during the wars that long subsisted between the Scots and Picts. It was in these caverns that the famous Sir Alexander Ramsay, one of the ancestors of the Dalhousie family, and who performed many memorable exploits during the contest for the succession to the crown between Bruce and Baliol, used to conceal himself. Here he was resorted to by the young warriors of his day, who considered it as a necessary piece of mili-

Zion; or, Spiritual Poems." Both these works

ere printed at Edinburgh in 1623.

As yet, Drummond, though a poet and much of an athusiast, had escaped any visitation of the tender assion; but he was now to join the multitude of rave and learned who have swelled its triumphs, he lady with whom he fell in love was of a respect-ble family of the name of Cuningham. He was formate in his addresses; he obtained her consent to feir union, and a day was fixed for the celebration of their nuptials. The change which this attachment ad given to the current of his thoughts is thus legantly pourtrayed in one of his sonnets.

Ah me! and am I now the man, whose muse, In happier times, was wont to laugh at love; In those who suffered that blind boy t' abuse The noble gifts were giv'n them from above.

What metamorphose strange is this I prove?

Myself, I scarce now find myself to be;

And think no fable Circe's tyrannie,

And all the tales are told of changed Jove.

Virtue hath taught, with her philosophy,
My mind unto a better course to move;
Reason may chide her full, and oft reprove
Affection's pow'r; but what is that to me,
Who ever think, and never think on aught,
But that bright cherubim which thralls my thought?

ry education to have been of his band, and thence e sallied forth, as occasion presented itself, and atacked the English, then in possession of Edinburgh.

Before the appointed nuptial day, however, arrived, the lady was seized with a fever, which put a period to her life, and to all Drummond's present schemes of happiness. Oppressed with grief on account of her loss, his usual haunts and studies had no longer any charms for him, and to ease his mind he resolved to travel into foreign countries. He wandered through all Germany, France, and Italy; visited the most celebrated universities; courted the acquaintance of the men most eminent for their talents os learning; collected rare books in the different foreign and dead languages: and thus passed away several years with much benefit both to his peace of mind and to his knowledge of polite literature.

On returning to Scotland he made a present of a considerable part of the collection of books and MSS., which he had made on his travels, to the University of Edinburgh; and to a catalogue of them, printed in 1627, he prefixed a Latin preface from his pen, on the advantage of public libraries, of which, at that period. there were but few in Scotland, and those few scanty in the extreme. Drummond's long absence from home had probably caused the house of Hawthornden to fall into disrepair; for either from this or some other less obvious reason, he did not resume his residence there, but went to live with a brother-in-law. Sir John Scott of Scotstarvet. While residing with this gentleman, he wrote a "History of the Five James's," Kings of Scotland, to whom, indeed, he had, through a remote ancestor, some affinity of kin. Annabella Drummond, the Queen of Robert III., was a sister of a Sir John Drummond of Carnock, and the mother of James I. This relationship ought to have



been of more service to Drummond's reputation than it has. To the partiality of relatives we must always allow some indulgence; and when Drummond has been severely consured for writing what was in fact a very partial history, it ought to have been remembered that the blood of the Drummonds had mingfed with that of the Stuarts.

The events which were passing around Drummond at the moment he was writing this history, formed the best possible comment on its impartiality. Both Sectional and England were distracted by religious and political disputes; they were on the eve of that civil war, which formed the closing scene of the dynasty of the Stuarts. The Restoration was but an afterpiece, which softened the transition from a night of horrors, to a day beaming with benignity.

The image of Drummond's first love continued still the idol of his memory, but happening accidentally to fall into company with Elizabeth Logan, grand daughter of Sir Robert Logan of Restelrig, he was so struck with a resemblance which she bore to the departed object of his affection, that he became

The perusal of the Lives of James I. and V. in this and the preceding part, will probably suggest some exceptions to this view of the "History of the Five James's." If it be true, on the one hand, that fortunate periods often give to inferior men a great renown, may it not be equally true, on the other, that renown from circumstances which were not faults in them, but of the age in which they lived?

A. 5.

When Charles took the field against bi Drammond, though strongly attached to cause, did not arm in its support, but conte self with advocating it by his pen in a occasional productions. The most men these was a piece on the evils of civil wa Irene. A letter is extant from the celebrate of Montrose, to whom the MS, of this been submitted, recommending to Drur print it, as the best means of quieting the distracted people. The marquis was I better soldier than critic, and Drummon poet than controversialist. The revolution do not appear to have conceived any deaagainst him on account of his writings, themselves with forcing him to furnish the a man to fight against the cause which the mended. We learn this from some lir own, in which there is, at least, as much as wit.

From divers parishes, yet divers men But all in halfs and quarters; great king, then, In halfs and quarters if they come 'gainst thee, In halfs and quarters send them back to me.

When the death of Charles I. consummated the riumph of the revolutionists, the grief of Drummond is said to have been so great as to shorten his days. He had arrived, however, at an age which deprives the supposition of much of its probability. He died on the 4th of December, 1649, in the sixty-fourth year of his age. His remains were interred in the church of Lasswade, near Hawthornden. He left two sons and a daughter. William, the eldest son, was knighted on the restoration of Charles II.

Of the personal character of Drummond, it is impossible to express too much admiration. Insensible to the allurements of ambition, temperate in his desires, and elegant in his habits, he lived from his youth in the calm enjoyment of the purest pleasures of mind. Even when induced to take a part in the unhappy broils which agitated his country, it was with no view to any personal benefit or aggrandizement: but solely from a virtuous desire to see preserved and extended around him the same tranquility which, in his own small circle, he so dearly prized. He intermeddled not to enflame, but to moderate; not to assist the arm of violence, but to strengthen the arguments for reconciliation and peace. If he erred as a citizen, in his choice between the cause of the king and the cause of the people, it was an error of the head and not of the heart; for, though attached by remote affinity to the Stuarts, his works

hear evidence of too strong a sense of honesty, to allow us to impute to this connection any thing more than a greater tendency than he might otherwise have had, to be deceived into a good opinion of those whom he wished to see in the right. It is certain, that no solicitation for himself ever occurred to taint the purity of his motives; and highly fortunate, that no preferment or honour was ever thrust upon him to make them suspected. It is on men of doubtful characters that titles and distinctions fall in times of revolution; they are part of the devices of kings to make busy men cither useful or useless; the indubitably honest and sincere alone escape them.

Among the personal friends of Drummond, the Earl of Stirling, a poet of more congenial taste than pursuits, appears to have held the chief place. The earl was Secretary of State for Scotland during the greater part of their intimacy; a fact which shews still farther, that it was not from want of opportunity to bask in the sunshine of a court, but from a choice the most independent, that Drummond preferred the philosophical solitude of Hawthornden.

Drummond maintained also a friendly correspondence with the English poets, Jonson and Drayton, the former of whom, when upwards of fifty years of age, walked all the way from London to Hawthornden, to pay him a visit. It seems, however, that a closer acquaintance had not enhanced the esteem of Drummond for "Rare Ben;" indeed, no two individuals could have been more opposed in every point of character, genius alone excepted. In a sketch of Jonson's character and habits, which Drummond left behind him, and which has been published since

leath, he says, "He was a great lover and praiser imself, a contemner and scorner of others, given er to lose a friend than a jest; jealous of every i and action of those about him, especially after k, which is one of the elements in which he ; a dissembler of the parts which reign in him: agger of some good that he wanted, thinking nog well done but what either he himself or some is friends have said or done. He is passionately or angry, careless either to gain or keep; vinve, but if he be well answered at himself, inrets best sayings and deeds often to the worst. was for any religion, as being versed in both: ressed with fancy, which hath over-mastered his on, a general disease in many poets." " In short," ludes Drummond, " he was, in his personal acter, the very reverse of Shakspeare; as surly, atured, proud, and disagreeable, as Shakspeare, ten times his merit, was gentle, good-natured, and amiable." Drummond has been charged illiberality in this sketch; and yet there is zely a writer, who had any personal knowledge onson, who does not confirm it in every particu-Howel, in one of his letters, has a passage th may suffice to acquit Drummond of any singuy in his opinions. "I was invited yesterday," ays, "to a solemn supper by B. J. There was l company, excellent cheer, choice wines, and il welcome. One thing intervened, which almost led the relish of the rest, that B. began to ens all the discourse, to vapour extremely of himand by vilifying others to magnify his own e. T. Ca. buzzed me in the ear, that though

Ben had barreled up a great deal of know it seems he had not read the ethics, which other precepts of morality, forbid self comdeclaring it to be an ill-favored solecism manners."

In the sketch of Jonson, left by Drumn are a number of particulars of his life an which Jonson had freely communicated some of which, having an immediate rescoland, are worthy of our notice.

"He was accused," says Drummond James Murray to the king, for writing against the Scots, in a play called "Eastwand voluntarily imprisoned himself, with and Marston who had written it, amongst it was reported should have their ears and After their delivery, he entertained all h there were present, Camden, Selden, and the middle of the feast, his old mother dra and shewed him the paper which she desig sentence had past) to have mixed among and it was strong and lusty poison; and t she was no churl, she told him, that she de to have drank it herself."

What is meant by his having "volunta soned himself," it is difficult to unders three authors were committed to prison I the court, and not released till after a g intercession in their behalf. Selden and (said to have been the chief mediators or sion.

Drummond adds of Jonson, that " he sign to write a fisher or pastoral play, an

tage of it in the Lomond Lake; and also to write his pot-pilgrimage thither, and to call it "A Discovery." n a poem, he calleth Edinburgh

The heart of Scotland,* Britain's other eye.

It is certain, that Jonson, after his return to Engand, did write a poem on the subject of his poetic digrimage to Scotland, probably either the "Fisher lay," or the "Discovery;" but this, with several ther productions, was destroyed by a fire, the loss y which Jonson has commemorated in a poem, entled "An Execration upon Vulcan."

That Drummond himself was a poet of rare exellence, the respect implied in the visit of "Rare ien" is of itself almost a sufficient proof. As the ne was the reformer of the stage—the father of egular comedy—so the other, though no native of ingland deserves to be regarded as the reformer of nglish versification, the father of English lyric poety. Denham and Waller, whom the English have sen accustomed to consider as the great refiners of ieir versification, did not flourish sooner than 1625 and 1640, but Jonson had, as early as 1616, prouced his first volume of poems, some of which may ie in richness of melody with any thing which either these English masters of verse have produced. Iost certainly, there is no English poem of as early

[•] May we not here trace the reading of the celerated author of the "Heart of Midlothian," or ounty of Edinburgh?
A. 5.

a date extant, which, in respect of versification, callear a comparison with the "Tears on the Death of Mocliades," or Prince Henry, the son of James the Sixth, (Mocliades being an anagrammatic compound of Miles a Deo, the motto chosen by that prince, which was produced as early as 1612. The sentiments of this piece are not greatly to be commended truth, which would have been the best panegyric of the amiable, accomplished, and gallant Prince Henry is disfigured by fiction and bombast; as when the poet tells us, that

Tagus did court his love, with golden streams, Rhine with her towns, fair Seine with all she claims: But ah, poor lovers! death did them betray, And unsuspected made their hopes his prey.

But the lines, in general, flow with an ease am fullness previously unknown to English poetry; am the rhymes, with a few exceptions, such as that no ticed above, display a knowledge of English accentuation, highly creditable to one who was so much a stranger to England as Drummond. How little doe the melody of the following lines savour of the ago of Donne and Drayton?

The virgins to thy tomb will garlands bear Of flow'rs, and with each flow'r let fall a tear: Moeliades, sweet courtly nymphs deplore From Thule to Hydaspes' pearly shore.

Another instance of Drummond's carly skill in versification may be quoted, which happens not to have found its way into any of the editions of hi orks. It is a complimentary sonnet prefixed to The famous Historie of Penardo and Laissa, otherise called the Warre of Love and Ambition, done heroick verse" by Patrick Gordon, and published Dort in 1615, a work which is extremely and, acording to Pinkerton, " deservedly" scarce. Drumand's prophecy was, that it would live whilst the airy Queen or Romeo and Juliet lived. Alas, for iendship! But it may have been Drummond's lot, s it must have often been that of the authors of lose recommendatory verses, which were so fashionble in the first days of our literature, to praise beore he read.

SONNET.

To the Author.

ome forth, Laissa! spred thy lockes of gold. how thy checkes roses in their virgine prime! and though no gemmes thee decke, which Indies hold. 'ield not unto the fairest of thy tyme.

No ceruse, brought farre, farre, beyond the seas. To poisone-lyke cinabre paints thy face; et them have that, whom native hues displease, 'hou gracest nakednesse; it doeth thee grace.

Thy sire no pick-purse is of others witt, hose jewellis be his own which thee adorne; and though thou after greatter ones be borne. 'hou mayst be bold ev'n midst the first to sitt. 'or whilst fair Juliet, or the Farie Queene, Doe live, with their's thy beautie shall be seene.

M. William Drummond.

The "Forth Feasting," a poem, written by Drumand in commemoration of the visit of James I. to

the contemporary poets of England, and ject one of the most elegant panegyric dress (1) via poet to a prince."

In the sonnets composed by Drammer death of his first mistress, between 1612 we find a considerable improvement in h tion, and more of simple and natural feel any of his preceding productions. Writin heart, he wrote to the heart. We have for extravagances; and many touches pathos, in language at once elegant and The following may be taken as an example beauties and faults of his manner at t

SONNET.

Of mortal glory, O soon dark'ned ray! O, winged joys of man, more swift than O, fond desires, which in our fancies sti O, traitorous hopes, which do our judgm

Lo! in a flash that light is gone away, Which dazzle did each eye, delight eac And with that sun, from whence it came or Virtue, get thee wings and mount the spheres, or dwelling place on earth for thee, is none: sath hath thy temple razed, Love's empire soil'd, we world of honour, worth, and sweetness, spoil'd!

e second quatrain of this sonnet contains an e of the highest order of fancy, though the hing is provokingly spoiled by a lame line which t easily have been mended.

Which dazzle did each eye, delight each mind."

e "roar and groan" of "widowed music" are gratingly inharmonious. But, altogether, the et is a fine specimen of the versification and of Drummond.

ortly after the date of these sonnets on the loss s mistress, a national event occurred which leads new claim on Drummond's part, not hitherto ested, as far as I am aware, by any biographer itic. In the summer of 1633, Charles I. paid a to Scotland, and on his entrance into the Scottish al was welcomed by a "magnificent spectacle entertainment," as it was called, of which a full ant was published at the time, and is still extant. authors for this piece have ever been named; exindeed, the members of the university of Edinh at large, who are said to have clubbed their together on the occasion. But all that we are in the members of the university did, was to a volume of panegyrics, which Apollo, one of ictors in the spectacle, presented to his majesty. whole of the spectacle itself bears evident marks

of having been the invention of one mind; and that a mind of very superior and cultivated powers. The elegance of the designs, the characteristic propriety of the various costumes, the singular unity observed throughout a great variety of action, and the poetical, polished, and English style of the language employed in the addresses to his majesty, form altogether such a combination of rarity and excellence, as not more than two Scotsmen of that age could have produced; either the Earl of Stirling or William Drummond. So much we may venture to say on the strength of the intrinsic evidence furnished by the piece alone; but there are many external chromstances which heighten the certainty of this conclusion. Stirling was secretary of state for Scotland at this period, and, from his official situation, must have had a leading part in getting up this pageant in honour of his royal master; and Drummond, who is his "Forth Feasting" had before employed his poetical powers in welcoming the return of James L to Scotland, must have been, of all persons, the most likely to be invited to lend his co-operation in giving a proper welcome to his successor, Charles; considering more especially the intimacy which subsisted between the Secretary and Drummond, and the sealous attachment which they continued, in common, to entertain for the Stuart family. Can any supposition, indeed, be more unlikely, than that the two friends, the only poets of their country who could write a couple of stanzas worthy of an English car, should have thought of leaving such a task to others, even if there had been others vain enough to attempt it? Between Stirling and Drummond then the authorship s piece may be decidedly considered to lie; but termine to which of them it belongs we must re, a little more particularly, into its characterfeatures. The following sketch of this "Magni-Spectacle" is abridged from the complete copy, was printed at Edinburgh in the same year in it was represented.

the king entered Edinburgh from the westward, mins of the town, represented by a nymph "atin a sea-greene velvet mantle, her alceves and robe of blue tissue, with blue buskins on her " &c. advanced from beneath a splendid trial arch, and thus addressed his majesty.

IF nature could suffer rockes to move and on their natural places, this towne, founded on rength of rocks, had, with her castle, temples. ouses, moved towards you and besought you to wledge her yours, and her indwellers your most ionate subjects. And here, Sir, she offers by me altar of your glorie whole hecatombes of most desires: presenting you. Sir, who art the strong f this little world of Great Britain, with these , which cast up the gates of her affection, and ie you power to open all the springs of the of these her most loyal citizens. The old foreir age, and looke fresh and young at the sight gracious a prince; the young bear a part in welcome, desiring many years of life that they serve you long. Daigne then, Sir, from the st of majestie, to looke downe on their lownesse nbrace it; accept the homage of their humble

minds, accept their grateful zeale which ever carried to the highest deserts of your and shall ever to your owne and your a whilst these rocks shall be ourshadowed with inhabited with men, and while men be end with counsel or courage, or enjoy any peece sense or life."

The keys were then delivered to his m silver bason; and on his advancing a little came to a second triumphal arch of still granificence than the former, where he was we the following verses, by a lady repres Genius of Caledonis:

"The heav'ns have heard our vowes; our Obtained are; no higher now aspires Our wishing thoughts, since to his native el The flower of princes, honour of his time, Is come, and radient to us in his traine, The golden age and virtues brings againe.

After some hundred lines in the same adulation, the Genius of Caledonia concluhorting the people to

Pray that those crowns his ancestors did we His temples long, (more orient) may beare That good he reach, by sweetnesse of his s That ev'n his shadow may the bad affray; That heav'n on him, what he desires, besto That still the glory of his greatnesse grow; That your begun felicities may last, That no Orion do with stormes them blast; That victory his brave exploits attend,
East, west, or south, do his forces bend;
Till his great deeds, all former deeds surmount,
And quail the Nimbrot of the Hellespont.
That when his well-spent care, all care becalmes,
He may in peace sleep in a shade of palmes;
And rearing up fair trophees, that heav'n may
Extend his life to world's extremest day.

Farther on, a third arch appeared, supported by Mars on the one side and Minerva on the other, and in the midst was a representation of Mercury "with his feathered hat and his caduceus, with an hundred and seven Scottish kings, which he had brought from the Elysian Fields;" the eldest of whom, Fergus, addressed Charles in a Latin speech full of good advices.

On reaching the cross or centre of the city, his majesty found a mount raised in the midst of the street, representing Parnassus with the stream of Helicon rippling from its summit. On this mount sat Apollo and the Nine Muses, surrounded by effigies of such Scotsmen as had rendered themselves eminent in poetry, Douglas, Lindsay, &c. Apollo pronounced a panegyric upon the king, and then presented him with a volume of eulogies composed by members of the university, after which the Muses sung a congratulatory song.

At the east end of the city, as the king passed out from it towards the Palace of Holyrood, a fourth arch arose, where persons representing the Seven Planets, were discovered sitting on a throne, "all clad in emblematical dresses, rich in embroidery, elegant and

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fanciful." "At a corner, from out a verdant grove came Endymion. He was apparelled like a shephord, in a long coat of crimson velvet coming over his knee; he had a wreath of flowers upon his head; his haire was curled and long; in his hand he bare a sheephooke; on his legs were buskines of gilt leather." Addressing his majesty, he thus commenced;

Rous'd from the Latmian cave, where many years That empress of the lowest of the spheres, Who cheeres the night, and kept me hid apart From mortal wights, to ease her love-sick heart, As young as when she did me first enclose, As fresh in beauty as the Maying rose, Endymion: that whilome kept my flocks Upon Iona's flow'ry hills and rockes; And warbling sweet lays to my Cynthia's beams, Outsang the awannets of Meander's streams.

Endymion proceeds to say that he had been despatched by Cynthia to assist in this triumphal accese, where all the planets are assembled

To tell by me, their herald, coming things, And what each Fate to her sterne distaffe sings: For what is firm decreed in heaven above, In vain on earth strive mortals to improve.

The planets then proceed by rotation in the same kind of verse, and at considerable length to augur to his majesty every happiness their benign influence can impart, the burden of their addresses always being

"Thus heav'ns ordaine, so do decree the fates."

Endymion then, rejoining, directs these lines to the populace;

And, people, let it not be hid from you, What mountaines noyse, and floods proclaim as true; Whenever fame abroad his praise shall sing, All shall observe, and serve this blessed king.

The whole spectacle concluded with an Epilogue, in which the author duly apologizes for the humble efforts of his muse, which

with the pye, doth Ave, Cæsar! sing, While graver wits doe greater off'rings bring.

It will be perceived from this sketch of the spectacle, that while, indeed, skilfully designed and highly poetical, it was distinguished by the predominance of pure fancy to the exclusion of every thing like sober reality. Nothing, indeed, but a strong dash of extravagance could have borne such a representation successfully through; it was of the nature of pantomime. where absurdity is only saved from producing disgust by the splendour with which it is dressed, or the ingenuity to which it is subservient. All the Gods and all the Planets could not be brought down for the sake of any mere mortal being; the man had to be raised somewhat nearer the level of his company; Fancy, with her magic wand, had to transform a Charles the First into a patriot king. From these strong features in the character of the piece it may be at once safely pronounced not to have proceeded from the pen of Lord Stirling. It was contrary to the spirit of all he had ever written to flatter and extol the

characters of princes; contrary, besides, to the style of his poetry to indulge in elevated or long continued flights of fancy. His "Monarchic Tragedies," so fraught with lessons of humility to royalty, forbid us to imagine that he could ever have so violated the consistency of his reputation, as to write a piece, the sole merit of which consists in the elegance with which it pictures a prince to be something more than mortal.

But the very same reasons which shew Lord Stirling not to have been the author of the spectacle, serve to fix it on Drummond. It was quite after the manner of his good natured and loyal muse to indulge in extravagance of adulation where royalty was the idol; and at all times he was fonder of the region of faëry than of dull reality. In his "Team" for Prince Henry, and his "Forth Feasting," for gladness of James the First's return, he had in fact pushed panegyric to such a pitch, as to leave his sincerity no sacrifices to make; by adding the spectacle in homor of Charles I. he only completed his series of complimentary tributes to the House of Stuart.

As a poetical production this spectacle will do no injury to the fame of Drummond. The versification possesses an ease which no Scotsman, indeed, of that period, but himself could have exhibited; for Stirling, though his equal in many things, was inferior to him in this. The flow of some of the passages—as for example, the beginning of Endymion's address, quoted in the preceding abstract, is most skilfully harmonious.

Mr. Jackson, who was for many years manager of the Edinburgh Theatre, and a manager of more than ordinary taste in dramatic representation, thought so highly of this Spectacle, from the printed account of it which felt under his notice, that he expressed himself "certain, that if re-exhibited it would attract attention and admiration even in this more refined age."

The only other pectical production by Drummond which demands our particular notice, is one of a very unique character, entitled "Polemo Middinia;" or, The Battle of the Dunghill. It is a macaronic poem, and the first of the kind produced by a native of Great Britain. What we have of it, however, appears to be only the fragment of a larger work which the author had written for the amusement of his friends, and was not very desirous to preserve. It presents Drummond in a very new light; the pensive sonneteer transformed into the broad humourist; the improver of one language become the confounder of many tongues. It is a species of composition which Drummond's extensive knowledge of languages probably made easy to him; but in which it is easier to write amusing nonsense than to write what is worth remembering. A copy of this poem was published by the English Bishop Gibson, when a young man, at Oxford, in 1691, with Latin notes; but from the editor's ignorance of the Scotch language, the text is in the Scotch parts of it very incorrect. It has been since printed in a more genuine form by Messrs. Foulis of Glasgow.

The character of Drummond's prose style is described by Lord Woodhouselee in a manner which leaves nothing to be added, and precludes any thing better from being offered. "In prose writing," says his lordship, "the merits of Drummond are as unequal as they are in poetry. When an imitator he is harsh, turgid, affected, and unnatural; as in his history of

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the Five James's, which, though judicious in the arrangement of the matter, and abounding in excellent political and moral sentiments, is barbarous and uncouth in its style, from an affectation of imitating partly the manner of Livy and partly that of Tacitus. Thus there is a perpetual departure from the ordinary construction, and frequently a violation of the English idiom. In others of his prose compositions where he followed his own taste, as in the Irene and Cypress Grove, and particularly the former, there is a remarkable purity and ease of expression, and often a very high tone of eloquence."

H. D.

JAMES THOMSON.

THE parish of Ednam, in Roxburghshire, has the honor of having given birth to the poet of the Seasons. He was the son of the Rev. Thomas Thomson, minister of that parish, and was born on the 11th of September, 1700. His mother's name was Beatrix Trotter, the co-heiress of a small estate, called Widhope. Young James is said to have very soon given marks of extraordinary genius; and it is certain, that from his infancy, he attracted more of the notice of the friends and visitors of his father, than is usual with boys at so early an age. Among these, Mr. Riccarton, a neighbouring clergyman, a man of penetration, and somewhat of a poet, took particular interest in his welfare; and contributed greatly, both by his lessons and his benefactions of books, to expand those seeds of genius which he thought he discerned in the mind of his young favorite. After the usual course of school education at the neighbouring school of Jedburgh, Thomson was sent to Edinburgh, with a view of being reared to his father's profession.

Thomson was even now a writer of verses; but according to the opinion of many under whose eyes they fell, of verses in which there was little poetry, and little promise of any. He half thought so himself; and every new-year's day was wont to commit

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all the pieces which he had written, during the preceding twelve months, to the flames, in their due order, crowning the solemnity with a copy of venes, in which were humorously recited the several grounds of their condemnation. His chief encourager was still the worthy Mr. Riccarton, who urged the young poet to go on writing and burning, in the confidence that from the ashes of sterility might yet spring a harvest of rich vegetation. He had also the honor of being noticed and countenanced in his poetical perseverance by Sir William Bennet, a genticman of some eminence among the amateur literati of the early part of the eighteenth century, who frequently invited Thomson to pass his periods of vacation at his country seat; a kindness which Thomson always remembered with peculiar pleasure.

In the second year of his attendance at the university, his father died. He left a numerous family, not well provided for, to the care of their mother; but with the aid of some money, raised on her patrimonial property, she was shortly after enabled to remove with her children to Edinburgh, where, by her frugal management, she contrived to support them in a respectable manner, while James, her favorite son, pursued his studies at college.

When he had completed the requisite preparatory course of humanity and philosophy, Thomson, agreeably to his original destination to the church, entered himself of the Divinity Hall. He had not, however, continued his attendance here more than a year, when a circumstance occurred which, awakening all his carly prepossessions, gave a complete change to his views in life. Mr. Hamilton, the professor of

divinity, happened to prescribe, for the subject of an exercise, a psalm, in which the glory and power of God are celebrated. Of this psalm, Thomson gave a paraphrase in a style so extremely poetical, that the professor, while he praised it highly, was pleased to remark, that, if the author thought of being useful in the ministry, he must keep a stricter rein upon his imagination, and express himself in language more suited to ordinary understandings. Thomson, not illpleased to be reproved for an excellence to which the natural bias of his mind had led him, and for which it had been the earliest object of his ambition to be distinguished, was stirred by this admonition to reflect more seriously than he had yet done on his qualifications for the church; and feeling, perhaps willingly, conscious, that his call was not to the sacred function, he resolved, at once, to abandon it, and to throw himself on the many other chances which the world affords to every new man of ordinary capacity, to rise to fame and fortune.

With a pocket scantily supplied with money, but amply filled with certificates and letters of recommendation, Thomson set off for London. It is said,* that a day or two after his arrival his budget of credentials was stolen from him, as he was passing along the street with the gaping curiosity of a new-comer. The fact may have been so, and the loss he suffered not very great. He appears, with or without them, to have found his way to Mr. Mallet, by whom he was

^{*} Johnson.

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introduced to the sons of the Duke of Mr. Forbes, afterwards Lord President of Session; to Mr. Aikman, the painter Mr. Aikman, after a short time, to th in point of influence, at that time, it Robert Walpole; but that Thomson thing but good wishes from any of t tions, has never appeared. There is what Dr. Johnson says, that Londe " where merit may soon become cor will find friends as soon as it become befriend it;" or, in other words, whe it has made its own way, but not till many ambitious enough to be thoug number of its patrons. London is n the honour of Scotsmen be it said, nev any thing more. To be recommended person of merit," or, in the more cant very deserving young man," has rarel other use, than to procure the individ a supercilious, perhaps expensive, acqu generally speaking, it is not till a ye has got rid of all his letters of recor whether by losing or delivering then indifference.--not till he has made hi by the spontaneous and active exertities in some way or other,-that he of rising above obscurity and misery. reproach to England, or to the Scots: England, that such should be the ca right, that a man should give severe pro talent, before he is encouraged to ca

strangers. The adage, that no man is a prophet in his ewn country, was never meant to be a passport from it, to all the fools in it.*

Johnson, in his life of Thomson, says, that "his first wast was a pair of shoes," and that "for the support of all his necessities, his whole fand was his Winter." This statement must have proceeded from very erroneous information, and for the credit of the "Lives of the English Poets" ought to be expunged. His "Winter" was not written till after he was in London some time; and so far from being in want of a pair of shoes, he appears to have wanted nothing

The writer of the memoir, it may be observed, speaks of the man who has no other recommendation than his personal merit, and no family interest to secure his advancement, in spite of the want of it. Of such individuals, he has probably said no more than the truth.

[•] Some member of the society has made on this passage the following note: "Considerable deductions must surely be made from these statements. While the satire of Ben Jonson and the invectives of Junius are remembered, it will be difficult to make the world believe, that Scotsmen have never been favorites at St. James's, except for merit's sake. And, on the other hand, it ought not to be forgotten, that by the removal of the court from Edinburgh to London, the latter became a common field for honest and the total to Scotsmen as well as Englishmen, and where the one had as little reason to be regarded as "strangers" as the other."

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which credit, well sustained, could command. A letter, written by Thomson, at this period, to "Dr. Cransteun, at Ancrum by Berwick," has foitunately come to the light, which establishes not only this fact, but so many other interesting and important particulars respecting the poet's character, that no apology can be necessary for copying it at length.

Dear Doctor.

I would chide you for the slackness of your correspondence, but having blamed you wrongfully last time, I shall say nothing 'till I hear from you, which I hope will be soon.

There is a little piece of business I would communicate to you before I come to the more interesting part of our correspondence.

I am going (hard task) to complain and beg your assistance. When I came up here, I brought very little money along with me, expecting some more upon selling of Widehope, which was to have been sold that day my mother was buried. Now 'tis ussold yet, but will be disposed of as soon as it can conveniently be done, though indeed 'tis perplexed with some difficulties.

I was a long time here, living at my own charges, and you know how expensive that is. This, together with the furnishing of myself with clothes, liness, one thing and another to fit me for any business of this nature here, necessarily obliged me to constact some debts. Being a stranger here, 'tis a wonder how I got any credit, but I can't expect it will be long sustained, unless I immediately clear the debts

already contracted. Even now I believe it is at a crisis with me; my friends have no money to send me 'till the land is sold, and my creditors will not wait 'till then; you know what the consequence would he. Now, the assistance I would beg of you, and which I know, if in your power, you won't refuse me, is a letter of credit on some merchant, banker, or such like person in London, for the matter of twelve pounds, 'till I get some money upon the selling of the land, which I am at last certain of. If you could either give me it yourself, or procure it to me any way, though you do not owe it to my merit, yet you owe it to your own good nature, which I know so well as to say no more on the subject; only allow me to add, that when I first fell upon such a project, (the only thing I have for it in my present circumstances,) knowing the selfish and inhuman temper of the bulk of mankind, you were the first person that offered to my thoughts as one to whom I had the confidence to make such an address.

Now I imagine you seized with a fine romantic kind of melancholy on the fading of the year: now I figure you wandering, philosophical and pensive, amidst the brown withered groves, while the leaves rustle under your feet, the sun giving you a farewell

Incessant rustles from the mournful grove,
Oft startling such as, studious, walk below;
And slowly circles through the waving air?"
PART 2.1

Thomson has introduced this circumstance in his Autumn, and Dr. Warton remarks upon it, "what (other) poet hath ever taken notice of the leaf, that, towards the end of Autumn,

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" Stir the faint notes, and bu

Then, again, when the heavens aspect, the winds whistle, and w in the well known cleugh, ben of tall, thick, embowering trees, sing lull of the many steep n while deep divine contemplatic place, prompts each swelling a sure you would not resign your an easy rate: none ever enjoyed do, and you are worthy of it; spirit, and disport in its beloved

This country I am in is not variety but that of woods, and the dance; but where is the living stain, and the hanging rock? with that elegantly please the lover delights me in every form! I her in her most lugubrious dress amusement, describing Winter is self. After my first proposal of

I sing of Winter and his gelid Nor let a rhyming insect of th Deem it a barren theme: to n Of manly charms; to me who Whom the gay seasons suit no The glare of summer, welcom Drear awful wintery horrors, v

^{*} A first sketch. How amer introduction to Winter, as publis

The terrible floods and high winds that usually happen about this time of the year, and have already happened here, (I wish you have not felt them too dreadfully,) these first produced the inclosed lines; the last are not completed. Mr. Riccarton's poem on Winter, which I still have, first put the design into my head. In it are some masterly strokes that awakened me, but being only a present amusement 'tis ten to one but I drop it whenever another fancy comes across me.

I believe it had been much more proper for me, if, for your entertainment in this letter, I had cited others instead of myself, but I must defer that 'till another time.

If you have not seen it, I have just now in my possession an original of Sir Alexander Brand's (the crazed knight with the woeful countenance;) you might please believe, it would make Mess John

See, Winter comes, to rule the varied year, Sullen and sad, with all his rising train; Vapours, and clouds, and storms! &c.

A purpose abandoned in the finished poem; when the poet had it probably in anticipation to make Summer the subject of a separate production. 148 LIVES OF EMINENT SCOTSMI catch hold of his knees, which I take in degree of mirth only inferior to that of again with an elastic spring. Tis verprinted in the Evening Post, so perhaphave seen it. The panegyrics of a declination on the princess's birth-day, and the majesty's, in three cantos. They are with the spirit of complicated craxiness.

I was lately in London a night, and play-house saw a comedy acted, called a Man, or the Fop's Fortune, where I be and Gibber shine, to my infinite cutertal and about London, this month of Septer hundred people have died by accidents a there was one blacksmith, who, tired of t hanged himself, and left written behind heise epitaph:

I, Joe Pope, Liv'd without hope, And died by a rope!

Or else some epigrammatical muse has bel Mr. Muir has ample fund for politics in posture of affairs, as you will discover by news. I should be glad to know that gres frame just now—keep it to yourself—you per it only in Mess John's ear. Far othe lately mysterious brother, Mr. Tate, e started a superannuated fortune—just no full scent; 'tis comical enough to see him from amongst the rubbish of his politics a versial divinity, polishing up his ancient lantry.

nember me to all friends, Mr. Riccarton, Mess and Br. John.

Your's, sincerely, James Thomson.

n this letter it appears, that Thomson's mother ot long survived his departure from Edinburgh, at, though she could not therefore have had ppiness which many of his biographers bestow , of living to see her son "distinguished and ized as a man of genius," she had, at least, disfaction of leaving him in a state far above want of a pair of shoes." The simplicity with Thomson talks of his affairs being near a crisis, aving incurred the enormous debt of a dozen s, is agreeeably contrasted with the warmth of ence, with which, in this extremity, he resorts friend for aid. It presents an early proof of gard in which Thomson had the singular forhrough life to be held by all who knew The literary part of this letter establishes a some interest to the curious in poetical histhe source from which he derived the idea of ter," the first of his admirable series of poems The Seasons." Of the piece by Mr. Riccarhich Thomson alludes to, there is, however, it eved, no trace.

en Thomson had completed his "Winter," he (notwithstanding all the introductions with he had been honored) great difficulty in proa publisher; and when Mr. Miller was, at ersuaded to buy it at a low price, and in March, brought it forth to the world, so slow were blic in discovering its merits, that Miller began

150 lives of eminent scotsmen.

to repent his bargain. The poem was dedicated to Sir Spencer Compton; but even from him it attracted no regard, until Aaron Hill, one of a few who interested themselves in the poet's fortunes, awakened the knight's attention by some venes addressed to Thomson, and published in one of the newspapers, which censured the great for their neglect of ingenious men. Sir Spencer then sent for Thomson, who, in a letter to Mr. Hill, gives the following account of his visit.

"He received me in what they commonly call a civil manner; asked me some common-place questions, and made me a present of twenty guineas. I am very ready to own, that the present was larger than my performance deserved, and shall ascribe it to his generosity, or any other cause, rather than the merit of the address."

The poem gained by degrees upon the public, and soon brought the author new and more substantial friends. Among others, Dr. Rundle, afterwards Bishop of Derry, had no sooner read it, than with that prompt generosity which distinguished his character, he sought Thomson out, and was so pleased with him, that he recommended him to Lord Chancellor Talbot, from whose patronage he afterwards derived the most essential benefit.

In 1727, Thomson gave a companion to his "Winter," by the publication, on the same plan, of "Summer," dedicated to Mr. Doddington; and, contrary to what usually occurs in the extension of a happy design, lost nothing in reputation by the effort. During the same year, he also produced "A poem on the death of Sir Isaac Newton," which, says Dr.

Johnson, "he was enabled to perform as an exact philosopher, by the instruction of Mr. Gray." It is more probable, that, if he required any instruction on the subject, he derived it from the Rev. Patrick Murdoch, a fellow-countryman, with whom Thomson was on very intimate terms, and who published "Maclaurin's Account of Sir Isaac Newton's Philosophical Discoveries, together with a Life of the Author." Murdoch is supposed to have himself afterwards sat for the picture of "the oily man of God," in the "Castle of Indolence."

The resentment of our merchants running, at this period, very high against the Spaniards, for interruptions to their trade, Thomson wrote his "Britannia," a poetical appeal, designed to rouse the nation to the assertion of its rights.

The next year was distinguished by the addition to his Seasons of "Spring," dedicated to the Countess of Hertford.

Thomson was now tempted to vary the walk of his muse, and in the winter of 1728-29 produced his tragedy of "Sophonisba." Great expectations were raised by its announcement; but very moderately gratified on the representation. The public discovered that splendid diction and poetic imagery, on the faith of which all their anticipations of a good play were founded, did not necessarily imply a high degree of dramatic talent. Slight accidents, too, as Dr. Johnson remarks, will operate upon the taste of pleasure. There is a feeble line in the tragedy,

O Sophonisba! Sophonisba, O!

This gave occasion to a waggish parody ;-



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O Jemmy Thomson! Jemmy Thomson, O!

which, for a while, was echoed through the town.

In the year 1730, he completed the round of the Scasons, by the addition of "Autumn," which he published that year in a collection of the whole of his works in quarto.

The Lord Chancellor Talbot having a son, the Hon. Charles Talbot, who was about to proceed on his travels, Thomson was, by the advice of Dr. Rundle, selected to accompany him. With this young gentleman, he visited most of the courts in Europe; and, strong in patriotic feeling, as all his poems evince, he appears to have surveyed with an inquisitive eye of comparison, not only those peculiarities in the civil and religious institutions of foreign countries, by which they are reduced so far below us in social happiness; but those celebrated monuments of art which place them, at the same time, so much above us in their recollections of former greatness. How acute and judicious his observations were, we see in his poem on Liberty, begun soon after his return to England. The design of it was, to shew, by a contrast between aucient and modern Greece and Rome, and a view of the present and probable future state of Britain, the means by which the precious freedom we enjoy may be lost or preserved in its primitive purity to the remotest ages. In proposing this important task to himself, he appears to have resolved to make it the master effort of his mind; he employed more than two years in composing it; and when finished, he valued himself more upon it than on any thing he had ever written. The leisure which he required for s composition, he was happily enabled to command brough the just consideration entertained by Lord chancellor Talbot for his services to his son. Immeiately on his arrival in England, his lordship made im his secretary of briefs; a situation of little duty, and equal in emolument to all his wants.

Before the completion of this poem, however, Thomin had the misfortune to lose, by death, both his friend and fellow-traveller, Charles Talbot, and his patron, ord Talbot himself. The premature fate of the one has lamented in the initial lines to his poem on iberty, and the departure of the other he has reorded in a poem dedicated to his memory, which is need the most enviable tributes ever paid by poetry

the virtues of the judicial office.

The sinecure place which Thomson held fell with s patron, and chusing rather to trust to the chapter accidents, than to abate any thing in his style of fe, which joined to elegance some degree of luxury. became involved in a few debts, and exposed him-If more than once to the gripe of the law. One of ese occasions furnished Quin, the celebrated actor, ith an opportunity of displaying, at once, the gerosity of his disposition, and his friendship for nius. Being informed that the author of the Seans was confined in a spunging-house for a debt of out 701. he hastened to the place, although pernally unacquainted with Mr. Thomson, and deed to be introduced to him. On being admitted Thomson, "Sir," said he, "you don't know me, believe; but my name is Quin." Mr. Thomson id, that though he could not boast of the honour a personal acquaintance, he was no stranger either

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to his name or his merit, and very politely invited him to take a seat. Quin then told him, he was come to sup with him; but that, as he presumed, it would have been inconvenient to have had the supper dressed in the place they were in, he had used the freedom to order it from an adjacent tavern. The supper accordingly soon made its appearance, with an ample supply of the best claret. After the cloth had been removed, and the bottle had moved briskly between them, Mr. Quin then took occasion to explain the cause of his visit, by saying, " it was now time to enter upon business." Mr. Thomson, conceiving that he probably desired his poetical assistance in some dramatic speculation, very handsomely declared his readiness to do any thing in his power to serve him. "Sir," says Mr. Quin, " you mistake my meaning. Soon after I had read your Seasons, I took it into my head, that as I had something in the world to leave behind me when I died, I would make my will; and among the rest of my legatees. I set down the author of the Seasons, an hundred pounds; and this day, hearing that you was in this house, I thought I might as well have the pleasure of paying the money myself, as to order my executors to pay it, when perhaps you might have less need of it. And this, Mr. Thomson, is the business I came about." Saying which, he laid before him a bank note for 100l. and, without leaving the astonished bard time to express his gratitude, took his leave.

After some time, Thomson was partially relieved from this precarious state of dependence, by the patronage of Frederick Prince of Wales, who, upon the recommendation of Mr. (afterwards Lord) Lyttelton.

s royal highness's chief favorite, settled on pension of 100l. a year. To the honour of itelton, this recommendation came altogether ted, and before he knew any thing more of a than his works.

38, Thomson produced on the stage a second , called Agamemnon. Although not very fareceived, it brought him a handsome sum. pe interested himself greatly in its success. only wrote to the managers in its favour, but d the first representation of it in person, as he had for some time given over appearing heatre, was regarded as a high mark of es-His entrance was welcomed by the audience general clapping of hands. Thomson himself o have taken his seat on the occasion in the allery, in order that he might witness the reation, without being recognized as the author. absorbed did he become in the progress of e, that he began to accompany the players ble recitation; and even so far forgot himself and then to let those about him know what come next. Some gentlemen, whom the I state of the house had driven to the same part for a seat, were much amused by obthese unconscious workings of paternal

e year following, he offered to the stage anogedy, called Edward and Eleonora, but the appointed by the act for licensing plays, which a recently passed, refused to sanction its pere. It was the second play which shared this he first was the "Gustavus Vasa" of Mr.

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Brooke. Thomson was indebted for this kindness to his connection with the Prince the hostility shewn to whom by the minist day was ungenerously extended even to tons of genius whom he patronined; an attriking proof of the danger of admitting a power in matters of literature. Nobody been able to point out any thing politically of faulty in the piece; and there can be no diparty malevolence must retain the entire its rejection. The public were pleased to result. Brooke by a liberal subscription for the which his tragedy received from the government; a subscription was also opened for X son, but with what success is not recorded.

The next dramatic performance in which engaged was "The Masque of Alfred," 1740 jointly by him and Mallet, by the cor the Prince of Wales, for the entertainmen royal highness's court at Cliefden, his sum dence. Ten years afterwards, this piece, valterations and new music, was brought on don stage by Mr. Mallet.

In 1745, Thomson produced "Tancred a munda," the most successful of all his plays received with great applause, and still keep upon the stage.

Mr. Lyttelton, his friend, being now is procured for Thomson the app. intment of a general of the Leeward Islands; a situation ties of which are performed by a deputy, it income of about 300l. to the principal. Make a poetical frie.

name of Paterson, to whom, indeed, he owed this recompense for a piece of bad fortune which he had unwittingly been the means of bringing upon him. Mr. Paterson used to write out fair copies of his friend's pieces, when such were required for the press or the stage. He was, at the same time, himself a writer of plays, and had written one on the story of Arminius, the German hero. When this play was presented for a licence, the censor had no sooner cast his eyes on the hand-writing in which he had seen Edward and Eleonora, than he cried out, "Away with it!" and the author's profits were reduced to what he could obtain by the publication of a tragedy, branded with the stigma of rejection.

The last piece which Mr. Thomson lived to publish was his "Castle of Indolence." It had, we are told, occupied his occasional attention for many years. At first, it consisted of little more than a few detached stanzas, by way of raillery on himself and some of his friends, with whom indolence was a sin confessed, yet luxuriously indulged. But he saw very soon, that the subject deserved to be treated more at large; and gradually extended it to the length in which this admirable poem now appears before us.

While engaged in the preparation of another tragedy for the stage, Thomson was seized with an illness which snatched him from the world in the prime of life. He was, at this time, living at Richmond, and, when he visited town, would commonly walk the distance back with any friend that offered; with whom he might chat and rest himself, or perhaps dine by the way. One summer evening, being alone in his walk from town, he overheated himself by the

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time he had reached Hammersmith; and, in a situation, taking imprudently a boat to go the reache way by water, he caught cold on the river, found himself next day in a high fever. By the of medicine, however, this was so far removed, the was thought to be out of danger; but, be tempted by fine weather to expose himself once a to the evening dews, his fever returned with f violence, and on the 22d of August, 1748, he pired.

His remains were interred at the western of the south aisle of the church of Richme A costly monument was afterwards erected to memory in Westminster Abbey; the execution which, however, does no honour to the aculpture the age.

The celebrated Collins, who had also chosen delightful village of Richmond for his poetical ret ment, and between whom and Thomson the n tender intimacy subsisted, mourned his loss in celebrated Ode, br ginning.

" In yonder grave a Druid lies."

With this ode, too, Collins bade adicu to Ri mond; which, without his lamented friend, had his sensitive spirit no longer any charms.

But thou, lorn stream! whose sullen tide
No sedge-crown'd sisters now attend,
Now waft me from the green hill's side,
Whose cold turf hides the buried friend.

And see, the fairy valleys fade, Dun Night has veil'd the solemn view! Yet once again, dear parted shade, Meek Nature's child, again, adieu!

Thomson left a will, appointing Mr., now become Sir George, Lyttelton, and Mr. Mitchell, the well-known diplomatist, his executors. By their united exertions, the tragedy of Coriolanus, which was that on which Thomson had been occupied previous to his death, was brought on the stage for the benefit of his relatives. It was recommended by a prologue, written by Lyttelton, and spoken by Quin, whose early generosity to the bard had been succeeded by a friendship the most ardent. When Quin came to the following lines, all the endearments of a long intimacy rising at once to his imagination, brought the tears into his eyes.

He lov'd his friends, (forgive this gushing tear, Alas! I feel I am no actor here;) He lov'd his friends with such a warmth of heart, So clear of interest, so devoid of art; Such gen'rous freedom, such unshaken zeal; No words can speak it, but our tears may tell.

The skilful break at the commencement of these lines must have had a most pathetic effect. Mr. Quin is said never to have appeared so great an actor, as at the moment when he declared himself none.

The profits arising from this play, and from the sale of his books, prints, and other effects, more than satisfied all demands on Thomson's estate, and left a very handsome sum to be remitted to his sisters in Scotland, for whom he had always evinced the most brotherly affection.

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Mr. Murdoch, the friend of Thomson, who prefixed a life of him to a collection of his works in 4to. published in 1762, informs us, that " his exterior was not the most promising, his make being rather robust than graceful, and he appeared worst when seen walking alone in a thoughtful mood; but when accosted by a friend, and entered into conversation, he would instantly brighten into a most agreeable aspect: his features no longer the same, and his eve darting a peculiarly animated fire. The case was much the same in company; where, if it was mixed or very numerous, he made but an indifferent figure; but with a few select friends, he was open, sprightly. and entertaining." Dr. Johnson's description, also written from personal acquaintance, is nearly to the same purpose, "Thomson was of a stature above the middle size, and 'more fat than bard beseems.' of a dull countenance, and a gross, unanimated, uninviting appearance, silent in mingled company, but cheerful among select friends, and by his friends very tenderly and warmly beloved."

Mr. Murdoch has remarked, that the more distinguishing qualities of Thomson's mind and heart are to be best discovered from his works; an observation which Dr. Johnson very properly takes notice of as singularly unfortunate. Savage, who lived much with Thomson, told Dr. J. that he heard a lady once remark, that she could gather from the works of the author of the Seasons three parts of his character, that "he was a great lover, a great swimmer, and rigorously abstinent." Nothing, indeed, could be more natural than these inferences. Need we refer for symptoms of the lover to the charming picture in Spring, of the virgin

Flush'd by the spirit of the genial year; or, of the youth

When on his heart the torrent-softness pours; or, of Musidora, when "fair-expos'd she stood," while

the latent Damon drew
Such mad'ning draughts of beauty to the soul,
As, for a while, o'er-whelm'd his rapturous thought
With luxury too daring?

Of his skill in swimming, what evidence could apparently be more decisive than his own brave declaration:

Nor when cold winter keens the bright'ning flood, Would I, weak, shiv'ring, linger on the brink? Summer.

And that he was abstinent, one might well conclude from his description of the happiest of men:

he, who far from public rage,
Deep in the vale, with a choice few retir'd,
Drinks the pure pleasures of the rural life;

and has not his "insatiate table" heaped with dainties "from utmost land and sea purveyed," nor "bowl flaming with costly juice;" but is

Rich in content, in Nature's bounty rich, In herbs and fruits.

Very far, however, was any one of these inferences from being correct. Savage's words, in remarking on them to Dr. Johnson, were, "he knows not any love but that of the sex; he was perhaps never in 162 LIVES OF EMINENT SCOT cold water in his life; and he indulge the luxury that comes within his reach colouring of Savage may be discerned marks, but there is every reason to be

were substantially true.

Several idle stories have been tole lazy efforts to be in love : but it is extr that the passion ever disturbed his pe a single hour. He was too habitually indolent to be at the trouble of cou being of a very engaging appearance fair was tempted to reverse the order wooing him to a happiness which he d The Amanda, whom he freque the Seasons, is supposed by some to l personage, but on no better authority than some lines alleged to have be Thomson to this fair unknown, wit Seasons. The lines are not unworth but so unlike in sentiment to any thin ced in his life, as to carry strong evic along with them.

Lines written by Thomson to his Amand the Seasons.

Accept, dear Nymph! a tribute du To sacred friendship and to you; But with it take, what breath'd the O! take to thine the poet's soul! If Fancy here her pow'r displays, Or if a heart exalts these lays, You, fairest, in that fancy shine, And all that heart is fondly thine! The same shrewd guesser, who discovered from Thomson's works that he was a great lover, great swimmer, and great frugalist, might also have drawn from the same source that he was a very early riser. Was ever the bed of sloth more eloquently reprobated than in the following lines?

Falsely luxurious, will not man awake;
And, springing from the bed of sloth, enjoy
The cool, the fragrant, and the silent hour,
To meditation due and sacred song?
For is there aught in sleep can charm the wise?
To lie in dead oblivion, losing half
The fleeting moments of too short a life;
Total extinction of th' enlighten'd soul!
Or else, to feverish vanity alive,
Wilder'd and tossing thro' distemper'd dreams?
Who would in such a gloomy state remain
Longer than Nature craves; when every Muse
And every blooming pleasure wait without,
To bless the wildly-devious morning walk?

Thomson's nature, however, craved no ordinary share of this "dead oblivion;" he was a late riser, sleeping often till noon, and when once reproached for his slothfulness, observed, "that he felt so comfortable that he saw no motive for rising." It ought to be observed, however, that he had a strong apology for not rising early, in the late hours of his lying down. The deep silence of the night was the time he commonly chose for study; and he would often be heard walking in his library till near morning, humming over what he was to write out and correct next day.

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Almost the only certain thing w learn from Thomson's works, respecting that the Autumn was his favorite seaso composition.

When Autumn's yellow lustre gilds the And tempts the sickled swain into the fi Seiz'd by the gen'ral joy, his heart diste With gentle throws; and thro' the tepid Deep musing, then he best exerts his song.

Thomson speaks, in his Autumn, c which he used to experience in roamin; grounds of his patron, Mr. Doddington, along the sunny wall," which presente

——— the downy peach, the shining p The ruddy, fragrant nectarine; and dan Beneath his ample leaf, the luscious fig.

It is related, that tempted with the lazy to take his hands out of his pock he has been seen snatching it from the mouth.

He had often felt the inconveniences especially in the management of his afficured it; he was so conscious of his a that, Johnson tells us, he talked of writitale of "The Man who loved to be in D

The opinion which Dr. Johnson p. Thomson's claims as a writer, gives hi eminence which nothing that any new ladd can raise higher. "His mode of that great critic," and of expressing horiginal. His blank verse is no more the

of Milton, or of any other poet, than the rhymes of Prior are the rhymes of Cowley. His numbers, his pauses, his diction, are of his own growth, without transcription, without imitation. He thinks in a peculiar train, and he thinks always as a man of genius : he looks round on Nature and on Life with the eye which Nature bestows only on a poet; the eye that distinguishes, in every thing presented to its view, whatever there is on which imagination can delight to be detained, and with a mind that at once comprehends the vast and attends to the minute. The reader of the Seasons wonders that he never saw before what Thomson shews him, and that he never yet has felt what Thomson impresses." Of his merits as a dramatist, however, Dr. J. says, in another place, "it may be doubted whether he was, either by the bent of nature or habits of study, much qualified for tragedy. It does not appear that he had much sense of the pathetic; and his diffusive and descriptive style produced declamation rather than dialogue." His tragedies, it must be allowed, are the most inferior of his compositions.

The production of Thomson's, which is least favored by Dr Johnson, is that of which Thomson himself thought most—his poem of Liberty. "An author and a reader," says Dr. J. "are not always of a mind. Liberty called in vain upon her votaries to read her praises and reward her encomiast; her praises were condemned to harbour spiders and to gather dust; none of Thomson's performances were so little regarded. The judgement of the public was not erroneous; the recurrence of the same images must tire in time; an enumeration of examples to prove a position which

will not hazard either praise or censure." however, as we see from the preceding pa ready hazarded a censure of a very pointer tion, but on presumptions and principles as the real character of the piece, as (with do sion to so high an authority be it said) to a ment of good poetry. Had he read the would have found, that instead of a "recurre same images," it is distinguished for the v variety of its imagery. He would have enc indeed, a succession of noble examples to: in love with the charms of liberty; but how have come to such a conclusion as that the tion was either "superfluous" or "disgusting, to conceive. That the Spring is gay, the splendid, the Autumn tranquil, the Winter are all, as much positions "which nobody de the beginning," as that Liberty is precious the pleasure which Dr. J. himself acknowled ceived from the varied descriptions, by v general character of each of these Seasons Illustrature I bu Thomas Int the Theater Jeffer!

nay discover to the hearer beauties which never struck tim before, and raise in him a glow of enthusiasm to which his breast may as yet have been a stranger.

The "Castle of Indolence," which is written in mitation of Spenser's style, was, next to Liberty, the piece on which Thomson bestowed most pains. It is of the two by far the better poem; it combines equal ichness of sentiment, with far bolder flights of imagiation, and is equally laboured with less appearance if being so. The Castle of Indolence, indeed, may e said to shew the ars celare artem in perfection. he simplicity of diction, bordering sometimes on the adicrous, which he has adopted in some of the lines, order to keep up the imitation of the old style, is ften most skilfully happy. It has not, I believe, een noticed, that in the composition of the "Castle f Indolence," Thomson had his eye on "The Castle f Labour," by Alexander Barclay, which, though an lmost forgotten work, he had undoubtedly perused. he commencement of Thomson's poem has a simirity to that of Barclay's, which could not be the ffect of accident.

Castle of Labour.

Ye mortal people! that desire to obtain Eternal bliss by your labour diligent, With mortal riches subdue your pain; To read this treatise to the right intent, Which shall shew you plain and evident, That Idleness, mother of all adversity, Her subjects bringeth to extreme poverty.

Castle of Indolence.

CANTO I.

The Castle hight of Indolence
And its false luxury;
Where for a little time, alas!
We liv'd right jollily.

O mortal man! who livest here by toil,
Do not complain of this thy hard estate;
That like an emmet thou must ever moil,
Is a sad sentence of an ancient date;
And certes there is for it reason great,
For, tho' sometimes it makes thee weep and wall,
And curse thy star, and early drudge and late,
Withouten that would come an heavier bale,
Loose life, unruly passions, and diseases pale.

A very striking and engaging feature in the whole of Thomson's productions, is the tone of fervent plety and pure morality which pervades them. It was beautifully and truly said by Lyttelton, in his prologue to Coriolanus,

His chaste muse employ'd her heaven-taught lyre, None but the noblest passions to inspire; Not one immoral, one corrupted thought, One line which, dying, he would wish to blot.

The only exception which I ever knew to be taken to Thomson, on the ground of religious principles was by an orthodox divine of the Scottish church, who observed, at one of those feastings which distinguish "Sacrament Monday," at Scottish paraonages, that "it was unco weel Jamie Tamson did nae bide by the

kirk, for he had nae the principles o' saving grace; he did na believe in original sin." The observation attracting, by its novelty, the curiosity of the company, and the authority of the worthy divine for this part of the poet's creed, being questioned, he brought from his library a copy of the Seasons, from which he read these lines:

Welcome, kindred glooms!
Congenial horrors, hail! with frequent foot,
Pleas'd have I in my cheerful morn of life,
When nurs'd by careless solitude I liv'd
And sung of nature with unceasing joy,
Pleas'd have I wander'd thro' your rough domain,
Trod the pure virgin snows; myself as pure.

The sentiment is doubtless faulty; and forms, at least, one half line, which it would have been pleasing to have seen blotted out, were it only that there might be nothing common in morals between the pious Thomson and the profane Rousseau, who is said, when dying, to have thus addressed the Divinity, "Eternal Being! the soul that I am now going to give thee back is as pure at this moment as it was when it proceeded from thee"!!

The spot in Richmond-church, where Thomson's remains are interred, remained, for a long time, distinguished only by a plain stone, till a brass tablet, with the following inscription, was erected by the Earl of Buchan:

"In the earth, below this tablet, are the remains of JAMES THOMSON, author of the beautiful poems, entitled 'The Seasons, the Castle of Indolence,' &c., who died at Richmond, on the 22d of August, and was buried here on the 29th, o. s. 1748.

PART 2.7

"The Earl of Buchan, unwilling man and sweet a poet should be with has denoted the place of his intermet faction of his admirers, in the year of

" Father of Light and Life, Thou Go Oh, teach me what is good! Teach Save me from folly, vanity, and vice,

From every low pursuit! And feed With knowledge, conscious peace, and Sacred, substantial, never-fading, b

Thomson's residence was at Ross Kew-foot Lane, latterly in the possess norable Mrs. Boscawen. This house after the decease of Thomson, by Get who forbore to pull it down, from we memory, but enlarged and improved i pense. Mrs. Boscawen repaired the seat in the garden, and placed in it which he used to write. Over the erscribed,

" Here Thomson sung the Seasons and And, in the centre,

"Within this pleasing retirement, music of the nightingale, which warble son to the melody of his soul, in unafter ness, and genial, though simple, clegan Thomson. Sensibly alive to all the lature, he painted their images as they and poured the whole profusion of the mitable Seasons,—Warmed with inter the Sovereign of the Universe, its

through all his compositions, animated with unbounded benevolence, with the tenderest social sensibility, he never gave one moment's pain to any of his fellow-creatures, save only by his death, which happened at this place on the 22nd of August, 1748."

The present notice cannot be better concluded, than in the words of an Address to the Shade of Thomson, written by Burns; the prophetic truth of which, every revolving season only tends to confirm.

While virgin Spring, by Eden's flood, Unfolds her tender mantle green, Or pranks the sod, in frolic mood, Or tunes Eolian strains between:

While SUMMER, with a matron grace, Retreats to Dryburgh's cooling shade; Yet oft, delighted, stops to trace The progress of the spiky blade:

While AUTUMN, benefactor kind,
By Tweed erects his aged head;
And sees, with self-approving mind,
Each creature on his bounty fed:

While maniac WINTER rages o'er
The hills whence classic Yarrow flows,
Rousing the turbid torrent's roar,
Or sweeping, wild, a waste of snows.

So long, sweet poet of the year,
Shall bloom that wreath thou well hast won;
While Scotia, with exulting tear,
Proclaims that Thomson was her son.

C. C.

JOHN OSWALD: -- SYLVESTER OTWAY.

Among the literary idlers who, about the years 1788 and 1789, occasionally illuminated the columns of the London newspapers with their poetical effusions, the name of Sulvester Otway holds a conspicuous place. He evinced merit enough to be admired by Burns; and of one whom so great a poet esteemed as of a kindred spirit, it cannot be uninteresting to know some particulars.

NYLVESTER OTWAY was the assumed name of a Mr. Oswald, who had been an officer in the army, but was then living loosely about town. Report has said, with little appearance of truth, that he was cashiered for cowardice. With the regiment in which he was an officer, he served some time in India; and there he left it, but certainly not from any cause injurious to his honor. In some lines, called his Farewell to Bombay, a couplet occurs, which intimates something directly the reverse.

Cruel destiny demands me, Honour drags me from thine arms.

And the writer has been told by a gentleman w knew Oswald well, that he once saw him saluted London as an old acquaintance, by a Highland c

See Life of Burns.

nel of distinguished gallantry, with a degree of hearty warmth which forbids the suspicion of any thing disgraceful attaching to his character. It was at the theatre they met, and the two friends were so rejoiced at recognizing each other, that they leapt across several intervening boxes to shake bands.

Mr. Oswald was a native of Edinburgh, and either his father or mother kept a coffee-house, well known of old as a place for public business, by the name of John's Coffee House. He served an apprenticeship to be a jeweller, and followed that occupation for some years, till, by the death of a relation, he succeeded to a considerable legacy, which he employed in purchasing a commission in a Highland regiment, which went shortly after to the East Indies. To the price of this commission he would, of course, be entitled when he quitted the army, and it was probably on the reversion of this fund that he subsisted after his return from India.

Soon after his appearance in London, Mr. Oswald took an active part in the proceedings of that party of Reformers, who, in those days, arrogated to themselves the title of "Friends of the people;" and in a pamphlet which he wrote, entitled "Remarks on the Constitution of Great Britain," endeavoured to assist their cause, by shewing, that we had, in fact, no constitution at all, but were a prey to a venal and corrupt oligarchy, who despised our rights, and did with our resources what they pleased. The work shewed some ability in writing, but was full of crude notions, absurd principles, and dangerous speculation.

Mr. Oswald went farther than most of his sect in his ideas of the wrong which had crept into the system of society. He thought not only that a cious few of his own species had usurped d over their fellows, but that the human race that audacious few, in respect to all the res animal tribe. The right to subdue the hors use stood in this philosopher's opinion on I ground, than the right of the great proprietor his land cultivated for him by the labour of for so he was pleased to call paying rent f and to kill a sheep, that we may make a dish of its flesh, was in his mind only a type savage voraciousness which leads tyrant ma crifice, in various ways, his own species to 1 dinate appetites. Hence the phrase swinish plied to the multitude, he used to reprobate a ingly inappropriate. The aristocrats, he we are as the swine, and the people are but as t of helpless young, whom the swine, at time bleth up. Nor did Mr. Oswald omit the con of illustrating, by his own practice, his regar singular principles which he taught. No Pyth ever more rigidly abstained from animal f lived on fruits and the juice of fruits alor when dining in company, eat the potatoes: the chop behind.

In the devotions which Mr. Oswald, under the title of Silvester Otway, occasionally paid muses, he mingled nothing of politics or strates losophy. His effusions were all of love; a stance the more remarkable, that he was at the

^{*} A genuine radical reformer.

a married man, and the father of three children, one a daughter, and the others two fine grown-up lads. It is probable that these pieces may have been written in his earlier years, and were now only reproduced.

On the breaking out of the revolution in France, Mr. Oswald's principles naturally led him to view that struggle with more than ordinary interest. He was not content with waiting the result at a distance, but hastened over to Paris, to witness, and, if occasion offered, to assist in the work of French regeneration, and, doubtless, not without some view of personally benefiting by the field which this remarkable revolution presented to military adventurers from all countries. In order to recommend himself to the notice of the French republicans, he published, on his arrival in Paris, a second edition (it is believed in French) of. his "Remarks on the Constitution of Great Britain." It served at once as his passport to admission into the Jacobin Club. He met there with some other English adventurers who had already acquired considerable influence in the counsels of this pandemonium; but Oswald soon rose above all his countrymen in importance, and was acknowledged as the first of Anglo-Jacobins. He entered with unrivalled enthusiasm into all their schemes of desperation, quieting the natural aversion of his disposition to violence and bloodshed, by a reflection which he thought philosophical, that where the liberty of a whole people is to be consolidated, the sacrifice of some thousands of individuals is not to be regretted, since the cause of humanity must be benefited in the end. It was the common opinion of the English, then resident in Paris, that after Mr. Oswald had acquired consideration in

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the Jacobin Club, there was not a transaction of any note emanating from that body in which he had not a leading part. He was particularly blamed by them for the decree which sent to the prisons such of his countrymen as were not of the number of the affiiated, but had been imprudent enough to remain in France after the declaration of war against Britain. That the decree may have had his approbation is extremely probable; but that he ought to be more severely reprobated for this, than any other part of his conduct, may be doubted, when it is admitted at the same time that with other Englishmen of the Jacobia Club he warned his countrymen of the measure, and impressed on many of them the danger they incarred by remaining in the country. In this at least there was no want of national or friendly feeling.

The influence which Mr. Oswald had acquired in the Jacobin Club, gave him a corresponding influence with the government of the day, over which that club, as every body knows, exercised for some time a most pernicious controul. The first of Anglo-Jacobins was not to be requited by any inferior appointment; they at once nominated him to the command of a regiment of infantry. The corps is said, however, not to have been of the best description, being composed of the refuse of Paris and the departments.

Mr. Oswald had, previously to this appointment, been joined by his two sons; but true to the principle of equality, which he professed, he only made them drummers in the regiment of which he was colonel.

The bad character of the men whom Colonel Oswald commanded, obliged him to have recourse to a system of severity in disciplining them, which, while it made them good soldiers, there is every reason to believe made him in every one a personal enemy. In the outset of his command he committed a sort of national blunder, which added nothing to his popularity. Knowing what feats his own countrymen had performed at the point of the bayonet; convinced from experience and observation that there was in a charge of cold steel something more appalling than in a hundred volleys of musketry-he conceived the notion that a regiment trained to depend entirely on the charge would be one of powerful efficiency, and certain to acquire great distinction. He proposed therefore to lay aside the musket in his regiment, and to substitute a pike of superior construction. The directory approved his suggestion, and the experiment was made. The men, however, could not be persuaded to view the innovation in the same light as their English colonel. They were Frenchmen, and decided upon it with French feeling. For light warfare-the brisk fire-quick retreat-and as quick return-the French soldiery bave no superiors; but in that cool intrepidity which can make and sustain a charge, they have never been able to compete with the soldiers of many other countries-the Scots, the Muscovites, the Swedes, and even the Hollanders. Colonel Oswald saw, when too late to repair a bad impression, that he had mistaken the national character; he was obliged to throw away his pikes, because his men absolutely refused to be trained to the use of them.

When the war in La Vendée broke out, Colonel Oswald's corps was one of those selected to proceed against the rebels, a distinction which it no doubt



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owed to having a foreign commander, who might be supposed to have fewer scruples than a native in acting against natives. In the first encounter, however, which they had with the Vendeans, Oswald's men are generally understood to have taken advantage of the confusion of the fight to rid themselves of this advantage; they are said to have not only despatched the father, but his two sons, youths of a most interesting character, and another English gentleman, whom Oswald had selected as worthy to share his fortunes. It is at all events certain that the four Englishmen fell in the fight; and whether in consequence of their own forward bravery or of the treachery of their French comrades, will probably ever remain a mystery.

Mr. Oswald was about the common stature, but of a very commanding appearance. I have heard that, when in Paris, he affected the Roman costume; wore his collar open, and his hair à ls Brutus.

In his poetry, notwithstanding the praise of Burns, I have not been able to discover any singular merit. I have been successful in tracing out a considerable number of his occasional pieces, but they can scarcely be said to have rewarded the search. There is a constant aim in them at something fine, which is in general attended with but indifferent success. His ideas have little novelty; the same images, and even the same expressions, are of frequent recurrence; and on the whole, Oswald must rather be considered as a pleasant versifier than as a genuine poet. The following are two of the best specimens of his talents which I have net with; the last, which is a version from the French, is possessed of very considerable elegance.

Louisa.

h, ye groves! where so oft with Louisa I've stray'd,
hen lovely thy grottos and grateful thy shade:—
las! with Louisa no longer I stray,
ut lonely I wander, and woeful my lay.
or my love I lament, in the dust lowly laid,
nd thy grots are ungrateful and sad is thy shade.
hy Sirens late warbling their love-labour'd lay,
low sit sadly mute on the woe-wither'd spray,
ave the Nightingale wailing her widow'd estate,
nd the Dove, lonely mourner! bemoaning her mate:
! ruthless the sportsman that aim'd the fell blow;
h fate, cruel fate! thus to lay my love low!

ut where, oh ye groves! are the myrtles so gay,
/here blest with my love, oft I pass d the brief day?
ad the scene I survey, and no myrtle I see,
ut cach shade, each dear shade, seems a cypress to
me:

or my love I lament, in the dust lowly laid, nd thy songsters are sad, and funereal thy shade.

The Virgin's Dream.

Gentle Sleep had shut her eye-lids With his poppy-waving wand, But her heart still wakeful wanders, Led by Love's supreme command.

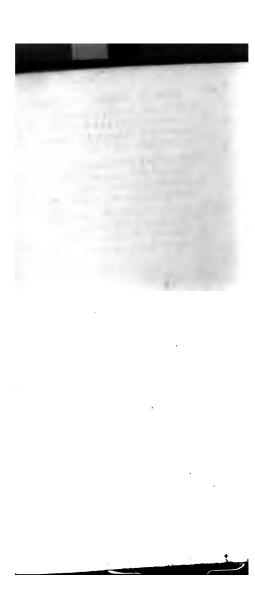
See! on her cheek the rose expanding, More and more vermillion grows; While her hand some bold invader Feebly seemeth to oppose.

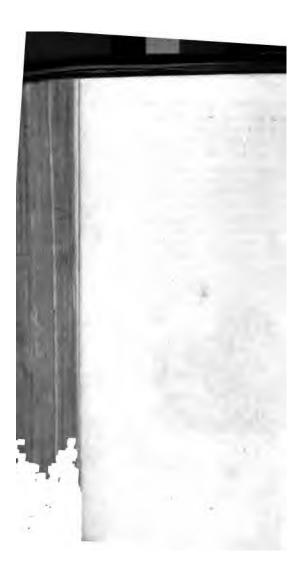
180 LIVES OF EMINENT SCOTSMEN.

Restless on her couch she tosses, Playful heave her breasts divine, And now more tranquil grown, she softly On her pillow sinks supine:

From her lips a gentle murmur, Scarcely heard, appears t' exhalo; Such the breath of balmy zephyr Passing thro' the flowery vale. Ilappy fair! whose golden slumbers, 'Fancy steeps in such delight, But more blest the swain whose image

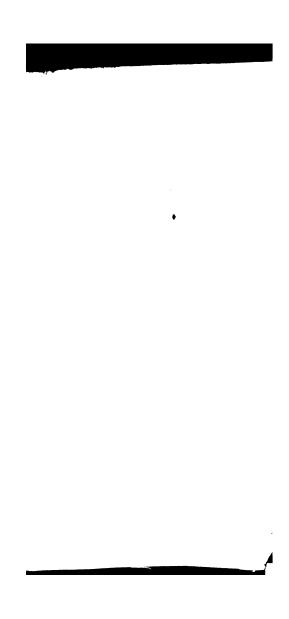
Dreams so tender can excite.

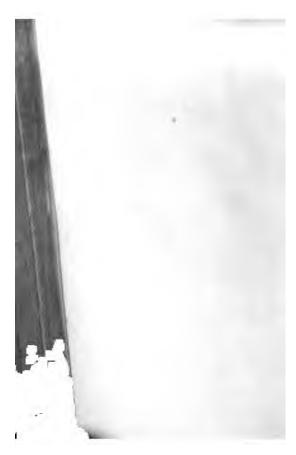








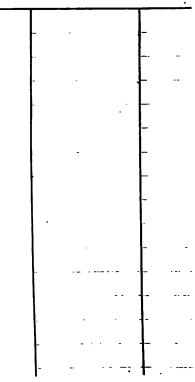






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